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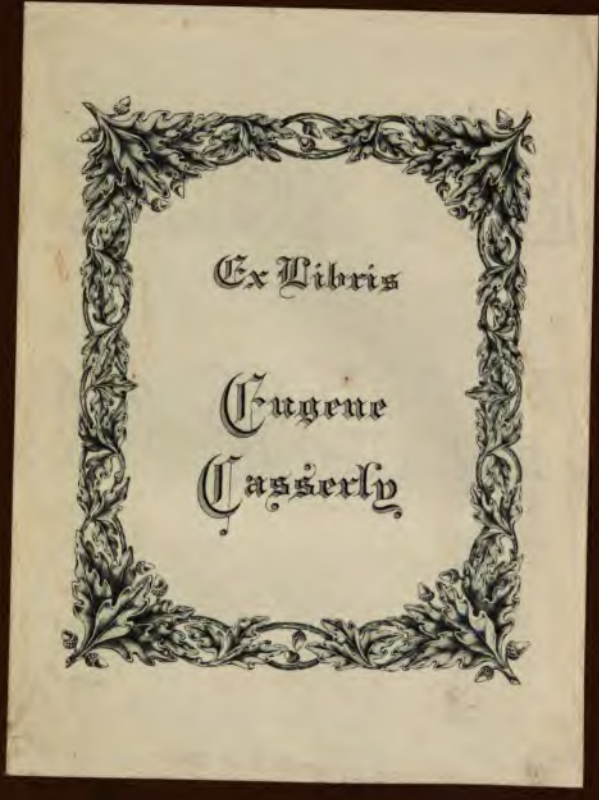
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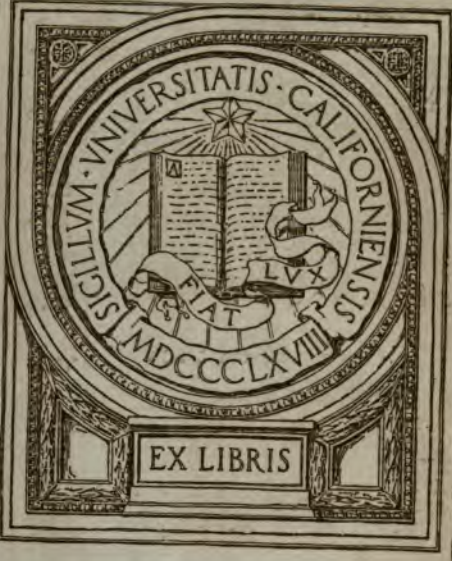

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MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

DR. MAGINN,

EDITED BY

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

VOL. IV.

Homeric Ballads and Translations,

AND

Comedies of Lucian.

HOMERIC BALLADS

AND

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

TRANSLATED BY THE LATE

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL. D.

ANNOTATED BY

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE

EDITOR OF "SHEIL'S SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR"—"NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ," ETC.

REDFIELD

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1856

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In this volume, the fourth of Dr. Maginn's Miscellaneous Writings, will be found his translations of the Homeric Ballads, of sundry Homeric episodes, and of some of the Comedies of Lucian. They are now first collected, and contain almost the whole of Maginn's translations from the Greek poets. I say *almost* the whole, because Dr. Maginn's English version of the Batrachomyomachia (the mock-heroic Battle of the Frogs and Mice, ascribed to Homer), is not included. My two reasons for the omission will be considered plain enough and sufficient enough, I think. In the first place, I am not aware that this translation had ever appeared in print; and secondly, I have not been so fortunate as to meet it, in any shape.

The Homeric Ballads, sixteen in number, are not to be confounded with The Hymns generally attributed to Homer, of which some spirited translations into English verse, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, nearly twenty years ago, from the pen of Dr. Badham. The first twelve of the Ballads, versified by Maginn, are portions of the *Odyssey*, sufficiently isolated in interest to bear separation from the main narrative, and sufficiently picturesque to permit their being rendered into English in a popular form, much akin, in fact, to that in which, tradition and conjecture agree in affirming, they were originally framed and sung. The *Odyssey* was Maginn's favorite. He may not have thought, with Bentley, that it was made for women, while the *Iliad*, with its heroic deeds, was composed for men, but he

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would have probably said, with Charles James Fox, when asked whether he would rather have written the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, that he preferred to *read* the latter.

Four of the Homeric Ballads have been taken from the *Iliad*, and the other three translations which I have recovered have also had their subjects supplied by the same heroic poem.

The publication of the Homeric Ballads, originally intended to have extended only to twelve, took place in *Fraser's Magazine*, and ran through that periodical, one for each month, in the year 1838. They excited such considerable attention, not only among learned but ordinary readers, that Maginn was induced to continue them. Three additional Ballads appeared between October, 1840, and his death in August, 1842. The last —

> "The last! — oh by that little word
> How many thoughts are stirred"—

was published in *Fraser* in October, 1842, and was written down, from Maginn's death-bed dictation, by his devoted friend, and ardent admirer, Edward Kenealy, whose introduction to that poem (pp. 217–219 of the present volume), breathing at once serenity and simplicity, is imbued with a deeper pathos than more ambitious language might have failed to express.

Of the other Homeric translations, I may briefly say that The Wile of Juno, was a contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine* as early as 1820, while Maginn was a schoolmaster in Cork. At that time, Maginn was in the flush of that "purpurea juventus" which noiselessly passes into the abysm of the Past, almost before we know how rapidly it is vanishing. His mind, too, was then rich in its golden fruitage, and crowded with literary projects and literary enthusiasm which eventually produced little more than scattered fragments. The Wile of Juno was translated into the Spenserian stanza, and this shows how early Dr. Maginn had formed the opinion, deliberately placed on record some twenty years later, that "the only metre in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as whole poems can be adequately translated into English is the Spenserian." He added—and the mode of expression is rendered doubly affecting, now, from its very light-heartedness, "I have made considerable progress

with such a translation, and sometimes think I may finish it. Why I am not sure of so doing will be found out by any one who takes the truth of consulting the seventh Satire of Juvenal." At the time he was penning these words, Dr. Maginn was already on the verge of the valley of the shadow of death.

Bacchus, or The Pirates, was also an early contribution to *Blackwood*, in the lyric metre of most of Scott's poems, as well as of Moore's Fire-Worshippers, and Byron's Giaour, Siege of Corinth, Parisina, Mazeppa, and Prisoner of Chillon. It was Maginn's belief that what Byron calls "the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse," if properly controlled, would not prevent its being advantageously employed in rendering several passages in the romantic parts of the classical poets, and that a great many portions of Homer particularly, were peculiarly fit for it. Most people, especially those who are acquainted with Scott's poetry, will admit that his favorite metre is admirably adapted for the rapid relation of occurrences, while (again to use Byron's words), "the stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative." In the Bacchus, the adoption of the lyric metre has been so successful (for the translation is very spirited) as to excite surprise that Maginn, in further Homeric translations, did not employ it. He used it again, only once—in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1835, in his English version of Helen's Visit to the Scæan Gate, from the fifth book of the *Iliad*.

The translations of the Comedies of Lucian appeared subsequent to the first twelve of the Homeric Ballads.

Several years after Maginn's death, his Homeric Ballads were collected into a volume, and published in London. This collection was edited anonymously, by an excellent Greek scholar, who had acted as a sort of sub-editor to *Fraser's Magazine*, under Maginn, and was well qualified in many respects, for the task he had undertaken. From some cause, which I do not know and have puzzled myself in trying to conjecture, he treated the four Ballads which were published after 1838, as if they never had been written; that is, he wholly omitted them, and did not give a word of intimation of having done so.

To this heavy error of *omission*, was added, the offence of

commission, for which, in his Preface, this gentleman even went the length of claiming credit. He there says:—

"Had the Author been spared to undertake himself the business of republication he would doubtless have made many corrections, especially in the notes. He repeatedly shows himself sensible of the faults which he was likely to commit, as being necessarily by the nature of his position an ephemeral and to a certain extent a political writer: and at the very close of his work he speaks of the apparent justice with which a charge of flippancy may be preferred against notes written in the usual hasty style of Magazine composition, and in English, on matters deemed worthy of the gravest attention. This temporary and superficial character it has not been found easy wholly to eradicate: nor indeed would it have been desirable to do so, as it must have destroyed the peculiar features which are stamped as on this, so on every production of Dr. Maginn's pen, and exceeded even the widest construction of the duty of an Editor, whose imprimatur, far from being the same as that of an Author, simply engages him to remove what he believes to have been excrescences, such as any man's calmer judgment would naturally have rejected. It is with this view that *besides several alterations in the text of the Ballads, some affecting the language, others the sense*, considerable omissions have been made in the Notes, which as they stood contained many passages fairly liable to objection. Dr. Maginn's constitutional vivacity, heightened as it was by keen political feeling, had led him sometimes to introduce allusions foreign to the subject, at others to treat even matters of legitimate discussion in what may be called a party spirit, grateful no doubt to the readers of a periodical, but proportionately distasteful to those for whom it possesses no such adventitious interest."

In the present volume, the Homeric Ballads are presented—precisely as Maginn published them, text and notes. It is not for an Editor to place himself above his Author, and when poems have been deliberately printed, revised, and published, to make unnecessary alterations in their text, "some affecting the language, others the sense." With an humble opinion of my own capacity and judgment, I have re-produced Maginn's translations, precisely as Maginn had printed them at first. The "alterations" of which the English editor boasts, were not improvements, even in a single instance. Sometimes they weakened the force of the language, sometimes they injured the rhythm. There was no occasion for the impertinence of making them, nor can I understand why they should have been made. I have added the capriciously omitted Ballads, and thus rendered the collection complete.

On the fidelity and literary merit of these translations, the opinion of the English editor is so tersely expressed, and so correct that I am justified in inserting it here. He says:—

"It is a trite, but a true saying, that our age, whatever may be the defects of its positive character, has pre-eminently the faculty of entering into the spirit of all former ages; and in no particular is this seen more clearly than in our notions of translation. Independently of a closer attention to the matter of an author, the duty of preserving his manner as much as possible was never so thoroughly felt as it is now. Before the present generation, a translation was always made in the style of its own period: and, accordingly, it was a mere matter of chance whether or no it bore any analogy to the style of the masterpiece of whom it professed to be a copy. Occasionally some instinct may have led the translator to a congenial original, but too frequently it happened that the classic authors, in obeying the summons to appear before the English world, fell upon evil times. The age in which Chapman took up the Iliad also produced versions of the Æneid in rude ballad-measure or most un-Virgilian Hexameters. Rowe's success in Lucian is but a poor offset against the magnitude of Pope's failure in Homer. Even so late as 1831 Mr. Sotheby appears to have thought that the terse and elegant couplets into which he had rendered the Georgics might be adapted (not without a considerable sacrifice of their own ease and beauty) to convey the spirit of the Homeric poems. It was against this erroneous practice that Dr. Maginn published his protest in behalf of Homer. He may be esteemed the first who consciously realized to himself the truth that Greek ballads can be really represented in English only by a similar measure. This is his great praise, and will continue after the success of his execution shall have been ratified by other workmen in the same field. . . . . It is a sufficient condemnation of the various specimens of Hexameter translation which have been published of late years to say, that they answer to nothing in English. A really successful version of Homer, when made, will appear in some form already existing in our literature. Such an attempt is in no way superseded by the present publication, which will rather serve it as a prelude and harbinger. On the other hand, no triumphs of subsequent cultivation can detract from the merit of a work by which the ground was first broken up: a work which, like *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, its natural associate in the public mind, though its junior in point of time, aims at resolving into their constituent elements, whether primary or not, the records of a nation's antiquity."

The criticism of Mr. Kenealy, whose knowledge of Greek literature is only inferior, perhaps, to that which Dr. Maginn possessed, is more condensed than the foregoing, but not less appreciative. Speaking of Maginn's scholarship, he says:—

"His fine knowledge of the Greek is best demonstrated by his admirable and witty translations from *Lucian* and his Homeric Ballads, which for antique dignity and faithfulness are unsurpassed by any versions in our language, and will carry his name down to all time with that of Pope; the one being like a sculptor who relies on the simple and unstudied grandeur of the naked figure; the other resembling a statuary who enchants every eye by the gorgeous drapery in which he invests the marble, and the picturesque adjuncts with which he surrounds it. Both are entirely distinct, and both inimitable in their way. One is a translation — the other a paraphrase. Those who wish to know *what* and *how* Homer wrote, must meet Maginn — those who seek to be delighted with *The Iliad*, must peruse Pope. The first may be illustrated by the Parthenon of Athens, a model of severe beauty, standing alone upon its classic hill, amid the wild olives, under the crystal skies of Hellas; the second by the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, where every extraneous ornament of price or brilliancy — painting, sculpture, cameos of gems and gold, perfume and stately arras — is added to give lustre to the temple. No one but a scholar could have completed the former. Pope was able to accomplish the latter."

Elsewhere, Mr. Kenealy says: — "The writings on which he appears to have bestowed most care, were the Homeric Ballads; and for the last few years he was seldom without a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in his room, or on his bed. For those translations, indeed, he felt almost an enthusiasm — and always referred to them with satisfaction."

Of the prose accompaniments — Introductions and Notes — of the Homeric Ballads, a few words must be said. The notes, for the most part, refer to the original text, on which Maginn was a very exacting critic. When the Ballads originally appeared in *Fraser*, the Greek text was also given — I have taken the liberty of here omitting what to the generality of readers might present its too formidable appearance — Maginn pleasantly saying: "My translation is accompanied by the original, side by side; so that half of my page at least is good." The notes are of a miscellanous character. Some will be interesting to the profound scholar, some will interest the mass of readers, as they refer to general subjects connected with what may be called Homeric Literature. Of learned writers, Maginn was one of the least pedantic. Except where he considered it absolutely necessary, he avoided classical quotations and scholastic disquisitions. Addressing himself, almost

from boyhood to mature age, rather to the great body of the reading public than to ripe scholars, he avoided the display of mere learning—though, no doubt, his erudition enabled him to decorate even his simplest style with the grace and ornament of a pervading spirit of classical taste.

In the Introductions to these Ballads, there are occasional sketches of considerable merit;—such are the characters of Ulysses and of Helen, drawn with a combination of force, grace, and discernment, which mark the master-hand.

Upon one important point—namely the question, Was Homer a man or a myth?—Dr. Maginn has here given a full, explicit, and important opinion. We need not wonder that little is known of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

who probably flourished nine or ten centuries before the Christian era, when it is recollected how scanty is the personal information respecting Shakespeare, who died only two hundred and forty years ago. The writers of antiquity, who lived comparatively within traditional propinquity to Homer, agreed, as with one consent, that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the productions of a single mind. Some modern critics, at whose head Wolf, a German professor, placed himself, assume the theory of divided authorship—not only judging, from the difference of style, that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* must have been written by at least two distinct poets, but that neither of the whole of either of those poems was the work of one mind, but consisted of a variety of songs by several bards. It may be conceded that there is not an entire unity of plan in these poems (the *Iliad*, in particular, is deficient in this respect), but it is impossible to say, when we speak of epics probably composed before the art of writing books was known—when, perhaps, writing was even not in ordinary use—what alterations may have been made in poems handed down, at first and for a long time after, through the medium of memory only. That there is a difference in the style of the *Iliad* and that of the *Odyssey* can not be denied. But the subject of each epic appears to demand a difference. The *Iliad*, a heroic poem, treating of

battle and chivalrous adventure, is naturally full of animation and boldness, while the *Odyssey*, relating the melancholy wanderings of Ulysses, on his return from Troy to Ithaca, is naturally pitched in a lower key and breathes the subdued tone of suffering. Nor is it improbable that one poem was composed in the spring of life, while the other was produced in more advanced years—this, of itself, would make the difference.

"It was reserved," says Dr. Maginn, "for modern times to start the astounding doctrine that these divine poems are the productions of different hands. I am not ignorant of the talent, learning, and industry of Wolf: but I should as soon believe in four-and-twenty contemporary, or nearly contemporary, Homers, as in four-and-twenty contemporary Shakespeares, or Miltons, or Dantes."

The previous English translations of Lucian are so indifferent that it is to regretted that Dr. Maginn did not proceed farther with the version which he had commenced, the only examples of which are those forming the concluding portion of this volume. Had he chosen to devote himself to the task, *con amore*, we might have had something corresponding with the fidelity and spirit of Mitchell's translation—I might almost call it transfusion—of the satirical comedies of Aristophanes. The manner in which Maginn has put the "Timon" and "Charon" into English, gives assurance of sufficient ability to have conveyed the rest of Lucian into our own vernacular.

R. Shelton Mackenzie.

New York,
April 10, 1856.

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HOMERIC BALLADS.

DR. MAGINN'S

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

Homeric Ballads.

INTRODUCTION.

THE prevailing opinion in ancient times was, that the poems of Homer were written, or rather sung, in detached pieces. Ἔγραψε δὲ, says Suidas, τὴν Ἰλιάδα, οὐχ ἅμα, οὐδὲ κατὰ τὸ συνεχὲς, καθάπερ συγκεῖται· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἑκαστὴν ραψῳδίαν γράψας ἐν τῷ περινοστεῖν τὰς πόλεις τροφῆς ἕνεκεν, ἀπέλιπεν. The common story is, that these scattered fragments were put into the order in which we now have them by Pisistratus. If he did so, well may the inscription said to have been engraven on his statue recite it as one of his proudest boasts.

—ὃς τὸν Ὅμηρον
Ἥθροισα, σποράδην τὸ πρὶν ἀειδόμενον.

All critical readers of Homer know, that the Scholia on Dionysius the Thracian, cited by Leo Allatius de Patriâ Homeri, Eustathius, Josephus, Aulus Gellius, Libanius, Ælian, tell the same story. Cicero believed it:—"Quis doctior iisdem illis temporibus, aut cujus eloquentia litteris instructior, quam Pisis-

trati, qui primus Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse fertur, ut nunc habemus?"—*De Oratore.* The honor, however, is claimed for Lycurgus, that he brought the *whole* poems to Sparta from Ionia, about three hundred years before the days of Pisistratus. Plutarch, in his Life, tells us that Lycurgus gathered the fragments in Asia, and introduced them to the Greeks, among whom their renown was as yet obscure [*δόξα —ἀμαυρὰ*]. Ælian asserts, that he brought back the poems entire: Ὀψὲ δὲ Λυκοῦργος ὁ Λακεδαιμόνιος ἀθρόαν πρῶτον εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἐκόμιξε τὴν Ὁμήρου ποίησιν. Solon, also, who preceded Pisistratus, has some share of the glory. Diogenes Laertius thinks the old legislator did more for Homer than his successor: Μᾶλλον οὖν Σόλων Ὅμηρον ἐφώτισεν ἢ Πεισίστρατος, ὥς φησι Διενχίδας ἐν πέμπτῳ Μεγαρικῶν.

No ancient author, I believe (except the Chorizontes, who maintained that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written by different persons, and supported their argument by a piece of stupid criticism, which is found in the Venetian Scholia, *Il.* B. 356, and which I may hereafter take an opportunity of noticing), imagined that the works gathered by Pisistratus, or Solon, or Lycurgus, were not written by one man, and that one man named Homer. It was reserved for modern times to start the astounding doctrine that these divine poems are the production of different hands. I am not ignorant of the talent, learning, and industry of Wolf; but I should as soon believe in four and twenty contemporary, or nearly contemporary, Homers, as in four and twenty contemporary Shakespeares, or Miltons, or Dantes.

More than seven and twenty centuries have rolled away since Homer's time, according to his received date; and, in all languages, half-a-dozen names have not been produced who can be allowed to approximate to him. I firmly believe he has had but one equal, and even the greatness of *his* genius is disputed

—by those, however, who, in my opinion, are not capable of appreciating either Shakespeare or Homer. I look only to the internal evidence of the poems themselves. As for external evidence, we know as much of Homer as the earliest Greek writer who mentions him. The poems were in all men's mouths before history or biography—far before criticism or antiquarianism, were thought of; and Herodotus himself tells nothing certain of their author.

The stories of scholiasts and grammarians, picked up from obscure and idle sources, are nothing more than guesses or fictions, on which no reliance can be placed. How little do we in reality know of Solon, or Lycurgus, or Pisistratus! It is highly probable that men, legislating for rude communities, would be anxious to furnish their people with the means of enjoying the strains of their national favorite, which were, besides, manuals of their religion and records of their ancient history; but they did no more than direct that the public reciters of the poems, the Rhapsodists, should sing them in order. Such was the regulation of Hipparchus, as we are informed by Plato; the same we are told of Solon. Pisistratus might, perhaps, have directed the details of an edition, as Ptolemy did some three centuries later; but I should as readily credit that the poems were written by different persons, whose labors were afterward gathered and soldered into a whole by a man of another age, as I should credit the Voyage of Ulysses. The thing is merely impossible;—

> "And what's impossible can't be,
> And never, never comes to pass."

Scaliger, I believe, first started the hypothesis in his *Poetics;* a work, of which taste and judgment are in an inverse ratio to its learning; and Giambattista Vico, about the beginning of the last century, put it forth with much ability, in his *Principi di Scienza Nuova.* Wolf, at the end of the century, in his *Prole-*

gomena, collected all that learning and ingenuity could effect for the same purpose; and he has succeeded in convincing some scholars. Sir Walter Scott, I am told, used to call it the great literary heresy; and so most every one who looks upon the poems with critical or poetical eye. It is possible, nay, certain, that many lines, and some whole passages, are interpolated; and we must often agree with Payne Knight, though certainly not so far as to retrench with him about two thousand lines: but I think it possible, also, that the obelizing hand of Aristarchus sometimes went too far, and that many genuine lines were rejected. It may be true, for instance, that the adventure of Dolon, which forms the tenth book of the *Iliad*, may have been inserted, as Eustathius tells us, by order of Pisistratus; though I do not believe any thing of the kind: but that any mind but one, and that of the highest class of human mind, not only for the execution of details, but for the general ordering and regulating of a whole, originally directed the march of the poems, will appear incredible to those who have critically considered what epic poetry is.

So far from the *Iliad* being a collection or miscellany of ballads, composed at fits and starts by various minstrels, and then pieced together in ages afterward, the fact is, that it is the only epic poem ever written of which the unity is perfect and complete, and in which it would be impossible to disturb the order of the several parts of the poem without marring the regular and connected sequence of the entire. The *Æneid* is quite disconnected. The adventure of the first and fourth books has nothing to do with those of the remainder; it does not unite with them, far less influence them. The fifth book is a clumsy interpolation. Hardouin justly remarks, that the story of the sack of Troy, and the wanderings of Æneas, might have been as well told to Latinus or Evander as to Dido; and the funeral games would have been better performed in honor of Pallas

than of Anchises, who makes no appearance in the poem until he is dead. And it was the less necessary to bestow these honors upon him, as he has the most magnificent of all of the books of the *Æneid* devoted to himself, viz. the sixth.

Milton well knew, though his commentators, including Addison, do not [Bentley, of course, excepted; but he was otherwise employed, in his wonderful edition of Milton], that the *epic* character could not be sustained throughout *Paradise Lost;* and, accordingly, he plainly tells us, in the ninth book, that he changes his notes to *tragic.* In the *Iliad,* on the contrary, the theme laid down is pursued, from beginning to end, with all the precision of a logical argument. The greatest warrior of the host assembled round Troy forsakes the cause in an excess of just anger. To show that his presence is not indispensable toward success, the King of Men determines on active operations at once without him, and musters his army for the fight. All the accidents of war ensue — battles, charges, retreats, duels, truces. The first day's combat has been such, that the Greeks feel it necessary to call in the spade to the assistance of the sword; and they intrench. Still more disastrous is the second day's battle. Heaven declares decidedly against them; and the victorious Hector bivouacs amid his watchfires in the field, waiting impatiently for morning to attack the hostile lines. Then is the indignant prophecy of Achilles remembered, that his arm would ere long be needed; and his intrepid cousin, his aged tutor, and the most eloquent chieftain of the host, are sent with rich gifts to supplicate him to return: but in vain. The vicissitudes of warfare again fill the scene. We have a night adventure, which certainly is not necessary in the story; but an epic poem and a romance are two different things. The main theme of the *Iliad* is war, and every accident of war should therein have a place. Among these, the employment of espionage and the surprise of an unguarded camp are pro-

minent; and, therefore, I pay no attention to the tradition already noticed, that the Dolonia was inserted by Pisistratus. Then follow sallies from the intrenchments, storming of walls, desperate defence of position after position, with gleams of success, followed by irretrievable defeat; when the hero, moved by the tears of his friend, consents to allow his troops to rush to the rescue, but refuses to stir in person. For a time the rush is successful, and the assailants are driven back; but the leader of the rescuing division is soon slain, and the rout is more hopeless than before. In triumph then rises before us Hector, radiant in gloriously won arms, the hero of the country, generous, true-hearted, noble, brave, about to receive, with swelling heart, the reward of a thousand valiant actions, by the prostrate subjugation and expulsion of the enemies of his land and lineage. His sword is raised to smite resistlessly, when upon the ears of his panic-stricken followers falls that battle-cry so fatally remembered which tells the appalling story that Achilles is in the field again. The rout is instantly checked; and, in the morning, the furious and heart-broken warrior, reconciled to the king, and girt with armor forged by the god of Fire, sweeps raging to pitiless and indiscriminating slaughter. Ordinary war-adventures had been nearly exhausted; and now the immortals come down to the fight, and the River-god rises to do battle in vain with a man. All obstacles are speedily flung aside, and at last the closing hour arrives. Under the walls of Troy, hand to hand, and all alone, meet the two champions of their people in a single combat, which death can only conclude; and Hector falls. Then follow funeral-games and funeral-lamentations. Patroclus, and the chief who slew him, lie in a common death; and the victor Achilles honors his fallen friend with all the pomp of martial chivalry, while amid the vanquished habitants of the beleaguered city bursts forth the wailing of women over the corpse of Hector, the gallant and the good.

If Pisistratus put this together, he is a far greater poet than any of the four and twenty ballad-mongers whose *purpurei panni* he gathered and joined. What is the ballad of the Bravery of Diomed, for example, compared to the poem of the *Iliad?* Harmonious verse, stirring incident, picturesque description, profound thought, are to be found in every page; but the power of producing these, lofty as it is, falls far short of that *mens divinior* which can evolve such a work complete and absolute in all its numbers, with the beginning, middle, and end so closely, and as it were mathematically, linked together. Throughout the *Iliad* runs, also, one vein of thought, which it would be impossible to expect from unconnected writers. The battle-bards, working separately, could hardly be supposed to hold steadily in view a detestation of strife and quarrel, and yet that feeling strongly pervades the *Iliad.* Not only Nestor in the first book, and Phœnix in the ninth — each in his several way deprecates anger, and counsels the suppression of revengeful feelings; but even the hero himself breaks into a passionate execration of discord, praying that it might perish from amid gods and men, when he finds that the consequence of his own indulgence in wrath has been to stretch his brother in arms, the partner of his soul, in the gory dust. This moral follows from, not, as Bossu absurdly imagines, creates, the poem. But I am wasting my time. He who can not see that the *Iliad* was written by the same hand, from beginning to end, is past the help of couching; and I might as well attempt to describe the cartoons to a man in a state of physical blindness. Of the *Odyssey* I may speak hereafter.

Vico says, "Che percio i popoli Greci cotanto contesero della di lui (Omero) patria, e'l vollero quasi tutti lor cittadino; perche essi popoli Greci furono quest Omero."

There may be in this sentence either sense or nonsense. Nonsense in all its altitudes, if it be intended to maintain that

what is the popular fancy can be best expressed by the people; or, as Vico phrases it, that the *popoli Greci* were *Omero;* for the contrary is the fact. It is the *Omeri*—the Homers—who ultimately lead, and make the *popoli Greci.* Sense, if it be intended to say that there is no Homer without the un-schoolmasterlike education of observation and memory. I should readily concede to Vico, or Wolf, that many a story is contained in the Homeric poems which their author had heard and embodied. "To us," he says, "the glory—the report only—has come down. We *know* nothing of it." Thamyris, Demodocus, and other illustrious singers, are perpetually quoted. Nothing appears to me more absurd than the controversy about the reality of the events of the *Iliad.* It is highly probable that the tribes on the opposite coasts of the Archipelago had many a piratical war, *ante Helenam,* occasioned, in pretext, by the carrying off of a lady—in reality, by the pleasure of living a life of tumult and plunder. For Bryant and his school I feel no respect; but just as much as I do for those who made it a matter of orthodoxy to believe in the Trojan war.

I am well aware of the theory of Herbert of Hilga in his work called *Nimrod,* after the mighty hunter. Ingenious it is, and supported by a world of talent and erudition; but I think Homer is to be read literally. Some actual war, which appeared to him remarkable, suggested the song. It having been so suggested, genius did the rest. The four and twentry minstrels I must again dismiss, and agree with Aristotle, that *θεσπέσιος ἂν φανείη Ὅμηρος παρὰ τοὺς ἄλλους* (Poet xxiv.). Divine is Homer—[the one Homer] above all others. The same Aristotle, who made for the use of Alexander the Great the most famous of the editions of Homer, thereby for ever ennobling the office of editor, also declares that the poet surpasses all, not only in style (*λέξει*), but in the intellectual faculty (*διανοίᾳ*)—not merely in the melody of versification and the

choice of words, but in the philosophical arrangement and consideration of the course of his poems. And Aristotle was a man worthy of all the worship ever bestowed upon him even by the blindest of his devotees. They might not have known why they worshipped him, and often assigned absurd or false reasons for their idolatry; but they were not substantially wrong when they bowed down before the *ipse dixit.*

I have written more than I intended, and shall only say, that my own opinion is that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are, with no very important differences, as we now have them, the work of one man, who dwelt on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, or in the islands—perhaps Scio. I do not believe that he was a beggar-man, or a singing man, or a blind man. I do not think his name was Homer; and I look upon the derivations of that word which we find in the Greek scholiasts, men utterly ignorant of the principles of etymology, and the pedants who followed them, as mere trash. The meaning is to be sought elsewhere. I think he wrote or spoke his great poems as wholes, in Asia, and that they came over to Hellas piece by piece, after having filled the east with their fame; and that by the great men of Athens, or Sparta, they were gathered, not in the sense of making them into poems, but of re-making them. They were, both before their importation and afterward, sung in scraps, no doubt, just as Shakespeare or Milton is quoted by us in scraps. We do not sing our great poets—the Greeks did; but "To be or not to be?" or "Hail, holy light!" indicate to us fragments of *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost*, just in the same way as the various "headings" of the pieces sung by the Rhapsodists indicated fragments of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* and it would be as wise to consider, as the original arranger of the Shakespearean or Miltonic poems in their present shape, the industrious compiler who should restore them from Readers, or Speakers, or Elegant Extracts, as to confer the honor of

making the poems of Homer on Pisistratus. If Wolf had tried to make an epic poem out of the abundant ballads of his native land, he would have found how hard was the task assigned by him to the Athenian prince. It might not be unamusing to prove, in the manner of Wolf, that there were some dozen of Sir Walter Scotts. On Vico's principle, it would not be hard to do so. Sir Walter wove together the traditions of Scotland, and therefore the Scottish tribes *furono questo Gualtero.*

But of this more than enough. I am about to split Homer again into the rhapsodical ballads, not from which he was made, but which were taken from him. I am sorry that Chapman, whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language, did not apply to the *Odyssey* the fourteen-syllable verse, which had succeeded so well in the *Iliad.* There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllabic distich. I have, however, long considered it as certain that the only metre in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as whole poems, can be adequately translated into English is the Spenserian. I have made considerable progress with such a translation, and some time I think I may finish it.* Why I am not sure of so doing, will be found out by any one who takes the trouble of consulting the seventh Satire of Juvenal.

Ælian enumerates the principal favorities of the ancients.

Ὅτι τὰ Ὁμήρου ἔπη πρότερον διῄρημενα ἦδον οἱ παλαίοι· οἷον ἔλεγον τὴν ἐπὶ Ναυσὶ μάχην, καὶ Δολωνίαν τινὰ, καὶ Ἀριστείαν Ἀγαμέμνονος, καὶ Νεῶν Κατάλογον, καὶ που Πατρόκλειαν, καὶ

* No fragments of the translation here spoken of were found among Dr. Maginn's papers. At one time, he had an opinion that Homer might best be translated in the measure of "Marmion" (the rapidity of which is so well adapted to the narrative of chivalric deeds), and actually executed some of the Homeric episodes in that metre. They appear in the present volume.—M.

Λύτρα, καὶ ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ Ἄθλα, καὶ Ὁρκίων ἀφάνισιν. Ταῦτα ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἰλιάδος. Ὑπὲρ δὲ τῆς ἑτέρας, τὰ ἐν Πύλῳ, καὶ τὰ ἐν Λακεδαίμονι, καὶ Καλυψοῦς ἄντρον, καὶ περὶ τὴν Σχεδίαν Ἀλκίνου ἀπολόγους, Κυκλωπίαν, καὶ Νεκυίαν, καὶ τὰ τῆς Κίρκης, Νίπτρα, Μνηστήρων φόνον, τὰ ἐν ἀγρῷ, τὰ ἐν Λαέρτου.—Lib. xlii. 14.

"The ancients sang the poems of Homer in detached portions. Such as the Battle at the Ships (*Iliad*, Book XIII.), the Adventure of Dolon (X.), the Bravery of Agamemnon (XI.), the Catalogue of the Ships (II.), the Adventure of Patroclus (XVI.), the Ransoming [of the body of Hector] (XXIV.), the Games over Patroclus (XXIII.), the Breaking of the Oaths (IV.): these from the *Iliad*. From the other poem: The Adventures in Pylos (*Odyssey*, Book III.), the Adventures in Lacedemon (IV.), the Cave of Calypso (V.), the Raft [which Ulysses constructed to leave Calypso's island] (V.), the Tales told to Alcinous (VIII.), the Adventures with the Cyclops (IX.), the Visit to the Dead (XI.), the Adventures with Circe (X.), the Bath [of Ulysses, when he was discovered by his nurse] (XIX.), the Slaying of the Suitors (XXII.), the Adventures in the Country [with Eumæus] (XIV.), the Visit to Laertes (XXIV.)."

Of these I have selected, as my commencing chaunt, the *Niptra* [or The Bath of Odysseus]. I have followed the ordinarily received Greek text.

I.

The Bath of Odysseus.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book XIX. 386-507.

Odysseus, in the disguise of a ragged beggar-man, has an interview with his wife, who does not recognise him. He tells her, as usual, a false story,

Ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα·

in which he represents himself as an acquaintance of her absent lord. She asks a description of his person, which he gives with much minuteness, and thereby convinces her of the truth of his assertion. She instantly extends the kindest hospitality to him, and orders Euryclea, his old nurse, to bathe his feet. The nurse complies the more willingly, as she is struck by the likeness of the poor stranger to Odysseus.

The Bath of Odysseus.

I.

A CALDRON bright the old woman bore,
To wash the stranger's feet;
Of water cold she poured in store—
Then, to temper the bath, she filled it o'er
With a stream of boiling heat.

II.

By the fire Odysseus took his place;
But he quickly turned him round
In the darksome shadow to hide his face,
For he thought that his nurse's hand would trace
The scar of an ancient wound.

III.

And he feared that she might with outcry rash
His presence there betray;
And scarcely had she begun to wash,
Ere she was aware of the grisly gash
Above his knee that lay.

IV.

It was a wound from a wild boar's tooth,
All on Parnassus' slope,
Where he went to hunt in the days of his youth
With his mother's sire, with whom, in sooth,
In craft could no man cope.

V.

By Hermes' grace, with oaths and lies
His fraudful game he played;
And the god, for the blazing sacrifice
Of kids' and lambkins' savory thighs,
Lent him his ready aid.

VI.

From Parnassus erst on a journey gone,
To Ithaca's isle he came;
There he found that his daughter had borne a son,
Whom they placed his grandsire's knees upon,
As he sate at the board, his supper done,
And they asked him the boy to name.

VII.

And thus spoke out Euryclea fair,
The infant's nurse was she—
"Autolycus, name thy daughter's heir,
Whom thou long hast sought with many a prayer,
Now lying upon thy knee."

VIII.

"Daughter and son," the old man said,
"What name I bestow, receive;
As many a man, o'er earth wide-spread,
Was ODIOUS to me when I hither sped,
Be ODYSSEUS the name I give.*

* I have endeavored to preserve the pun, if it be right to call it one, as well as I can. It is probable that the derivations of the Greek names of early times are to be sought in very different quarters from those to which we are referred by the grammarians; but, in the present case, Homer seems to be repeating some well-known story. There is nothing improbable in

IX.

"By such a surname my grandson call; 409
And when manhood's years shall come,
Send him to visit the ample hall,
Where his mother was born, in Parnassus tall,
And there I shall give him share of all,
And send him rejoicing home."

supposing that Autolycus might wish to mark his feelings at the time of the birth of a grandson by the name he gave him. Instances from the Scriptures will occur at once. The wife of Phinehas, bringing forth a son amid the ruin of her house, called him Ichabod — "where is the glory" — in melancholy mark that he was born when prosperity had departed. So Leah and Rachel named their children; and, if we go further, so did Eve. I give the version of Chapman, as it affords a specimen of his manner, part translation, part comment;—

"Daughter and son-in-law (said he), let then
The name that I shall give him stand with men;
Since I arrived here, at the hour of pain,
In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes:
And when so many men's and women's woes
In joint compassion met, of human birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;
Let Odysseus be his name, as one———"

He is wrong, as his note also shows, in the meaning he affixes to ὀδυσσάμενος. Autolycus had no sentimental fancies about him. He was full of hatred against many men and women, whom I suppose he, with the assistance of Mercury, had cheated, and who had found him out; and he intended that his *odium* against mankind should be perpetuated in the name *Odysseus*.

The second *sigma* in the participle ὀδυσσάμενος, and the name Ὀδυσσεύς, is a grammatical or prosodial insertion, in order to make the syllable long by position. Ὀδυσεύς is often spelt with a single *sigma*, as in this very passage, in v. 409, 416, 452, 456, and a hundred places beside. Dunbar contends that it is useless, as the metrical ictus would make the syllable long without any alteration of spelling. But, as the complaint of Martial still holds good—

"Dicunt Earinon tamen poetæ,
Sed Græci quibus est nihil negatum,
Et quos ἄρες ἄρες decet sonare;
Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores—"

X.

Seeking these treasures rich and rare,
Odysseus left his land;
To Autolycus' castle he made repair,
And his grandsire, and his uncles there,
Hailed him with friendly hand.

XI.

And the heart of his mother's mother was blest
With her dear grandson's sight;
Closely she clasped him to her breast,
And many a kiss on his cheek she prest,
And on his eyes so bright.

XII.

Then Autolycus told his sons to spread
A table for the feast;
And willing they did as their father said,
And a five-year-old steer was to slaughter led
In honor of their guest.

and we can not be allowed to vary the quantity of our words *ad libitum*, I have chosen to spell the name always Odysseus, accenting, according to the English analogy, on the second syllable. I strongly recommended all translators of Greek poetry to take the Greek, not the Latin names. The Roman deities, Juno, Minerva, Mercurius, Vulcanus, Ceres, Mars, Venus, &c., are by no means mythologically identical with Heré, Athenè, Hermes, Hephæstos, Deméter, Arés, Aphroditè, &c.; and, surely, the Greek words are at least as musical as the Latin. Aias is better than Ajax; the Aiante, or, if the dual is not allowable in a translation, the Aiantes than the Ajaces, or the Ajaxes; and Odysseus is as good as Ulysses. The late Greek tumults have familiarised us to the form. Jupiter (which is nothing but a different spelling of Ζεω-πατὴρ) is perhaps the only exception I should admit; and no English rhyme-maker can afford to part with *Jove*, whom, therefore, we must vote to be the same as the unmanageable *Zeus*. Of course, I do not recommend mere literal changes of forms to which we have been accustomed, such as substituting *os* for us, Menelaos for Melenaus, or *ai* for æ (as *A*ineas for *Æ*neas), or to alter Priam, Hecuba, Alexander, Parnassus, and other such almost household words, closer to their original; but in all other cases.—W. M.

XIII.

They flay off its hide, they dress the inside,
  They cut it up joint by joint;
With skill well tried, the flesh they divide,
And, sliced into steaks, to the fire applied,
  Pierced on the toaster's point.*

XIV.

And when at the fire it was fully done, 423
  Due portions they gave to all;
They sate at the meal until set of sun,
And when they rose, complaint was there none
  Of the well-shared festival.

* I hope I have translated this favorite culinary passage correctly. It appears to me that the meat was toasted, not roasted. The animal was broken up, and the joints cut into steaks, which were stuck upon forks — five-pronged forks, as we are sometimes told — and held to the fire. The translation of this passage has been very tormenting to those who have set up in their own minds a different standard of epic taste from that which was erected by Homer. The last French translation I have seen, of 1812, thus daintily paraphrases the passage in the first book of the *Iliad*:—"On consacre les victimes, on les égorge, et le temple est inondé de leur sang. Les cuisses sont coupées; le prêtre lui-même les fait brûler sur l'autel, et offre des libations. Déjà l'offrande est consumée par le feu sacré, on fait cuire la chair des victimes, des tables sont dressées, le sacrificateur et les Grecs se rangent autour, et tous dans un commun repas goûtent les douceurs de l'égalité."

This is a pleasant *petit souper*. I have never seen the first French translation of "Homère poète Grec, et grand historiographe, by Maistre Jehan Samxon, licentié en loys, Lieutenant du Bailey de Touraine, en son siège de Chastillon sur Indre," written, it is supposed, by order of Francis I., and printed, as we are duly informed, on the 26th of September, 1530; but in that of Du Souhait, of 1617, we have what I think is better than the nice trimmings of the version of 1812:—"Les cuisses des victimes immolées estant totalement consumées, premièrement on mit griller les trippes et les entrailles sur les charbons, les mangerent à leur desieuné, les autres membres furent mis en pièces, et tranchez par morceaux les mettant à la broche, et les faisant rôtir en diligence, puis, estant rôtis, on les mit sur table pour la refection des assistans qui benvociant les uns aux autres pourtant des coupes."—W. M.

XV.

When the sun in night had hid his ray,
They sank in slumber sound;
Until the rose-fingered queen of day
Sprang from the dawn where her birthplace lay,
And wakened man and hound.

XVI.

And all at once the chase pursued
Grandson, and son, and sire;
They climbed the mountain crowned with wood,
And soon in the windswept lawns they stood,
Whence Parnassus' heights aspire.

XVII.

Uprose the sun from the deep, deep stream
Of ocean's gentle swell,
And the fields were warmed by his genial gleam,
When the huntsmen, by light of the matin beam,
Entered the woody dell.

XVIII.

First through the covert burst the pack,
Fast following on the trace;
Came the Autolyci at their back,
Nor did they find Odysseus slack,
With spear in hand, to join the attack,
Or urge along the chase.

XIX.

There 'neath thick covering branches laid,
A huge boar had his lair;

So dense the foliage of that glade,
No wind had ever pierced its shade,
On moist wing wafted there.

XX.

There never in the midday heat
Was the warm sunbeam seen;
So sheltered was that close retreat,
That never did a rain-storm beat
Athwart its leafy screen.

XXI.

And deep all round, the thick-strew ground
With leaves was covered o'er;
But the trampling sound of man and hound,
All bursting in with sudden bound,
Aroused the couchant boar.

XXII.

With bristling back, and eye of flame,
In the brake he took his stand;
To the onset first Odysseus came,
Raising his spear with steady aim,
Poised in his sinewy hand.

XXIII.

Ready he stood right valiantly
But, ere he had time to strike,
The tusk of the boar, more prompt than he,
Deep through his flesh, above the knee,
Ripped with a stroke oblique.

XXIV.

Sharp was the wound, but it touched no bone;
Odysseus then made a thrust;
Through the right shoulder his spear has gone,
Through the off side piercing its point has shone;
And the slaughtered beast, with bellowing moan,
Sunk dead into the dust.

XXV.

The Autolyci looked to the boar that was slain,
And their nephew's gash they bound.
They stanched the black blood by a magic strain,
And brought him home to their sire again,
And they healed him of his wound.

XXVI.

With presents rich he was sent away,
When his cure was all complete;
Joyful they parted, both he and they,
And to Ithaca's isle he bent his way,
His parents glad to greet.

XXVII.

And much of his wound they wished to know,
And his manner he did recount,
How a white-tusked boar had dealt the blow,
While hunting he chanced with his uncles to go,
Upon Parnassus' mount.

XXVIII.

Well was it known by that woman old,
The instant she touched the scar;

Down dropped his foot from her slackened hold,
Upset was the laver, and over it roll'd,
Clanging with brazen jar.

XXIX.

All on the floor did the water pour.
The old woman's heart beat high;
With joy at once, and with sorrow sore,
Her soul was filled, and, brimming o'er,
Tears dimmed her aged eye.

XXX.

And her voice in her throat was prisoned fast,
But ere long the words outburst;
Her suppliant hand to his chin she passed,
And she said, "Thou art he — I know thee at last —
The darling boy I nurst!

XXXI.

"I knew thee not, Odysseus, till
Thy skin my hand had pressed."
Then where the queen was seated still
Cast she her eyes, with eager will
To tell who was the guest —

XXXII.

To say that her husband home returned,
Now sate within her bower.
But her looks Penelope nought discerned,
For the thoughts of her mind elsewhere were turned,
By Athené's watchful power.

XXXIII.

Odysseus checked her tongue's career;
Her throat his right hand caught;
Then with his left he drew her near,
And "Nurse," said he, in tone severe,
"Dost thou my ruin plot?

XXXIV.

"Thou plot my ruin! by whose teat
My infancy was fed;
When homeward to my native seat,
After twenty years of toil and sweat,
My wandering course has led!

XXXV.

"Now, since to thee my coming here
By a god's aid is known,
Breathe it to none that I am near;
For, mark me, with attentive ear,
Threatening what shall be done —

XXXVI.

"If, by Heaven's help, beneath me die
The suitors whom I hate,
Not even to thee, my nurse, shall I
Yield quarter, while around me lie
The handmaids, slain unpityingly,
Within my palace gate."

XXXVII.

Him answered thus Euryclea good:
"What hast thou said, my son?

Firm and inflexible of mood,
I hold thy secret, unsubdued,
As steel or solid stone,

XXXVIII.

"But, heed my words. If Heaven should tame
The suitors b'neath thy hand,
Then throughout the household shall I name
The handmaids who wrought disgrace and shame,
And those who blameless stand."

XXXIX.

"Needless, my nurse," the king replied,
"That this should to me be told;
They all shall be noted, and duly tried.
As for the rest, let the gods provide:
But do thou deep silence hold."

XL.

She went to prepare the bath anew,
For the first was split all round:
He was bathed and anointed in manner due;
To the fire then closer the stool he drew,
And over his knee his rags he threw,
In order to hide the wound.

II.

The Song of the Trojan Horse.

SUNG TO ULYSSES BY THE MINSTREL DEMODOCUS.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book VIII. 477-534.

[Demodocus had, in the morning, sung a ballad of the contention between Achilles and Ulysses, an incident in that war, "the glory of which had then reached the spacious heaven." It produced a deep effect on the feelings of the unknown guest. He was obliged to cover his face with his garment, to conceal his bursting tears; and, when the song was done, he wiped off the token of his sorrow, and made a reverential libation to the gods. Demodocus was again called upon to sing by the Phæacian nobles; and again Ulysses, anticipating that the theme would a second time be taken from those adventures in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, could not control his feelings. Alcinous, by whom he sate, perceived his agitation; and making the remark that they had enough of minstrelsy for the present, proposed that they should leave the table and commence the sports of the day. He rightly conjectured that something in the song had affected the stranger, though at first, with much delicacy, he does not even allude to it. After dinner, Ulysses, with that strange waywardness which all men have occasionally felt, can not refrain

from demanding another ballad on the Trojan war, deeply as the former reference had shaken him. The effect is the same as before; he yields again to a passion of tears, excited by the memory of bygone days, and of companions in gallant actions scattered or slain. Alcinous now thinks it time that he should openly interfere. He has no further substitute to offer instead of the lay of Demodocus, and he plainly tells the company that the minstrel must cease because his song gives pain to the stranger. With the ease and kind-hearted refinement of a true gentleman—for such is the character admirably supported by Alcinous—he calls upon the unknown whose skill and vigor in the games of the day had made a most favorable impression on prince and people, candidly to declare who he was, and why he is so grievously afflicted when he hears of the fate of the Argives and the Danai, and of Troy. "It was the work of the gods," says Homer, speaking through Alcinous, with the undoubting conviction that his own immortal poems would fulfil the prophecy, "who doomed the men to destruction, *that it might be matter of song to the people of future time.*" So called upon, Ulysses discloses himself in a short speech of surpassing grace and dignity, which serves as an exordium to a tale of the most wondrous beauty ever conceived by the human imagination—

Speciosa dehinc miracula promit,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.

Miracles they are, indeed, of enchanting verse, which, whether we take them as legends intended to be believed literally, or as allegories veiling a hidden truth, captivate the fancy, arouse the intellect, and feed the eye with a long succession of ever-varying pictures, filling the mind with endless trains of thought and meditation.]

The Song of the Trojan Horse.

I.

"HERE, herald," he said, "take this portion of meat,
And bear it from me, that the minstrel may eat;
Although sad is my heart, yet I gladly will give
The honor that bards should from all men receive;
For honor and reverence should ever belong
To the loved of the Muses, the framers of song."
So spoke forth Odysseus—the herald obeyed,
And his gift was at once by Demodocus laid.*

II.

The minstrel received it, rejoicing in heart,
Then the feast was begun, and they all took a part;
And when sated with meat and with wine was each guest,
By Odysseus the singer again was addressed:
"The lot of no other I honor as thine;
For the Muse taught thy lay, or Apollo divine;
Thy song of th' Achivi tells truly and well,
How they toiled in the wars, how they fought and they fell.

III.

We would think 'mid those deeds that thou present hast been
Or hast heard them from one who the combat had seen.
Be the famed HORSE OF WOOD now renowned in thy lays,
Which Athené assisted Epéus to raise.

* This ballad is translated into the anapæstic metre, and Maginn, when exception was taken to it, on the ground of its ponderosity, contended "that the metre is a good ballad measure, when properly managed," and mentioned Scott's "Lochinvar," and Campbell's "Lochiel" as fine specimens.—M.

How brought by Odysseus, with stratagem bold,
It was placed, full of men, within Ilion's stronghold.
This tale truly sing; and my tongue shall maintain,
O'er the earth, that a god has inspired thy sweet strain."

IV.

The minstrel began as the godhead inspired,
He sang how their tents the Argives had fired,
And over the sea in trim barks bent their course,
While their chiefs with Odysseus were closed in the horse,
Mid the Trojans, who had that fell engine of wood
Dragged on, till in Troy's inmost turret it stood;
There long did they ponder in anxious debate,
What to do with the steed, as around it they sate.

V.

Then before them three several counsels were laid,
Into pieces to hew it by edge of the blade;
Or to draw it forth thence to the brow of a rock,
And downward to fling it with shivering shock;
Or, shrined in the tower, let it there make abode,
As an offering to ward off the anger of God.
The last counsel prevailed, for the moment of doom,
When the town held the horse, upon Ilion had come.

VI.

The Argives in ambush awaited the hour,
When slaughter and death on their foes they should shower.
When it came from their hollow retreat rushing down,
The sons of the Achivi smote sorely the town.
Then scattered, on blood and on ravaging bent,
Through all parts of the city chance-guided they went,

And he sang how Odysseus at once made his way
To where the proud domes of Deiphobus lay.

VII.

With bold Menelaus he thitherward strode,
In valor an equal to war's fiery god.
There fierce was the fight, dread the deeds that were done,
Till, aided by Pallas, the battle he won.
So sang the rapt minstrel the blood-stirring tale,
But the cheek of Odysseus waxed deathly and pale;
While the song warbled on of the days that were past,
His eyelids were wet with the tears falling fast.

VIII.

As wails the lorn bride, with her arms clasping round
Her own beloved husband, laid low on the ground;
From the town, with his people, he sallied out brave,
His country, his children, from insult to save.
She sees his last gasping, life ready to part,
And she flings herself on him, pressed close to her heart.
Shrill she screams o'er the dying, while enemies near
Beat her shoulders and back with the pitiless spear.

IX.

They bear her away—as a slave she must go;
For ever a victim of toil and of wo.
Soon wastes her sad cheek with the traces of grief:
Sad as hers showed the face of famed Ithaca's chief.
But none saw the tear-drops which fell from his eye,
Save the king at the board who was seated close by;
And Alcinous watched him, and noted alone,
How deep from his breast came the heavy-sent groan.

III.

The Return of the Chiefs from Troy.

THERE is, in my opinion — I do not pretend that it is good, as old Montaigne says, but it is mine — no test by which we can better decide whether a translator or critic understands Homer, than by his appreciation of the character of Nestor. I make no allusion to such criticism as those of Scaliger, in his *Poetics*: "*Nestor in primo Iliados loquax; in septimo non minus; in quarto odiosus; in undecimo obtundit; in penultimo etiam nugatur;*" for they are merely absurd. In the passages referred to, the old soldier is introduced, with the most perfect propriety, to promote concord among his brother generals, or to stimulate his brother campaigners to action, by recitals of what had been done in former days by chiefs, whose memory all his hearers reverenced, and of whom he was now the sole surviving companion; or to display what were the true principles of tactics or charioteering — war being the principal business, athletic games being the principal amusement, of the ages in which he flourished. In judging of those times, let it never be forgotten that there were no newspapers or histories; and old men were obliged to perform the duty which is performed by "the folio of four pages," for our daily gossip; and by the folio, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo, of many pages, for our more permanent leading or misleading, as the case may occur. I shall

not stop to discuss here the epical question, what proportion dialogue should hold toward action. Another opportunity will occur; and the question does not particularly affect Nestor.

Shaking off such critics as Scaliger, it may appear unreasonable if I am not better satisfied with the opinion of the ancients themselves, whose knowledge of the language was infinitely greater than any thing which the most eminent of modern scholars can pretend to possess, and whose qualifications for entering into the spirit of Homer's characters would, at first sight, appear to be far superior to ours. There could not be any difficulty in making a parade of extracts from Greek and Roman writers, to prove that they considered Nestor to be nothing more than an old speech-maker, or story-teller, whose perpetual talkativeness is to be excused by his age and fluent sweetness of tongue. The often quoted passage of Cicero, in *De Senectute*, will be sufficient: "Videtisne ut apud Homerum sæpissime Nestor de virtutibus suis prædicat? Tertiam enim jam ætatem hominum videbat: nec erat verendum ne vera de se prædicans nimis videretur aut insolens aut loquax; etenim, ut ait Homerus, *ex ejus lingua melle dulcior fluebat oratio.*" Excuses of the same kind, for the loquacity of the old man eloquent, will be found in every commentator, from the days when criticism began, to those of the last edition.

It appears to me that apologies were never more needlessly thrown away. Nestor, in the *Iliad*, is by no means the mere prater, for whose talking we are to find excuses. He is emphatically the advising officer of the army; and he never shrinks from joining in the field the dashing movements he has recommended in council. Those who, in after-ages, took up the Homeric characters, distorted them to caricature. Because Nestor was old, they made him a dotard—because Ajax was large, they made him a blockhead—because Achilles was resistless in fair combat, they made him invulnerable—because

Ulysses was wily, they made him a coward. They caught at the one prominent point in the character, and worked it out as second-hand story-tellers will do, keeping that point only in mind, and adapting it to circumstances far different from those with which it was invested in the original. Let us, therefore, forgetting all that has been since written about Nestor, see what he does in Homer.

A fierce dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles commences the *Iliad.* Their language gradually becomes more and more irritating: at last Achilles is tempted to draw upon his general. No one ventures to interfere, until the angry hero, flinging his staff of authority in a rage upon the ground, sits down with a fierce menace that he shall no more lend his aid to the war. The quarrel of words has now come to its height, and Nestor jumps up at once to check its further progress — to dissuade Agamemnon from offering the threatened affront, and to induce Achilles to withdraw his threat of retiring. Both acknowledge the respect they owe to Nestor; but both, being in a passion, decline acceding to his advice. The old man has offered it prematurely. Ulysses, the πολύμητις, does not jump up while the two chiefs are boiling with anger. We see him afterward endeavoring to appease in due season. He bears the proposals of reconciliation in the ninth book: he it is who finally rivets it in the nineteenth. There is a fine discrimination of character between the impetuous old warrior, who has through a long life acted upon his impulse, and the wily observer, who has "known the minds of many men," and therefore takes his time. The attempt of Nestor to reconcile being fruitless, we hear nothing more of him during the remainder of the book. The contrast between him and Ulysses, which is carried on throughout the *Iliad,* is here strongly marked at the outset. In spite of his age and eloquence, Nestor is not sent to take back Chryseis, to satisfy her father, and appease the

god. *That office is given to Ulysses.* Nestor's single speech, in the first *Iliad*, is, in its kind, a model of perfection. I know that it has been subjected to the keen carping of Voltaire; and I know, also, that the criticism of Voltaire, if it be intended for sincere criticism, is utterly worthless. His translation of the speech is a mere mockery — a mockery the more inexcusable, as he has translated with much care, though not much fidelity, the speech of the Cacique Colocolo, from the *Arancana* of Ercilla, which he has the taste to prefer to that of Nestor. As his version is short, I shall, for the convenience of comparison, give it here with the original.

VOLTAIRE.

Essais sur la Poésie Epique. Tom. x. p. 396. Ed. Kehl.

Quelle satisfaction sera-ce aux Troyens, lorsqu'ils entendront parler de vos discordes!

HOMER. *Il.* A. 254.

Ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιΐδα γαῖαν ἱκάνει.
Ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πριάμος, Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες,
Ἄλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροίατο θυμῷ,
Εἰ σφῶϊν τάδε πάντα πυθοίατο μαρναμένοιϊν,
Οἳ περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν, περὶ δ' ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι.

So far from this poor conversational prose being a fair representation of the glowing original, it does not even express its sense. Nestor appeals to the angry chiefs, reminding them of the great grief they are spreading over their native land, and of the equally great joy it must diffuse, not merely among *les Troyens*, but among their rival princes, Priam and his house; and thence downward among all the men of Troy. It will be of no common order—no mere *satisfaction;* deeply will they rejoice at heart, because they will be well able to appreciate the fatal consequences of a feud among men whom they have long felt to be supereminent in the council and the field. Never was compliment more naturally or more dexterously introduced; and, therefore, Voltaire omits it altogether.

VOLTAIRE.

Votre jeunesse doit respecter mes années et se soumettre à mes conseils. J'ai vu autrefois des héros supérieurs à vous. Non, mes yeux ne verront jamais des hommes semblables à l'invincible Pirithous, au brave Cineus, au divin Thésée, &c.

HOMER.

Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ'· ἔμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο.
Ἤδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοσιν, ἠέπερ ὑμῖν,
Ἀνδράσιν ὡμίλησα, καὶ οὔποτέ μ' οἵγ' ἀθέριζον.
Οὐ γάρ πω τοίους ἴδον ἀνέρας, οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι,
Οἷον Πειρίθοόν τε, Δρύαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν,
Καινέα τ', Ἐξάδιόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον,
[Θησέα τ' Αἰγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισι·]

This pretended translation is merely fraudulent. Voltaire had determined to represent the speech of Nestor as "*babil présomptueux, et impoli,*" and suited his version accordingly. The Greek says, "Be persuaded—let me persuade you, because you both are younger than I am;" the French, "Your youth ought to respect my years." In the original we have not a word claiming respect—not a word of authority; it is all persuasion, the right of urging which is claimed on the ground of age—an advantage which no one desires to dispute. "*J'ai vu autrefois des héros supérieurs à vous,*" is nothing like the spirit of the Greek. Nestor wishes to remind them, that his many years have not been passed remote from the scenes of war. "I have," he says, "campaigned with [*ὡμίλησα*, not *vu*] men braver *even* that you" [*καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἠέπερ ἡμῖν.* Eustathius's reading *ἡμῖν*, is quite inadmissible. The archbishop contends, and Wolf agrees with him, that *ἡμῖν* would be less offensive to the angry princes, and more in character. Just the contrary. Nestor could not be so absurd as to imagine that, at the time he was speaking, *he* could be supposed to be a fit antagonist for the glorious heroes of old. Nobody supposed it. Agamemnon and Achilles, in the pride and vigor of manhood and practised bravery, might have been thought compeers with Pirithous

and the others whom he extols: Nestor now was out of the question. "Braver than *we*" is the real vanity. How *we* apples swim! "Braver than *you*—even you," is a compliment], "and they did not despise me; *i. e.* they honored me with the highest attention." This is omitted, which is unfair. The omission indicated by the "&c." is equally unfair, because the suppressed passage gives the reason why the speaker sets the old warriors in higher price than those of his present time. They had fought with the most tremendous antagonists, the mountain-dwelling Centaurs, whom they utterly destroyed. None who heard the speech would refuse to admit, that those who succeeded in such desperate warfare were men whose names should ever be held in reverence, or accept them as authorities worthy of most deferential quotation.

VOLTAIRE.

J'ai été à la guerre avec eux, et quoique je fusse jeune, mon éloquence persuasive avait du pouvoir sur leurs esprits. Ils écoutaient Nestor; jeunes guerriers, écoutez donc les avis que vous donne ma vieillesse.

HOMER.

Καὶ μὲν τοῖσιν ἐγὼ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθὼν
Τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης· καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοί·
Καὶ μαχόμην κατ' ἔμ' αὐτὸν ἐγώ. κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις
Τῶν, οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέοιτο.
Καὶ μέν μευ βουλέων ξύνιεν, πείθοντό τε μύθῳ·
Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ὔμμες, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεινον.

Those who take the French to be a translation of the Greek, must consider old Nestor a ridiculous babbler indeed. But, as he does not say a word of his "persuasive eloquence," nor call Achilles and Agamemnon, after, at least, ten campaigns, "*jeunes guerriers*," nor make tawdry epigrams about "*jeunesse*" and "*vieillesse*," we must confer that compliment on his critic. The heroes of past days, says Nestor, admitted me to their councils, and were persuaded by my advice. "Be ye, too, persuaded by me; for it is best to yield to persuasion." Πίθεσθε and

πείθεσθαι should not be translated "obey." In the preceding line, he says the great men whose memory he holds in the highest honor, πείθοντο — μύθῳ. He could not intend to convey the idea that they *obeyed* him, "As they thought me worth listening to, and as they adopted my suggestions, let me have the same power with you. It is best to listen to advice." It is needless to point out, that all the picturesque graces of the original are omitted wholly in the translation. The three or four hasty lines in which Voltaire concludes are not worth quoting. He has designedly caricatured, or unintentionally mistaken the character of the old horseman of Pylos. Perhaps there is a sprinkling of both—he might have both mistaken and misrepresented. Had it been Homer's task to have written a poem on the wars of the Ligne, he would not have written the *Henriade*. Is there a poem in the world in which so many fine situations, noble thoughts, and gallant characters, are lost? But that is no business of mine now. The *Henriade* decides as to the capability of its verse-maker to criticise the *Iliad;* and yet, to the end of his life, the witty, shrewd, ingenious author of *Candide* saw not the ridicule of his position. He could be smart, and gay, and biting, against Freron, for daring to review Voltaire. He thought it a highly proper dispensation of Providence that Voltaire was allowed to review Homer.

He concludes by saying, that the Greek chiefs must have been displeased by the self-praise of Nestor on his wisdom, and the disparagement to which they were subjected by his extolment of the great men of old. There is no self-praise of Nestor in Homer, and we may, therefore, let the part of the objection pass. But the other objection is mean. Voltaire had written the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. Would Turenne have felt any offence, if an officer, capable of expressing his sentiments, and giving a military or satisfactory reason for his opinions, had commenced by telling the marshal that he had, some thirty

years before, served under Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Sax Weimar, John Banner, and Leonard Tortensohn, men who were masters of war—*καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἠεπὲρ ὑμὶν*—men who had beaten Count Tilly, and Pappenheim, and the Friedlander? Would Marlborough think that his head stood less high because he acknowledged the genius of his old commander, Turenne? Or would Prince Eugene deem himself wronged by panegyrical references to his friend in campaign after campaign, the duke? I do not wish to go to examples nearer nor more distant. But if I must look closer at home—I am out of the way of knowing who are the young gentlemen who at present call themselves soldiers, but I am sure they would not be angry if they were directed to look carefully over the peninsula campaigns for instruction; and Nestor does no more. As for Ercilla, brought into this unfair contrast by Voltaire, it is sufficient to say that his poem is abundantly tedious, with a few good descriptive verses here and there. The speech of Colocolo is not to be compared to the speech of Nestor—for this plain reason, abating the inferiority of genius, that Ercilla was of a different race from the speaker, and wrote as a *stranger*. Homer did not.

In the second book of the *Iliad*, Jupiter, wishing to delude Agamemnon to fight, sends him a pernicious dream in the appearance of Nestor. The god naturally chooses that the counsellor of precipitate action should appear as the phantom of the ever-ready old warrior. On the assembly of the council, when the dream is related, Nestor at once confirms the advice of his shadowy representative, by calling for an instant arming. A sort of panic follows, the checking of which is left to the spirit and sagacity of Ulysses; but the heart-rousing speech to the soldiery, summoning them to the field, regardless who may stay behind, threatening with death the coward who dares fly his banners, now that the war is once fairly joined—and recom-

mending that every tribe should, in the approaching contest, be marshalled under its appropriate standard, so that all might be stimulated to the utmost exertion under the eye of their own leaders, and kindred [no longer subjected to the single will of one overmastering mind, Achilles]—that speech, and heart-stirring it is, is spoken by Nestor in words of fire.

In the third book we hear nothing of him; but the silence is eloquent. Soon after the armies have joined, a duel between Paris and Menelaus is proposed, and a truce for the interim is concluded, with a direct agreement that it is to lead to a permanent termination of the war. Here is a work of peace. If Homer intended Nestor to be merely a talkative old man, what fitter opportunity for the display of his "persuasive eloquence" could be found? Priam is brought forward; and, from the Scæan gate, his daughter-in-law, Helen, points out the most remarkable persons of the Grecian host. Who could be considered to be more remarkable than the sweet-tongued Nestor, the eloquent orator of the Pylians, who had outlived two generations of articulately speaking men, and was now ruling over the third? What could be more natural than that Priam should have desired to look upon his coeval king? But, no, Helen points out Agamemnon, Ajax, Ulysses, Idomeneus—and says that she recognises many another dark-eyed Greek, whom she could name. There is no notice of Nestor. The treaties are carried forward with all the pomp and solemnity of sacrifice; but old Nestor no where meets old Priam. Ulysses is chosen to attend the religious ceremonies, and to make preparations for the war-closing duel, as he had before been sent on a mission to prevent the contest altogether, by demanding the pacific restoration of Helen. So Antenor is carefully made to inform us in this very book. On such missions we never find Nestor engaged. He was no man of protocols.

In the fourth book, the truce is broken; and Nestor, invisi-

ble in time of peace, is then to be found at his post. Sulky we may conceive him to have been during the time when a chance existed for the war being concluded; but, now that it is again afoot, we find him "ready, ay, ready for the field." Idomeneus, who appears to be Homer's model of martinet duty, the Ajaces, always prompt to war, and Nestor, are the first to be in position for fight. Agamemnon, traversing the line, meets the old man arranging his troops according to the most approved tactics of the day; and I venture to say, that Colonel Mitchell would not find much fault with his directions, though, perhaps they do not tally with the regulation-book.* Here, as usual, Ulysses is studiously placed in contrast. He does not stir until the general has ordered. Nestor is up at the first sound. When the *melée* fairly commences, we are called on to notice that the Pylian troops are first in action; for it is Antilochus, the favorite son of the old man, who kills the first Trojan slain in the long battle-roll of the *Iliad*. This is not chance, as some commentators have imagined; for the same idea prevails through the poem.†

In the fifth book, Diomed has it all to himself; but in the sixth we have the fierce voice of Nestor shouting for blood and spoil, and urging an onward charge. Shortly afterward, in the seventh, it is his to reprove the reluctance of the Grecian chiefs to meet Hector. What can be finer than his speech, in spite of the prosing criticism to which it has been subjected? In substance, it is no more than that he regrets he is no longer a

* Colonel Mitchell, about this time [1838] had written a Treatise on Tactics.—M.

† *Ex. gr.* When Menelaus, whose death might have put an end to the war, is in danger, it is Antilochus who comes to his assistance. When Patroclus falls, he guards his dead body, in desperate battle, until he is specially sent to inform Achilles. Thrasymedes is first to guard the trenches. We find him with his father's golden shield, in the most desperate crisis of the action. Nestor himself, as I have said above, is everywhere. This is not chance.—W. M.

match for the most vigorous warrior of the opposite army — that, in former times, he had fought and killed a far more tremendous antagonist; but, as his day had passed, some more competent warrior should meet the defiance. His appeal is answered. There could have been no real want of courage on the part of the Grecian chiefs, but no one was anxious to put himself forward before the others. The voice of Nestor relieved the difficulty, by calling up all. It has been always noticed, that of the nine who rise, the last is Ulysses. Perhaps it may be straining the contrast between the characters too much to say that concluding, from the issue of the duel in the morning, and the general character of the war, that the contest now proposed would turn out to be of no ultimate importance, he declined to meddle with it, until it was necessary for his character as a man of the sword to come forward. The antagonist of Ereuthalion, the mace-bearer, would, if he had been younger, have sprung to accept the challenge at the first word.

Finding, however, that the Greeks have had the worst of the day, he recommends that they should entrench their fleet; but this piece of military prudence [it was the best advice under the circumstances] does not prevent him from being in the thickest of the fight the next morning, outside the stockades. The scale preponderates in favor of Troy, and all fly the field but Nestor alone. True it is that he does not stay there from choice, but because one of his horses has been wounded and he can not get off. But it is evident that he has been in the very heat of the battle, for his horse has been hit by Paris, the crack shot of the Trojans; and it is equally evident that he is quite cool under the dangerous circumstances of being left alone on the field against the on-sweep of a victorious army. He is disencumbering himself of his horse, by cutting the traces with well-practised hand, when Diomed comes to the rescue. Ulysses will not return to a hopeless charge: but Nestor, without

scruple, accepts the office of charioteer to Diomed in his rush against Hector. What a post he has volunteered to occupy, we may judge from the fact that the similar post under Hector, against whom he is driving with furious pace, has consigned charioteer after charioteer to death. The flashing bolt of Jupiter comes between him and the enemy, and he retires, consoling Diomed with the reflection that they have done all that men could be called upon to do. Hector advances in triumph, and the first reward that he proposes for his exertions is the shield of the retreating Nestor, the glory of which has reached heaven.

In the ninth book, he is found at the council that recommends the mission to Achilles; but Ulysses is the ambassador. More active in the tenth, he is ready to rise at the first call, and perform his duty of advising; but again Ulysses is the person entrusted with the espionage. In the eleventh book he is in the bloodiest part of the fray, when Machaon is wounded, and he drives the Doctor out of the fight. What the merit of the medical practice may be, I do not know; but certain it is, that he sets down the son of Æsculapius to something like a bowl of punch. As "the wise physician" makes no objection, we must suppose the treatment was excellent. It is, I think, somewhat remarkable that Machaon should be silent. His skill is praised—his person is protected—his wound is taken care of—he is hospitably entertained; but the Doctor does not say one word in this most loquacious of poems. I believe he is the only person, of the slightest importance, who holds his tongue. Is this accidental?

Linked close with the story of the poem is this incident. Achilles sees that Nestor has left the field, and suspects that the person with whom he has left it is Machaon. He is sure that the old man would not have abandoned the fight without the necessity of bringing off some one of importance. Hence

comes the speech which Scaliger says "*obtundit*," but which, considered in relation to the poem and the character, is admirably in place; and, considered by itself, is a ballad of magnificent beauty. It fitly forms the connection between the two parts of the *Iliad*, of which it is precisely the middle in point of place. Nestor has failed to reconcile the jarring chieftains, by his address, in their original quarrel; but he succeeds at second hand in inflaming the followers of Achilles by tales of dashing warfare, contrasting shamefully with the inglorious ease in which the once-famed Myrmidons were lying in consequence of the pique of their commander. His concluding appeal catches Patroclus, and the business is done. The Myrmidons from that moment are destined to fight, and Nestor and Machaon may quietly finish their Pramnian, until the sound of the approaching war calls the old man up. His fortifications have been broken through—the tide of war rushes to the ships—something like a *sauve qui peut* is the order of the day—and he seizes his son's shield (his own being by that son borne in the brunt of battle) to exhort and bring forward the Greek chiefs, to aid their followers by example, if not by actual prowess. In the various vicissitudes of the fight we find him still ready—in its most desperate circumstance his prayer checks the last calamity—in the agony of flight he arrests the fugitives by passionate adjurations, and brings them back to the combat. When Achilles appears, we, of course, lose sight of Nestor: to Ulysses falls all the task of reconciliation, and no warrior must appear in the field after the avenger has come. The old soldier makes his final appearance in the *Iliad*, counselling his son how to win at a chariot race. Other duty he now had none.

Every where he is in the foremost of the fight; every where he counsels turbulent and prompt action; every where he is as ready as Dalgetty for eating and drinking. When danger presses he is not profuse of words. His speeches, urging rapid ad-

vance, instant action, close combination, desperate clinging together in desperate circumstances, are brief and energetic. Where time serves, and a set oration is to be made, he makes one referring, without impertinence, to his own experiences, as guide for the action of others. Every body likes him; his recollections of the friends of his youth, his feelings toward the sons of his age, are full of kindness. So introduced by the *Iliad*, we rejoice to find him in the *Odyssey*, safe returned from all perils — feasting away at the sea-side, girt by his sons and kindred — cheery and communicative, as in the war of Troy — kindly remembering old companions slain — wishing well to those who may survive, but by no means much troubling himself about the various casualties of life — and ready to afford hospitable reception to all who ask it, be they true men or thieves.

The Greeks more modern than Homer, but before the downfall of their independence under the Romans, had no relish for this character. Their taste became of the town, townly; and their Nestors were only wrangling old men in debating clubs. In the mightier state of Rome a Nestor could not appear at all. A gentleman between sixty and ninety must, if in any degree distinguished, have passed through the most eminent offices of the state, and retired to his place in the senate, or come forward in critical emergencies to lead great armies. The private soldier was discharged at five-and-forty; and, if he had well-played his cards, was something like a common-councilman in a thriving municipium. The fighting, feasting, spoiling, speechmaking, tumultuous old man, surrounded by his fighting sons, never occurred to their ordinary imagination. No doubt there were many such, of humbler degree, to be found in the armies of Macedon and Rome. In the army of Alexander he must have seen many a gray-haired soldier, who had followed his father when they first emerged from their Macedonian

fastnesses, and was now serving on the banks of the Euphrates. Alexander's men belong to history. *Regular* war had caught too much hold of the Roman imagination to allow them to make irregular warfare a favorite topic of poetry. Such war was always against themselves. In the ages which intervened between the decay of Latin literature and the re-appearance of learning in Europe, we had Nestors in thousands. Need we go further than the progenitor of Queen Victoria, the Marquis Azo? But where was the bard? When letters returned, Homer was, of course, read or expounded only by the *viri clarissimi atque doctissimi*, who despised the knights and barons of their time [the compliment was liberally returned], and, immersed in grammars and lexicons, did not see the five hundred Iliads, with their full complement of Homeric heroes, going on before their eyes. To these critics, who, by the way, did not in general like Homer, old Nestor was a model of aged wisdom and aged feebleness. Dictys Cretensis or Dares Phrygius was as good authority as the *Iliad*, if not better.

When the reign of what was called *taste* came, it was easy to conjecture what would be the fate of "the old bore." I have already analyzed the criticism of Voltaire, and shall now look at Nestor, as given to us by Pope. From beginning to end it is a mistake. Pope planned him in his mind as a highly respectable gouty member of the House of Lords, rising with due deliberation to move an address or amendment. Pope's own "Coningsby harangues" would be a fit preface to the style of oratory and manners he has designed for Nestor. His first appearance in Pope is this:—

> "To calm their passions with the words of age,
> Slow from his seat uprose the Pylian sage,
> Experienced Nestor; in persuasion skilled,
> Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.
> Two generations now had passed away,
> Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;

> Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
> And now the example of the third remained.
> All viewed with awe the venerable man,
> Who thus with mild benevolence began:
> 'What shame, what wo,'" &c.

All the words intruded here give a false idea. What wisdom the rules of Nestor, or what happiness his sway afforded the Pylians—his merits in being the example of the third age over which he reigned—the awe with which the venerable man was beheld, and the mild benevolence of his speech; for all this he is indebted to Pope. Homer merely tells us, that "among them sprang up the sweet-tongued Nestor, the eloquent [perhaps shrill-voiced] speaker of the Pylians, from whose lips dropped words sweeter than honey. Two generations of articulate-speaking men, with whom he had been born and reared in lovely Pylos, had passed away, and he was now ruling as a king over the third. He thus wisely harangued them and addressed."

But the great blunder of the passage, because it is a blunder carried on throughout the whole character, is the translation of *ἀνόρουσε*—by "slow from his seat uprose the Pylian sage"—a blunder the more inexcusable, because even the more ordinary commentators—Camerarius, for example—had especially noted the *impetus* of the old chief. *Up jumped*, says Homer—*Slow rose*, says Pope. Ὤ *πόποι*! (which is perhaps, "Good God!" but in all fair equivalence—more like our own national exclamation) says Homer. "The venerable man with mild benevolence began," says Pope.

Pope is fond of addressing him by similar epithets. When he is first in the field to fight, we find him in the "*reverend* Nestor;" in the original, Δ. 293, it is plainly Νέστορ—"Nestor thus his *reverend* figure reared," mere *ἱππότα* Νεστορ, I. 52. "Nestor, the *sage* protector of the Greeks"—*ποιμένα λαῶν*, K. 73—a phrase applied to every prince. While charging Hector himself,

"The *reverend* charioteer directs his course,
And strains his aged arms to lash the horse."

The reverend charioteer does no such thing:—

Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
Μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τάχα δ' Ἕκτορος ἄγχι γένοντο.

There is no straining in the case: he whipped the horses, and they *speedily* came up to the best man of the opposing army. When the lightning of Jupiter drives them back, then, according to Pope,

"Nestor's trembling hands confessed his fright."

Homer does not say so:—

Νέστωρα δ' ἐκ χείρων φυγὼν ἡνία σιγαλόεντα.

There is no fright or trembling about him. He gives advice to retreat, as the will of Heaven has declared against them; but consoles his companion with the hope of better fortune on another occasion, and ridicules him for apprehending disgrace or taunt for yielding on the present. As usual in Pope, Diomed addresses him with the clerical epithet:—

"O reverend prince, Tydides thus replies,
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise;"

which is a rather liberal expansion of

Παντὰ γεραὸν, κατὰ μοῖραν ἀείσας·

He applies the title sometimes in a manner that is quite comic. When he is seated with Machaon over his *cyceion*,*

"The cordial beverage *reverend* Nestor shares;"

just as if he was Thomson's parson—"some doctor of tremendous paunch." It would be in vain to seek his reverence in Homer. To make amends, I suppose, for the extra sanctity of

* For the making of this mixture, see Coray on Theophrastus. It must have been strange drinking, if we perfectly understand what was the nature of its ingredients.—W. M.

character with which he has invested the old man, he makes him more cheery than the original when he is disturbed over his cups.

> "But not the genial feast nor flowing bowl
> Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul.
> His startled ears the increasing cries attend."

The Greek of all this is,—

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχή, πίνοντά περ ἦμαι. Ξ. 1.

Pope has thrown in the genial feast, which was nothing more than honey, flour, and garlick. He ought not, however, to have described him as being startled—for there is nothing to warrant the charge. Οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχή signifies, by a common figure, Nestor attentively was listening to the battle all the time he was engaged in drinking. It never escaped his attention for a moment.

If we are reminded that he is reverend over the bottle, our attention is called to his age on a still stranger occasion.

> "The draught prescribed fair Hecamede prepares,
> Arsinous' daughter, graced with golden hairs,
> Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
> Greece, as the price of Nestor's wisdom, gave."

A somewhat strange reward for *wisdom*. But why on such an occasion remind us—I am sure Hecamede would not like to be so reminded—that Nestor's arms were *aged*. Homer commits no such mistake: he says,

———ἦν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἕξελον——— Λ. 625.

"whom the Greeks chose for him," because he excelled the other chiefs, not in abstract wisdom, but in βουλῇ—in council. The prizes were distributed according to the merits of the officers with regard to the war. The commander-in-chief claimed the lion's share. Achilles obtained his, because, as he tells us,

his hands had carried forward the most laborious duties of the field. A prize was therefore due to Nestor, whose *head* was engaged in forwarding the general advantage as much as the *hands* of the warrior.

Whether he took the lady to his arms, or not, does not appear from Homer. She only acts as his housekeeper; and we know that when Agamemnon calls up Nestor at midnight, he finds the old soldier lying alone, with no companions but his weapons of war. If, however, Pope throws this slur upon our septuagenarian's chastity, he elsewhere softens his practical recommendations to the soldiers in their dealings with the fair sex. The English Nestor urges them to proceed valorously with the war, until victory is won—

"And every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife."

This might mean that the Greeks were to unite themselves in the most decorous wedlock with the ladies of Phrygia. The Greek Nestor, far more explicit, leaves no ambiguity—

Πρίν τινα πάρ Τρώων ἀλοχῳ κατακοιμήσθ ηναι.

And this for the laudable purpose of most properly revenging the affront offered to Helen—and for no other reason whatever.

When he is taunting the Grecian chiefs with their lack of courage in meeting Hector, Pope thus introduces him:—

"He from whose lips *divine persuasion* flows,
Grave Nestor thus in *graceful act* arose.

The *divine persuasion* consists in his telling them that their laggard reluctance will spread sorrow and disgrace over all their country, and make Peleus in particular [father of the chief whose absence inspired Hector with the daring to challenge the rest of the Greeks, and, therefore, doubly grieved by the desertion of his son, and the dishonorable shrinking of his

brother princes] pray for death. His *gravity* is displayed in an account of a fierce battle he had fought with a gigantic champion, wielding an army-crushing mace. That his *act of rising* was *graceful* we do not learn from Homer, and, from former circumstances, should rather conjecture it to be *brusque*. All that the Greek says is —

Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισι ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν.

Pope borrowed the phrase, "in graceful act arose," from Milton, who applies it to the rising of the wily Belial; but Nestor had much more of the spirit of Moloch — so far, at least, as proclaiming "his voice to be all for war."

One couplet in the English poet well represents the original, and ought to have set Pope on the right scent —

"Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field."

Οὐδὲ τι φήμι
Μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ γέρων περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής.

He feebly translates Nestor's fierce cry to the soldiers in the sixth book—

"Old Nestor saw, and roused the warriors' rage:
'Thus heroes, thus, the vigorous combat wage;
No son of Mars descend for servile gains
To touch the booty while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil —
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.'"

[Feeble, indeed, are the last lines, compared with the slaughter-breathing original—

Ἀλλ' ἄνδρας κτείνωμεν, ἔπειτα καὶ τὰ δηΐλοι
Νέκρους ἀμπέδιον συλήσετε τεθνειῶτας.

"On, boys! on! First let us kill them — then at your leisure, you may strip their dead bodies, stretched upon the field." *Kill*, shouts Nestor — *gain the conquest*, quote Pope. *Plunder the dead*, is the plain phrase of Homer — *reward the toil*, in-

sinuates the same command in his translator. The fine change of persons in κτεινώμεν and συλήσετε is quite lost in the English. "Let *us*—us altogether, princes and privates—fall on the enemy, and cut them down. That is the duty of all soldiers, no matter what may be their rank. Then *you*, my lads, may seize on the armor of the slain, according to the regular laws of war. With such an occupation I, Nestor, King of Pylos, can not have any thing to do. I shall join you in the charge, but my hands must not be engaged in the promiscuous pillage of the dead."]

Yet even in Pope's version of the passage, there is enough to mark the fire and energy of the man. Why, then, is he constantly, and without the slightest warrant from the original, called "reverend," "venerable," "grave," "slow," and so forth? Why should we have a general impression forced upon us, that he is nothing but a perpetual prater, ordinarily prosing, often not far from drivelling? He was, on the contrary, a fine, dashing, old fellow—trained from his youth to constant war, ready to recommend battle or foray, and as ready to join in it. Greece, when the art of criticism was let loose upon poetry, furnished no such character—there was no opportunity of his appearance amid the disciplined legionaries of Rome. In the days of *their* triumph, he was to be sought among Dacians and Thracians, Cimbri and Teutones, Germans and Gauls, and other irregular warriors. But to them Homer was unknown. When Rome fell, how could we expect that those who only understood his language, the wretched Byzantines, could understand his gallant characters? The crusaders, on the contrary, who had among themselves many an Achilles and Ajax, and many a Nestor and Ulysses, could have well understood the characters; but they had never heard of the poems in which they were depicted. The same is true of their bold Mahometan opponents. When the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* came popularly among the nations of

western Europe, diplomacy and politics had begun to exert their antiromantic influence; and the Nestors confined themselves to church or cabinet, and wielded the pen, not the sword. Since scientific warfare has reduced the soldier first to an automaton and then to an atom,* and the plan of fighting *à la distance* has been the order of the day, chivalrous feelings may continue to actuate the military bosom, but the chivalrous characters of old are gone; and among them, most hopelessly, the character of Nestor. Yet even in our time, if Pope himself were to revive and write a poem on the last war, he would think it somewhat ridiculous to talk of the reverend Blucher, or to dwell upon the divine persuasion flowing from the lips of Wellington, as, rising in graceful act, he cried, "Up, guards, and at them!"

My critique is not dictated by the idle desire of disparaging so great a poet as Pope, who must ever shine among the most illustrious ornaments of our literature. His translation of Homer is crowded with beauties of language and versification, and would be considered in every respect a most magnificent poem, *if we had not the original.* The misfortune is, that Pope formed his ideas of character from a system of society wide as the poles asunder from that in which Homer lived, and to which he referred his heroes. If we were to seek through the world's annals, we could not find a circle so remarkably artificial as that in which Pope delighted to dwell. A quenching of sentiment and generous feeling was there made a matter of boast. Sneering was the *littérateur* philosophy: correctness, the *littérateur* taste. According to such codes were the heroes of Homer judged; and Pope is not to be blamed for endeavoring to render them as presentable at the court of Louis Quatorze as he could. It was his ill luck that his politics gave him a dislike

* "If the old system attempted to reduce the soldier to a mere automaton, the new one reduced him to a mere atom; for its only discoverable principle, the only principle from which it never deviated, was an utter disregard of human life and human suffering."—MITCHELL, *Thoughts on Tactics, &c.*, p. 4.

to Marlborough, because there was many a captain, "when our army was in Flanders," whose criticism might have mended the fine gentlemanism of the bard of Twickenham. The well-known epigram tells us, that

> "After-ages will with wonder seek
> Who first translated Homer into Greek."

Those after-ages, when they arrive, will be considerably astonished at finding that the Greek translator has contrived to give us men consistent throughout in their actions, in place of those who, in his English original, are perceived to be perpetually puzzling the reader between two classes of ideas; sometimes endeavoring to represent the manners of the earliest dawn of human society, sometimes working hard to soften, or, at least, to alter the impression, so as to suit its most refined, or, perhaps, rather its most rotten phase of existence.

A hundred years ago, *goût*—taste—was predominant; and we could not call a spade, a spade, in any of the high or honorable departments of literature. Those who, in such departments, figured off as most tasty, were, when they dabbled in its most infamous dark corners, plain and explicit enough. Homer, clear in his meanings, straight-forward in his characters, honorable in all his sentiments, essentially anti-licentious in his language and the conduct of his poem, had no chance among the critics of the school of *esprit*. His defenders were not much better, for they excused him on the ground of the want of *politeness* of the age in which it was his misfortune to exist. Since that time we have had another school. We have found, that what chivalry inspired might be what the grammarians and men of *goût* rejected. *So we got back to Homer.* The *truly* classical and the *truly* romantic are one. The moss-trooping Nestor reappears in the moss-trooping heroes of Percy's reliques, and those whom those reliques inspired.

"An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And azure, in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower:
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low.
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the *morning* fight:
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed
Albeit the blanchéd locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;—
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand."

This is from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Fine as it is, the original description of Wat of Harden waving his helmet over his lyart hair, in the contemporaneous ballad, is still more graphic; and, therefore, without going into minute particulars, more Nestorian and Homeric.

My preface is already too long for a short ballad. I hope I have succeeded in suggesting a view of the character of old Nestor, somewhat different from what is usually entertained. I can not conclude, however, without remarking, that a careful consideration of the tasks continuously assigned to Nestor and Ulysses throughout the *Iliad* will help to dispel the absurd idea that it could have been written by more hands than one.

The Return of the Chiefs from Troy.

FROM THE ODYSSEY—Book III. 66-200.

[Telemachus, accompanied by Minerva, in the appearance of Mentor, seeking intelligence of his father, arrives at Pylos. There they are hospitably entertained by Nestor, whom they find at a feast.]

The Return of the Chiefs from Troy.

I.

[THE tables were set where the salt-sea shore
Was washed by the flowing brine,]
And all the guests, when the feast was o'er,
Were filled with meat and wine.

II.

Then the Knight* of Gerene said, "'Tis fit
That we should truly hear
Who are the guests that among us sit,
Since now they are full of cheer.

III.

"Strangers, who are ye?† whence and why
Sail ye along the sea?
Do you your course as merchants ply,
Or as roving wanderers free?

IV.

"As pirates who over the waters spread,
On desperate venture boune,
Putting other men's lives in peril and dread,
All careless of their own?"

* I know that this is not the etymological translation of *ἱππότα* — but, under the circumstances of its being always applied to the perpetually horse-managing Nestor, I think I may take the word of *chivalry*.—W. M.

† Ὦ ξεῖνοι, τίνες ἐστέ; πόθεν πλεῖθ' ὑγρὰ κέλευθα;
Now, *gentle guests*, the genial banquet o'er.—Pope.

V.

Then Telemachus answered the chieftain old,
With courage at his heart;
For Athené herself a bearing bold
Did to the youth impart,

VI.

That he might ask for his absent sire,
And win for himself high fame:
"King Nestor," said he, "as thou dost inquire,
Great pride of th' Achaian name,
Our business and course, at thy desire,
I tell thee whence we came.

VII.

"From Ithaca's land we hither steer,
All under Neion's head;
No public care has brought us here,
But private feeling led.

VIII.

"My father I seek, if his wide renown,
I may find as I take my way;
Odysseus the bold, to thee well known,
Thy partner in war, till Ilion town
Before ye in ruin lay.

IX.

"The fate of every chief beside
Who fought at Troy is known;
It is the will of Jove to hide
His untold death alone.

X.

"And how he fell can no man tell;
We know not was he slain
In fight on land by hostile hand,
Or plunged beneath the main.

XI.

"And here I pray, before thy knee,
To tell my sire's sad fate;
What thou hast seen, or else to thee
Did wayfarers' tongues relate:
Because for sorrow marked was he,
Even from his birth-hour's date.

XII.

"No pitying word, no tale to soothe,
From thee do I require;
I only pray thee tell me truth,
If thou hast seen my sire.

XIII.

"I pray thee by his words well said,
His deeds right bravely done;
By many a gallant promise made,
And broken never a one.

XIV.

"Be the woes and toils which he and thou,
And all the host went through
In Troy's long war, remembered now,
And tell me the story true."

XV.

Answered Gerene's knight: "Why call
My memory back again,
To griefs, there destined to befall
Achaia's tameless men?

XVI.

"Whether their course o'er the dark blue sea
Our wandering vessels sped,
Scouring the coast for spoil and prey
Where'er Achilles led;

XVII.

"Or fighting around King Priam's hold
Proud Ilion's turrets high;
Brave Aias there in death lies cold,
There does Achilles lie;

XVIII.

"There has Patroclus found his grave,
In council sager none;
There lies the blameless and the brave,
Antilochus, my son.

XIX.

"My swift of foot, my bold of fight,
My dear, dear boy, lies low;
But living wight can ne'er recite
Our endless tale of wo.

XX.

"Wert thou here to abide, for a twelvemonth's tide
Told five or six times o'er,

Question on question might still be tried
Of the ills the Achavi bore,

XXI.

"Ere home thou wouldst sail, fatigued with the tale
Of our nine years' constant toil
While we wrought for our foemen grief and bale,
With many a varied wile.

XXII.

"Till the weary siege, by Jove's high will,
Was brought to an end at last:
In warrior craft and wily skill
No chief thy sire surpassed.

XXIII.

"If great Odysseus be thy sire—
And as on thee I gaze
Wondering, the likeness I admire
Thy speech to his betrays.

XXIV.

"Thou must be his. How else suppose
That ever man so young,
Could speak in accents like to those
Of wise Odysseus' tongue?

XXV.

"And he and I, in friendship bound,
Often in council state;
Oft, 'mid the Greeks assembled round,
We mingled in debate:

XXVI.

"We never differed, felt no jar,
Our counsels still were one,
Planning what should throughout the war
Be best for the Argives done.

XXVII.

"But when o'erthrown was Priam's town,
And we sought the ships again,
Then the Achaian host, into discord thrown,
Were scattered upon the main.

XXVIII.

"Their home return had Jove designed
To fill with sorrow sad,
To punish the men of reckless mind,
And of feelings base and bad.

XXIX.

"Through high-born Pallas' deadly ire
Many an ill death died;
For, 'twixt the Atridæ of quarrel dire
She had the source supplied.

XXX.

"They assembled the host of the Argives all,
And a rash hour they set;
As the shades of night began to fall,
The unruly soldiers met.

XXXI.

"For heavily laden they came with wine,
And by both chiefs were told,

In several speech, with what design
Did they that meeting hold.

XXXII.

"And Sparta's king wished across the seas
They should straight return again;
But this counsel did not his brother please,
Who would the host detain,

XXXIII.

"Till they had made the offering due
Of sacred hecatomb;
By sacrifice hoping to subdue
Athené's wrathful gloom.

XXXIV.

"Fool! that his vows were thrown away
Unthanked—he should have known;
For the heart of the gods who live for aye
Is not to changing prone.

XXXV.

"Fierce were the angry words they spoke,
These jarring brothers proud;
And the Achivi up from the meeting broke
Rising in clamor loud.

XXXVI.

"And as seemed best in each man's sight,
Each different side he sought;
And we lay down to rest that night
With bitter and hostile thought;

For Jove had willed that foul despite
Should be to the Danai wrought.

XXXVII.

"And we launched our ships when the morning came,
With our well-won treasure stored;
And many a fair, deep-girdled dame
We took with us on board.

XXXVIII.

"And half of the men desired to stay,
As Agamemnon bade;
The other half we sailed away,
And a rapid voyage we made.
A god the vasty sea-deep spray
Smooth as a plain had laid.

XXXIX.

"When we had come to Tenedos' isle,
We made our offerings there —
Hoping, now danger passed and toil,
We soon should homeward bear.

XL.

"But Jove was sternly minded still
To lengthen out our woes;
And by his will of strife the ill
Again among us rose.

XLI.

"For some retraced again the seas,
Plying back the laboring oar,

Thinking their ancient chief to please
Whom they left on the Ilian shore;
And, led by king Odysseus, these
Sought the coast of Troy once more.

XLII.

"But when I saw the evils dread
Some angry power had planned,
With the crowded galleys I there had led
Beneath mine own command,
Away I fled—away with me fled
Bold Diomed and his band.

XLIII.

"By Menelaus, at evening tide,
We were in Lesbos joined;
While pondering how, through the waters wide,
We best our path might find.

XLIV.

"Whether we should over Chios hold
Our course, and toward Psyria go,
Leaving Chios and all its headlands bold
Under our larboard bow;

XLV.

"Or under Chios, where Mimas' head
Is swept by many a gale.
To the gods for a guiding sign we prayed
To point our course to sail.

XLVI.

"They gave the sign, and bade us steer
Right over the sea across,

Making Eubœa in full career,
So shunning wreck and loss.

XLVII.

"Shrill did the wind begin to blow,
As through the fishy deep,
Cleft by our vessel's rapid prow
Onward our way we keep.

XLVIII.

"Geræstus' haven by night we made,
And the thigh of many a bull
We there on Posidon's altar laid,
Of grateful reverence full.

XLIX.

"Grateful that we a track so vast
Safe crossed of the ocean blue;
And ere the fourth day was gone and passed
Came Argos' towers in view,
And Diomed's men his ships at last
Into his harbor drew.

L.

"I held on to Pylos, mine own abode,
And never flagged the gale
From the hour that it was the will of the God
That it should fill my sail.

LI.

"So came I hither knowing naught,
Which of the Achaian host
Were back, my son, in safety brought,
And which of them were lost.

LII.

"But what, since I have dwelt at home,
Hath chanced to reach my ear,
Of all my old companions' doom,
'Tis fit that thou shouldst hear.

LIII.

'Well did the spear-famed Myrmidon
Homeward return, 'tis said,
Beneath Achilles' glorious son,
Back to his country led.

LIV.

"Well, also, Pœas' ancient seat
Did Philoctetes gain;
Well did Idomeneus, of Crete,
Bring back of his warrior train
Those who chanced not death in fight to meet;
None perished on the main.

LV.

"Though far off ye may dwell, ye have heard men tell,
How, by a hapless doom,
King Agamemnon murdered fell,
On his returning home;
But upon false Ægisthus well
Did fierce avenging come.

LVI.

"For a slaughtered man it is always good
A son to leave behind,
As he this traitor, in the blood

Of his noble father all imbued,
Has to cruel death consigned.

LVII.

"So thou, my son, whom I behold
A handsome youth, and strong,
Give, in thy bearing brave and bold,
Matter for future song."

IV.

The Cloak.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book XIV. 462–533.

THERE has been some difference of opinion as to the meaning of the epithet *πολύτροπον*, applied to Ulysses in the first line of the *Odyssey;* but I think, that those who consider his character as it is drawn in the poem, without referring to any other standard of morals than that proposed by Homer himself, can not doubt that it is intended to signify "abounding in tricks or wiles." The Latin *versutus** is by no means an

* Horace, it would appear, could not find a word for it; for he sinks it in his translation:—

"Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Which is as bald and inadequate a version as can be well conceived. Horace, properly enough, left out *πολύτροπος*, when he confined the observation of Ulysses to merely seeing the customs and cities of the various nations through which he passed. Any man, or, as Savage Landor says, any dog could have done the same. *Καὶ νόον ἔγνω* gives a very different idea. In the eighth book, Alcinous distinctly asks him, not merely for a description of the regions in which his travels had lain, but for a critical account of their manners.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
Ὅππη ἀκεπλάγχθης τε, καὶ ἄστινας ἵκεο χώρας
Ἀνθρώπων· αὐτούς τε πόλεις τ' ἐῢ ναιεταώσας·
Ἠ μὲν ὅσοι χαλεποί τε καὶ ἄγριοι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι·
Οἵ τε φιλόξεινοι, καὶ σφὶν νόος ἐστὶ θεουδής.

Thus rendered by Pope:—

"But say, through what waste region hast thou strayed?
What customs noted, and what coasts surveyed?

equivalent, and I do not know any one English word which would give its full meaning. "Trickey," or "scheming," conveys ideas of low deceit, which dishonors those who practise it. Homer, on the contrary, intended his epithet as a compliment. He intended it to describe a man of great mental sagacity and endless resources, determined to obtain his purpose by whatever means he could use, perfectly regardless whether it was or was not necessary to employ fraud and falsehood. In the *Iliad*, where Ulysses is a distinguished general in a large army, little necessity exists for the employment of such talents in any other manner than in the ordinary stratagems of war; but, even there, he kills Dolon most unscrupulously, after having obtained all his information, under an at least implied promise of quarter. In the *Odyssey*, where he is thrown altogether on his own resources, his *polytropic* powers are brought into full play; and a more mendacious hero never figured in a great poem. He is the Scapin of epic poetry. He can not achieve any thing without telling a lie; and, so far from this being considered a blemish, it is

> Possessed by wild barbarians, fierce in arms,
> Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?"

It is odd enough that he chooses to translate πολεῖς—εὖ ναιεταώσας, well inhabited cities, by "waste regions." The second line is nearly a repetition of his translation of καὶ νόον ἔγνω in the exordium:—

> "Wandering from clime to clime, observant strayed
> Their manners noted, and their states surveyed."

And this certainly gives the idea of *observation*, which Horace has omitted. In the last distich, barbarians, taken in its modern sense, represents the χαλεποὶ καὶ ἄγριοι of the original fairly enough; but there is nothing about their being "fierce in arms." Homer, as Thucydides has remarked, does not call foreign nations barbarians, as the Greeks of more modern times did. He calls the Carians (*Il.* B. 867), indeed, βαρβαροφώνοι, and particularly notices the girlish appearance and unseasonable dandyism of their king,

> "Who, tricked with gold, and glittering on his car,
> Rode like a woman to the field of war."—W. M.

accounted as an honor. On landing in Ithaca, the first person he meets is Minerva, in the appearance of a handsome young shepherd, "such as are the sons of kings;" and he immediately proceeds, after learning where he is, to give her a false account of himself.

Οὐδ' ὅγ' ἀληθέα εἶπε, πάλιν δ' ὅγε λάζετο μῦθον,
Αἰεὶ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νόον πολυκερδέα νωμῶν.

"With unembarrassed readiness returned
Not truths, but figments to truth opposite;
For guile, in him, stood never at a pause."—COWPER.

Minerva listens with patience while he tells her that he had fled from Crete in consequence of having killed Orsilochus, one of the sons of Idomeneus, which he describes in all the exactness of "a lie with circumstances." She is infinitely delighted at this display of cleverness, instantly reveals herself, smiles graciously, pats him with her hand, and says:—

Κερδαλέος κ' εἴη καὶ ἐπίκλοπος, ὅς σε παρέλθοι
Ἐν πάντεσσι δόλοισι, καὶ εἰ θεὸς ἀντιάσειε.
Σχέτλιε, ποικιλομῆτα, δόλων ἄτ', οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλες,
Οὐδ' ἐν σῇ περ ἐὼν γαίῃ, λήξειν ἀπατάων,
Μύθων τε κλοπίων, οἵ τοι πεδόθεν φίλοι εἰσίν

"Who passes thee in artifice well-framed,
And in imposture various, need shall find
Of all his policy, although a god.
Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art
And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast loved
Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech
Delusive, even in thy native land?"—COWPER.

[Σχέτλιε, in this passage, is not *infauste*, as it is usually rendered, but *indefatigabilis;* as where Diomed addresses Nestor, when he is awaked by the old man going round the camp at midnight, Σχέτλιος ἐσσὶ γεραιε.* Cowper, in the above-

* I can not agree with Ernesti on this passage: "Σχέτλιος ἐσσι, *nimium arduus es.* Vim hujus vocis, non assecutæ sunt versiones. *Clark.* Quare autem arduus? σχέτλιος est *œrumnosus, exercitus,* qui se nimis fatigat atque exercet laboribus. *Ern.*" A careful comparison of the passages in which the word occurs in Homer will show that it is *qui fatigari nequit*—one that

quoted translation, seems to have omitted it altogether.] She adds that it is no use for him to waste his abilities on the present occasion, as she is as "wide awake" as himself. The following lines of flowing hexameter might be compressed into the less dignified phraseology of "I'm Yorkshire too."

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα, εἰδότες ἄμφω
Κέρδε'· ἐπεὶ σὺ μὲν ἐσσὶ βροτῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος ἁπάντων
Βουλῇ καὶ μύθοισιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐν πᾶσι θεοῖσι
Μήτι τε κλέομαι καὶ κέρδεσιν· οὐδέ σὺ γ' Ἴλιος
Παλλάδ' Ἀθηναίην, κούρην Διός, ἥτε τοι αἰεὶ
Ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίσταμαι, ἠδὲ φυλάσσω;

"But, come, dismiss me these ingenious shifts
From our discourse, in which we both excel;
For thou of all men in expedients most
Abound'st and eloquence, and I throughout
All heav'n have praise for wisdom and for art.
And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,
Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils
Assist thee and defend?"— COWPER.

The favorite hero and the favorite goddess are here set up as models of deceit. It is quite characteristic to find Ulysses hard to be convinced that she is not humbugging (for that is the only word to express it), when she tells him that he is in Ithaca, and Minerva by no means offended at such a suspicion. As he commenced with a lying story to the goddess, so he proceeds improvising romances to every one he meets, varying the circumstances according to the persons he addresses. He always describes* himself as a Cretan, Crete being the

can not be wearied out. In Johnson's lines on Charles XII. we have an unconscious paraphrase of the word:—

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire—
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire."— W. M.

* As here to Minerva, N. 256—to Eumæus, in Ξ. 199:—

Ἐκ μὲν Κρητάων γένος εὔχομαι εὐρειάων,
Ἀνέρος ὀφνειοῖο πάϊς.

"Know, then, I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame."

(which Eumæus repeats to Telemachus, II. 63)—and in T. 172, to Penelope.—W. M.

land of liars. "One of themselves," says St. Paul to Titus, i. 12, "even a prophet (a poet) of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κ. τ. λ. In the passage of which I subjoin a translation, Ulysses merely wants a cloak to cover himself in a wet night, and even for that purpose he has recourse to a lie. By the prompt compliance of Eumæus with his request, it is evident that the swineherd would have given the cloak for the mere asking; but it never would do, unless obtained by a stratagem of some sort. Lady Mary Wortley Montague (I believe) used to say of Pope [a great Homeric translator], that if he wanted a fire-screen, he would use diplomacy to get it; and here Ulysses [a great Homeric hero] sets at work for the obtaining of a cloak the same resources as he had employed to win the "topless towers of Ilion." The minute touches thrown into his story—the precise description of the marshes where they lay, under the city wall, in a thick brake —the *north* wind—the exact hour when he felt the cold, &c., give the circumstantial lie a strong air of *vraisemblance* worthy of Defoe himself. The lapse of seven or eight and twenty centuries has not altered this feature in the Greek character; their favorite chiefs are still πολύτροποι. Their leading heroes are *Klephts: Hellenice, κλεπταὶ—thieves.* The leading hero of the *Odyssey* is ἐπίκλοπος, *thievishly disposed.* Well might M. Rogue exclaim that the modern Athenians "are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles."* Our English, or slang use of the word Greek, in the sense of cheat or blackleg, is remotely derived from the stratagems of Ulysses.

As this incident of the cloak is a story of soldier trickery, I have ventured to attempt it in a jocular ballad measure, which will be familiar to the readers of our old poetry, being, with

* *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

a slight difference, that in which the adventures of Duke Philip of Burgundy and the drunken cobbler (the original of Sir Christopher Sly in the induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*) is told in *Percy's Reliques*, and other collections:

"Now, as fame doth report, a young duke keeps his court, and tickles his fancy with frolicsome sport," &c.*

* It is a difficult question to say what is the best metre in which the Greek hexameter should be rendered into English. In Bentley's own slashing style, he tells us: "Nam ut Latini omnia metrorum genera de Græcis acceperunt; ita nostrates sua de Latinis. Quo magis est dolendum, atque indignandum jam a literis renatis pueros ingenuos *ad dactylica, quod genus patria lingua non recipit, ediscenda*, ferulâ scuticâque cogi," &c. He then proceeds to show that the comic metres can be all adequately represented in English — that they are, in fact, the metres "quæ domi et in traviis inscientes ipsi [pueri] cantitant." Among them that "quod in epicis et heroicis jam diu apud nostrates regnum obtinet, ab iambico veterum senario profluxit; necessitate linguæ nostræ, quæ tota monosyllabis scatens cæsuram senarii raro admittet quinarius factus:

"Though dee'p, yet clea'r | though ge'ntle, yet not du'll."

Without entering into the general question of the derivation of our metres, it is tolerably clear, as Bentley says, that the dactylic hexameter is not suitable to our language, and that what we have chosen as our heroic metre is not a representative of the heroic metre of Greece and Rome, but a truncated trimeter iambic. The anapæstis is, therefore, not a more *alien* measure than that of Pope or Sotheby. And, in fact, it comes somewhat closer, if we scan with the older grammarians, by isolating as it were the first syllable, and then proceeding by anapæsts to the end — as,

Qua'd — rupeda'n — te putre'm — sonitu' — quatit u'n — gula ca'mp — um.

Removing the first and last syllables, and taking away an anapæst, we find our ordinary anapæstic metre —

— rupeda'n — te putre'm — sonitu' — quatit u'n —

is the same as,

And the cla'ns — at Cullo' — den are sca't — tered in fi'ght.

The hexameter has, therefore, somewhat the same analogy to our anapæstic metre as Bentley has pointed out to exist between our heroic and the Senarian iambic. But it is of no consequence. I do not think my anapæsts were liked, and therefore give them up. "If it was na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again." I hope my present attempt will find more favor.—W. M.

The Cloak.

I.

NOW, Eumæus, give ear and my other friends near; a tale
somewhat vaunting I pray you to hear:
For you know heady wine will the sagest incline, like a fool
out of season, in singing to join;
Or unwisely to laugh, or to skip in a dance, and to say what
were best left unspoken perchance.* 465

* I have translated this according to the comment of Athenæus, who is especially angry at the idea that Homer intended to abuse good liquor. He never, says the Deipnosophist, could have been so ill-natured, and so ill-bred, as to censure people for singing, or laughing, or dancing. It must be allowed that, if he was an enemy to wine-bibbing, he has been much maligned in the world:

"Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus."

If Athenæus maintains that he knew the difference between ποσότης and ποιότης too well, to fall into the error of condemning a thing absolutely which should be only condemned *secundum quid*, I can not fitly render his grave logic, here so worthily employed; but I think his distinction is somewhat of the same kind as that made by the Baron of Bradwardine between *ebrius* and *ebriosus*. To sing — ἆσαι — is no harm, or to dance either, or to laugh — Athenæus swears to it, νὴ Δ'; but μάλ' ἀείσαι, to sing too much, to sing out of season, to trouble the company — this, indeed, is bad behavior; and wine in such cases may be properly called ἠλεός, fool-making — otherwise not. Laughing also is very proper; but to laugh ἁπαλὸν *molliter* — softly, affectedly — that is ἀνανδρον, unmanly, and not becoming a wise man. So of dancing. I am not sure that μάλ' will bear the interpretation here imposed upon it. But the guess is as good as any thing in Buttmann's *Lexilogus* — a book which I intend, in the course of this series, carefully to examine; and I have endeavored to represent it in my version.—W. M.

II.

But now 'tis too late, since to talk is my fate, for my tongue to keep back what it means to relate.
Oh! were I as young, and as fresh, and as strong, as when, under Troy, brother soldiers among,
In ambush as captains were chosen to lie,
Odysseus, and King Menelaus, and I.

III.

They called me as third, and I came at the word, and reached the high walls that the citadel gird,
Where under the town, we in armor lay down by a brake in the marshes with weeds overgrown;
The night came on sharp, bleak the north wind did blow,
And frostily cold fell a thick shower of snow.

IV.

Soon with icicles hoar every shield was frozen o'er; but they who their cloaks and their body-clothes wore
The night lightly passed, secure from the blast, asleep with their shields o'er their broad shoulders cast;
But I, like a fool, had my cloak left behind,
Not expecting to shake in so piercing a wind.

V.

My buckler and zone, nothing more had I on; but when the third part of the night-watch was gone,
And the stars left the sky, with my elbow then I touched Odysseus, and spoke to him lying close by—
"Noble son of Laertes, Odysseus the wise,
I fear that alive I shall never arise.

VI.

"In this night so severe but one doublet I wear, deceived by a god; and my cloak is not here;
And no way I see from destruction to flee." But soon to relieve me a project had he.
In combat or council still prompt was his head,
And into my ear thus low-whispering he said:

VII.

"Let none of the band this your need understand: keep silent." Then, resting his head on his hand,
"Friends and comrades of mine!" he exclaimed, "as a sign, while I slept has come o'er me a dream all divine:
It has warned me how far from the vessels we lie,
And that some one should go for fresh force to apply.

VIII.

"And his footsteps should lead, disclosing our need, to King Agamemnon, our chieftain, with speed."
Thoas rose as he spoke, flung off his red cloak, and, running, his way with the message he took;
While, wrapt in his garment, I pleasantly lay
Till the rise of the golden-throned queen of the day.

IX.

If I now were as young, and as fresh, and as strong, perhaps here in the stables you swineherds among
Some a mantle would lend, as the act of a friend, or from the respect that on worth should attend:
But small is the honor, I find, that is paid
To one who, like me, is so meanly arrayed.

X.

Then, keeper of swine, this answer was thine: "The manner, old man, of thy story is fine,
For there was not a word out of place or absurd: thy request shall be granted as soon as preferred.
Not a cloak, or aught else, shalt thou want at my hand,
That is fit for a beggar in need to demand;

XI.

"Till the night shall pass o'er—in the morning once more, thy rags must thou don, for we here have no store.
Among cloaks to go range, or of doublets for change—had we more than one garment a-piece 'twould be strange.
But when the dear son of Odysseus comes back,
Of cloak or of doublet thou never wilt lack.

XII.

"Those will he bestow, and send thee to go, wherever thy thoughts and thy wishes may flow."
He rose as he said, and laid out a bed—and sheepskins and goats' upon it he spread;
And next, stretched by the fireside, Odysseus on these,
Lay in cloak large and thick, as he might at his ease.

XIII

To cover his form, at approach of a storm: or to wrap him in sleep as he there lay down warm—
The young men close by in the couch came to lie, but Eumæus refusing to stay from the sty,
Was girt to sleep out; while Odysseus was glad
That his herd in his absence such vigilance had.

XIV.

His sharp sword around his strong shoulders he wound, and then his thick cloak, wind-defying, he bound;
Next, he put on his coat made of skin of she-goat—of a she-goat well fed, and of size worthy note.
And he took a sharp spear, with which he might weir the attack or of men or of dogs coming near;
And to lie with the white-toothed porkers went forth,
In a cave of the rock, safely screened from the north.

V.

The Dog Argus.

FROM THE ODYSSEY—Book XVII. 290–327.

"*The* poet" (ὁ ποιητὴς, the only time he is so called in the arguments of the books) we are told by the ὑπόθεσις, "relates how *the* dog" (ὁ κύων—it was needless to say *what* dog) "recognises his master."

The Dog Argus.

I.

THEN as they spake, upraised his head,
Pricked up his listening ear,
The dog, whom erst Odysseus bred,
Old Argus lying near.

II.

He bred him, but his fostering skill
To himself had naught availed;
For Argus joined not the chase, until
The king had to Ilion sailed.

III.

To hunt the wild-goat, hart, and hare,
Him once young huntsmen sped;
But now he lay an outcast there,
Absent his lord, to none a care,
Upon a dunghill bed,

IV.

Where store of dung, profusely flung
By mules and oxen, lay;
Before the gates it was spread along
For the hinds to bear away,

V.

As rich manure for the lands they tilled
Of their prince beyond the sea;
There was Argus stretched, his flesh all filled
With the dog-worrying flea.

VI.

But when by the hound his king was known,
Wagged was the fawning tail,
Backward his close-clapped ears were thrown,
And up to his master's side had he flown;
But his limbs he felt to fail.

VII.

Odysseus saw, and turned aside
To wipe away the tear;*

* Eustathius remarks, that it may appear strange that Ulysses sheds a tear over a dog, while he does not weep when he sees his wife drowned in sorrow. The archbishop maintains, that it is to be attributed to the fact that Ulysses was surprised by Argus, and had been prepared for Penelope. Perhaps so: but there are

"Thoughts which lie too deep for tears;"

and sorrow for a dog is not of the cast of sorrow for a woman. The "much-enduring man" had been caught by the sight of old Argus, "and tears unbidden shed." How could he have been affected by any physical demonstration of grief at the sight of a lady, whom, for so many long years, he had pined to behold, for a return to whom he had expended all the wiles of the wiliest of minds?

In that fine poem, *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, which is fuller of recognitions even than the *Odyssey*, Southey introduces a dog:

"While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eying him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moaned, as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress.
A feeling, uncommixed with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfullest, thrilled through the king;
But he, to self-control now long inured,
Represt his rising heart, nor other tears,

From Eumæus he chose his grief to hide,
And "Strange, passing strange, is the sight," he cried,
"Of such a dog laid here!

Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seemed to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yet so that still
He shunned the meeting of her eye, he said,
'Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For Heaven, O Lady! I will think the man
Hath not by his good angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Power
Whose justice doth, in its unerring course,
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join . . .
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised!'
Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Followed his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears streamed down, 'Thou, Theron, then, hast known
Thy poor lost master, . . . Theron, none but thou!'"

Here we find how dangerous it is for even acknowledged genius to travel in the footsteps of genius of the first order. The hound Theron, and the man Roderick, are far inferior to the hound Argus, and the man Ulysses. Argus required no *length* of time to know his master. *Instinct is instantaneous.* If Theron had taken a moment's time to *reflect*, there was an end of the business. Ulysses repressed not his emotion—he concealed it from his companion, but it came. Roderick was stoic enough to appear unmoved in the presence of dog and woman; but the moment that he is out of sight, he is selfish enough to indulge in reflections on his not being known by the ladies, as if it were a crime, an injury, or a shame. Ulysses goes forward without remark. He has proved himself to be full of human feeling, and he shows himself full of human wisdom, divested of splenetic sentiment or maudlin display of sorrow.

VIII.

"Noble his shape, but I can not tell
If his worth with that shape may suit;
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,
For fleetness of his foot:

We recommend Southey to read Professor Wilson's commentary on Argus. It is full both of poetry and philosophy:

"The memory or fancy of a dog (or a horse) is a mystery not to be explained; and all that genius can do is to give, as in this case, illustration of it, the truth of which has been come at partly by observation and partly by reflection, but chiefly by an intuition of an analogy almost amounting to identity between the sentient being in certain creatures we choose to call brutes, and certain creatures we choose to call men. And how know we that they have not a moral sense as well as ourselves — such a moral sense as is suitable to their condition, and to promote the chief end of Dog? which, reverently be it spoken, seems to be to love man and keep his commandments. Philosophers deny reminiscence to dogs, and treat of it exclusively as a human endowment — an active power belonging but to those who have discourse of reason. The Ettrick Shepherd knew better."—*Blackwood's Magazine for February*, 1838. [Article "Loss of Our Golden Key."]

I regret I can not find room for the truly eloquent passage that follows; but, as a contrast with Theron, I must give the comment on the recognition by Argus:

"For years and years rejoicing in his vigor and his victories, for he cranched his way through wood and over mountain, and with crimson flews outhowled the wolf prostrate beneath his paws, seldom then did he remember his master; for in the fullness of self-glorification dogs and men are alike forgetful of the past and regardless of the future, wallowing in the snow or sunshine (mercy on us! we had almost said the blood and mire) of the present, and possessed wholly by the Now of life. But, oh, the difference to him on that dunghill! Think ye his soul was absorbed in worrying fleas? or that, during short respite from that mean misery, he did not often see the shadow of Ulysses? He sees the substance at last; and, sagacious far beyond Eumæus and Euryclea, and even Penelope, knows it is no beggar, 'but the Prince of all the Land.' Sagacious! yes — he *smelt* him to be the man of men. Dim as were his eyes, he *sighted* him; deaf as were his ears, he *overheard* him speaking of him, his very self, the poor, old, worn-out, starved, beaten, flea-worried Argus. Not now could he leap, dance, bound, as of yore, or his paws would have been on those shoulders, and his tongue had licked that face, and his growls of ecstasy would have startled the suitors in the hall, as if a lion had been at the gate. And at the gate there was a lion."—*Blackwood, ibid.*

And the lion did not weep, because he was not discovered by those from whom he desired to be concealed.—W. M.

IX.

"Or worthless as a household hound,
Whom men by their boards will place,
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,
But admired for shapely grace."*

X.

"He is the dog of one now dead,
In a far land away;
But if you had seen," the swineherd said,
"This dog in his better day,
When Odysseus hence his warriors led
To join in the Trojan fray,

XI.

"His strength, his plight, his speed so light,
You had with wonder viewed;
No beast that once had crossed his sight,†
In the depths of the darkest wood,
'Scaped him, as, tracking sure and right,
He on its trace pursued.

* Pope thus translates these lines:

"Some care his age deserves: or was he prized
For worthless beauty? Therefore now despised.
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherished by their friends, the great."

This is writing not epic, but epigram. Homer the aristocrat, Homer the gentleman, would not have indulged on sarcasms against the great, *because* they are great. Such strokes of satire are very well in the *Beggar's Opera*, but not in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. A translator of Homer should do what is written down for him, to the best of his power, but no more.—M.

† Κυώδαλον, ὅττι ἰδοίτο· καὶ ἴχνεσι γὰρ πεφιγδή.

I follow the ordinary reading, *ἰδοίτο*: *δἰοιτο* is, perhaps, better. If so, my third line should read,

XII.

"But now all o'er in sorrows sore
He pines in piteous wise;
The king upon some distant shore
In death has closed his eyes;
And the careless women here no more
Tend Argus as he lies.

XIII.

"For slaves who find their former lord
No longer holds the sway,
No fitting service will afford,
Or just obedience pay.

XIV.

"Far-seeing Jove's resistless power
Takes half away the soul
From him, who of one servile hour*
Has felt the dire control."

"No beast whom e'er he chased in flight."

I leave it to Nimrod [Apperley] to decide if Eustathius is right, when he says that attributing to Argus powers of seeing takes away from his *ichneutic* merits. The commentators seem to think so. *Non nostrum.*—W. M.

*Ἥμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεύς.

I translate not after ἀρετῆς, but νόου, a reading quoted by many ancient authors, in the place of ἀρετῆς, which I think is a gloss. Νόου seems to me more energetic. There is something to my mind extremely fine in Chapman's version, though it certainly is not Homeric:

"That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sunburn'd with the servile day."—W. M.

XV.

This said, the swineherd passed the gate,
And entered the dwelling tall,
Where proud in state the suitors sate
Within the palace hall. 325

XVI.

And darksome death checked Argus' breath
When he saw his master dear;
For he died his master's eye beneath,
Coming back in the twentieth year. 327

*** I had translated this before Mr. Chapman's version appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.** I am gratified to see that one who, as a poet and a scholar, is so adequate to form a judgment, and to afford, by his own compositions, so excellent an example of its justice, agrees with me in selecting the Spenserian stanza, and in adopting the Greek names, Odysseus, &c., in place of the Latin. Let me ask him, however, if

> "Now his bed
> The dungheap was; and piteous was his case,
> His master far away, old, outcast, in disgrace.
> There full of tick, on that unsightly heap,
> He saw and knew his lord,"

properly renders the original, l. 296–300 (in my version, st. iii. iv. v.)? The place of Ulysses was a farmhouse, surrounded by a farm-yard; and, though Mr. Chapman calls a dunghill an *unsightly* heap, we may be certain that the copious stock of manure destined for the fertiliza-

* In *Blackwood* for February, 1838, appeared several translations of the ballad of The Dog Argus. These were by Charles Lamb, Old Chapman, Cowper, Young Chapman — this last endorsed by Christopher North with "*Done for us, and done well.*" This version by M. J. Chapman was in the Spenserian stanza, and fully merits the eulogy bestowed on it by John Wilson and William Maginn.—M.

tion of the large field did not appear so to the farmer. Solomon tells us [Prov. xiv. 4], "Where no oxen are the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox." And the wisest of men would not have been shocked at what the oxen left behind them. Rose, when translating Casti, very properly determined

> "To let go my author's skirt
> When it would lead me into filth and dirt."

But it is from dirt moral we should recoil. There, surely, is nothing to corrupt the imagination or pollute the heart in a picture of a farmyard, even though the dunghill be introduced. In fact, there is a poetic grace in leading the mind away from the misery of poor Argus, to the contemplation of the τέμενος μέγα of his master — his mules, his oxen, and his hinds. It is not in Homer we are to look for filth and dirt: we may find them, if we seek, lurking in the perfumed pages of a sentimental novelist, or warbled forth in the strains of a fashionable song-maker, in these days of refinement, when, as Mrs. Slipslop says, people's ears are the nicest parts about them. Mr. Chapman can afford to do without the squeamishness. He need not be afraid of following his great original.—W. M.

VI.

The Funeral of Achilles.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book XXIV. 11-97.

After the death of the suitors, Mercury conducts their souls to Hades, where they meet the shades of the departed heroes of the Trojan war. Achilles laments to Agamemnon the cruel fate which took off so renowned a chieftain as the King of Men; and Agamemnon, in reply, contrasts his own treacherous and unhonored death with the gallant fall of Achilles in the field, surrounded by companions in arms fighting over his body for a whole day, amid a whirlwind of dust, in a combat closed only by the interposition of Jupiter; and followed by unexampled funeral honors paid to his remains.

The Funeral of Achilles.

I.

THE ghosts by Leucas' rock had gone,
  Over the ocean streams;
And they had passed on through the gates of the Sun,
  And the slumberous land of Dreams.

II.

And onward thence to the verdant mead,
  Flowering with asphodel,
Their course was led, where the tribes of dead,
  The shadows of mankind, dwell.

III.

Achilles and Patroclus there
  They found with Nestor's son,
And Aias, with whom could as match compare
  Of the host of the Danai none,
For manly form, and gallant air,
  Save the faultless Peleion.

IV.

Around Achilles pressed the throng
  Of ghosts in the world below;
Soon passed Atrides' shade along,
  And full was that shade of wo.

V.

About the king came crowding all
Who, by a murderous stroke,
With him were slain in Ægisthus' hall;
And first Achilles spoke.

VI.

"'Twas once, Atrides, our belief,
That thunder-joying Jove
Ne'er honored other hero-chief
With equal share of love.

VII.

"Thy rule a mighty host obeyed,
And valiant was the array,
When outside Troy was our leaguer laid,
For many a woful day.

VIII.

"Yet did the gloom of dismal doom
First on thy head alight;
From the fate that a birth is marked to come
Scaped never living wight.

IX.

"Would that in honor on the ground,
Where high thou hadst held command,
Thy fallen body had been found,
Slain upon Trojan land.

X.

"Where all the men of Achaian blood
Their chieftain's tomb might raise —

A tomb, in after-times to have stood,
For thy son proud mark of praise:
But 'twas fate that, by piteous death subdued,
Thou shouldst end thy glorious days."

XI.

"How blest," then said Atrides' shade,
"Thy lot, who fell in war,
Godlike Achilles, lowly laid,
In Troy, from Argos far.

XII.

"We round thy corse, as slain it lay,
The bravest and the best
Of either host, the livelong day
In slaughterous combat pressed.

XIII.

"Mid clouds of dust, that o'er the dead,
In whirlwind fierce arose,
On the battle field, all vastly spread,
Did thy vast limbs repose;
The skill forgot, which whilome sped
Thy steed amid the foes.*

* Alas! I know well how wretched is my imitation of the original. All I can say is, that others do not appear to me to have succeeded much better. The passage occurs also in the 16th *Iliad;* and it is curious to find that Pope has translated it (or, perhaps, in the *Odyssey*, suffered it to be translated) variously. In the *Iliad*, his version is—

"But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretched in death, forgets the guiding reins."

In the *Odyssey*—

XIV.

"All day we fought, and no one thought
Of holding of the hand;
Till a storm to an end the contest brought,
Sent by high Jove's command.

XV.

"From the field of fight thy corse we bore,
And for the ships we made;
We washed away the stains of gore,
And thy body fair anointed o'er,
Upon its last bed laid.

"In clouds of smoke, raised by the noble fray,
Great and terrific even in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flowed round you every way."

I prefer the latter, inaccurate as it is — for I can not reconcile myself to thinking of Achilles, *μέγος μεγαλωστὶ*, as being merely "sunk in soft dust." "Great and terrific even in death you lay" is far more like. I have looked through the versions in other European languages, but can only say that the most amusing is the Dutch —

"Men vondt u uitgestrekt, ver van u legerwagen,
Soo fier noch, dat met schrik de Troijers u ontsagen."

Ver van u legerwagen — "far from your baggage wagon," or if we should even ennoble it into "thy war chariot" — is a wrong translation; but, even if it were perfectly correct, what a different sound from the melancholy harmony of *λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων*! It is only fair, however, to say that the Dutch *Odyssey* is a very remarkable book, and deserves something far better than a joking notice. At all events, we all may comfort ourselves by the reflection, that even Virgil could not come nearer to his original than

"Ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victus."—*Æn.* X. 842.—W. M.

[A better version than any here given is to be found in a couplet quoted by Gilbert Wakefield from Ogilby's forgotten translation,

When in a dusty whirlwind thou didst lie,
Thy valor lost, forgot thy chivalry,

which has a 'melancholy harmony' of its own, akin to that of *λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων*, though it does not express *μέγας μεγαλωστί*.—Ed.]

XVI.

"Hot tears did the eyes of the Danai rain,
And they cut their flowing hair;
Uprose thy mother from the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
At the tidings of despair.

XVII.

"Loud over the sea rose the voice of wail,
And the host was filled with dread;
And homeward they would, with hasty sail,
In their hollow ships have fled,

XVIII.

"Had not a man, to whom was known
The wisdom of days of eld,
Who in council ever was wisest shown,
Nestor, their flight withheld:
For he spoke to them thus in sagest tone,
And their panic fear dispelled.

XIX.

"'Argives,' he said, 'your steps restrain,
Achaia's sons do not flee;
His mother is rising from out the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
The corse of her son to see.'

XX.

"The flight was checked—and round thee came
The maids of the sea-god old;
Sad weeping as they wrapt thy frame
In vesture of heavenly fold.

XXI.

"A mournful dirge the Muses nine
In strains alternate sung,
And from every eye the tearful brine
Through the Argive host was wrung;
For none could withstand the lay divine
Of the Muse's dulcet tongue.

XXII.

"By day and night for ten days' space—
For ten days' space and seven,
Wept we the men of mortal race,
And the deathless gods of heaven.

XXIII.

"And when the eighteenth morning came,
To the pile thy corse was borne;
And many fat sheep were slain at the flame,
And steers of twisted horn.

XXIV.

"With ointment rich upon the pyre,
And honey covered o'er,
There didst thou burn in rich attire,
Such as immortals wore.

XXV.

"And many a hero-chief renowned
Rushed forward, foot and horse,
The blazing death-pile to surround
Where burnt thine honored corse.

XXVI.

"The tumult was loud of that martial crowd,
Till the flame had consumed thee quite;
And then, when the dawn of morning glowed,
We gathered thy bones so white.

XXVII.

"In waterless wine, and ointment fine,
When the fire had ceased to burn,
We laid those relics prized of thine
All in a golden urn.

XXVIII.

"This costly gift thy mother brought;
And she said it was bestowed
By the god of Wine—a vessel wrought
By the Fire-working god.

XXIX.

"And there are laid thy bones so white,
Mingled, illustrious chief,
With his, thy friend, whose fall in fight
Wrought thee such mickle grief.

XXX.

"Those of Antilochus apart
Are stored—for, of all the host,
After Patroclus slain, thy heart
Him loved and honored most.

XXXI.

"And the Argive spearmen, gathering round,
Upraised a mighty heap,

For thy tomb, a large and lofty mound,
Upon a jutting steep.

XXXII.

"Landmark conspicuous there for aye,
By Helle's waters wide,*
For men who may sail on a future day,
As for those of the present tide.

XXXIII.

"Thy mother then the gods besought,
And they gave what she chose to ask;
And many a glorious prize she brought,
To be won by manly task.

XXXIV.

"I oft before, when heroes died,
Have joined beside their tomb
The youths of pride, who there to have tried
The feats of strength have come.

XXXV.

"But such store of prize ne'er met my eyes
As there that day was seen,
Which Thetis brought for thine obsequies,
The silver-footed queen.

* *By Helle's waters wide* — ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ.

There has been some disputation about the meaning of πλάτυς in this passage; and, even in ancient times, there was a suspicion that it did not mean *wide*, but *salt*. Clarke, the traveller, adopts this interpretation; but it is needless: and, besides, the word bore no such meaning in the days of Homer. The Hellespont, considered as a river or a stream, is wide. I may remark that Lord Byron, in spite of all his boasting, did *not* perform the feat of Leander.—W. M.

XXXVI.

"Dear wert thou to the gods; and now,
Even in the world beneath,
Thy endless glory lies not low,
Achilles, with thy death.

XXXVII.

"For ever shall that deathless name
Among all mankind live;
For ever meed of glorious fame
Shall from all the world receive." 94

VII.

The Introduction of Penelope.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book I. 319–365.

MINERVA, in the appearance of Mentes, had visited Telemachus, and counselled him to seek his father. Inspired with a new feeling of independence, he joins the suitors, whom he finds at festival, listening to Phemius, the minstrel, whose song turns, as usual, on the Trojan war. Penelope hears the singer, and comes into the hall to request that some other subject than that which is so distressful to her feelings should be chosen. Telemachus gently rebukes her; and she retires, convinced that her son is about to take the lead in his father's house, to weep herself to slumber over the thoughts of her absent husband—while the suitors continue the noisy revel. She is the first mortal female who speaks in the *Odyssey*, and her first words attest the deep and enduring affection she feels for Ulysses. It may be remarked that Ulysses discovers himself in consequence of the song of the bard Demodocus, and Penelope appears in consequence of the song of the bard Phemius. The ἀοιδοὶ are far more conspicuous in the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad*. Whether this is an indication that the *Odyssey* was the earlier or later poem may be a question. It is evident, from l. 350, 351 of the following, that there were poems before either.

The Introduction of Penelope.

I.

SOON as Athené spoke the word, 319
She took the likeness of a bird.*
And, skyward soaring, fled.
The counsels of the heavenly guest
Within Telemachus's breast
New strength and spirit bred.

II.

His absent father to his thought
Was by his wakened memory brought
More freshly than of old:
But when Athené's flight he saw,
A feeling deep of reverend awe
His inmost heart controlled.

III.

He knew the stranger was a god;
And hastening to his own abode,
He joined the suitor train.
A far-famed minstrel in the hall†

* Ὄρνις δ' ὡς ἀνοπαῖα διέπτατο· τῷ δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.

As the ancient authorities can not fix what bird this ἀνοπαῖα is intended to be, I have adopted the prudent course of not translating it at all, according to a very ordinary custom. I think it impossible, however, that it can bear the meaning of "invisible," which is given it by many translators, in different tongues.—W. M.

† I can not refrain from copying a French translation of this passage as far as l. 359, executed in the time when *goût* was predominant. It is by La Val-

Sang to the peers, who listened all
In silence to his strain.

IV.

As subject of his lay he chose
The mournful story of the woes
Borne by the Achaian host,
When, under Pallas' vengeful wrath,
Homeward returning was their path
Bent from the Trojan coast.

V.

The song Icarius' daughter heard,
And all thine inmost soul was stirred,
Penelope the chaste!
Straight did she from her bower repair
And passing down the lofty stair,
The festal hall she graced.

terie. The third edition, which is the only one I have seen, was published in 1708. It must, therefore, have been a favorite: "Durant leur entretien, Phemion avait continué de chanter, et Penelope, suivie de quelques unes de ses femmes, était entrée dans la salle, où tous ses amans entendaient les admirables chansons. Lorsqu'il chanta un récit des tristes aventures des Grecs, qui avaient eu part à la conquête de Troie, la souvenir d'Ulysse la toucha si fort, que Télémaque, rentrant dans l'assemblée, trouva cette princesse toute en larmes. *Phemion aurait été puni de son indiscretion, si le prince n'avait considéré que beaucoup d'autres grands hommes avaient eu part aux aventures dont Phemion avait parlé, qu'il avait moins considéré le sujet de son récit que la nouveauté de l'air, et la beauté du chant; et que de tout tems les actions des hommes les plus illustres ont été exposées aux vers des poètes.*"

The sentence I have marked in Italics appears to me particularly diverting; and yet it is not more anti-Homeric than the *Télémaque* of Fénélon, the style of which it somewhat resembles. La Valterie boasts, in his preface to the *Iliad*, which is written in the same manner, that he has done Homer the justice of making him speak in a manner worthy of the times of civilization.—W. M.

VI.

Alone she went not—in her train
She took with her handmaidens twain;
And when the peerless queen
Came where the suitors sate, aloof
Close by a post that propped the roof,
She stood with face unseen.

VII.

A veil concealed her cheeks from view,
And by each side a handmaid true
In seemly order stood;
With tears fast bursting from her eyne,
Addressing thus the bard divine,
She her discourse pursued:

VIII.

"Phemius! for men's delight thy tongue
Can many another flowing song
In soothing measure frame;
Can tell of many a deed, which done
By God or man in days bygone,
Bards have consigned to fame.

IX.

"Take one of those, and all around,
Silent, will hear the dulcet sound,
Drinking the blood-red wine;
But cease that melancholy lay
That wears my very heart away—
A heavy wo is mine!

X.

"How can I check the tide of grief,
Remembering still that far-famed chief,
Whose fame all Hellas fills?"
Answered her son, "Oh! mother mine!
Why dost thou blame the bard divine,
For singing as he wills?

XI.

"Blame not the poet—blame to Heaven,
Which to poor struggling men has given
What weight of wo it chose.
How can we charge the bard with wrong,
If the sad burden of his song
Turns on the Danaan woes?

XII.

"Men, ever with delighted ear,
The newest song desire to hear.
Then firmly to the strain
Listen, which tells of perils done:
My sire is not the only one
Who of the chiefs to Ilion gone
Has not returned again.

XIII.

"For many, to that fatal shore
Who sailed away, came back no more:
Thy business is at home,
Thy servant-maidens to command,
And ply, with an industrious hand,
The distaff, and the loom.

XIV.

"To men, the guiding power must be,
At all times, in these halls to me;
For here my will is law."
The queen went homeward, as he bade,
And felt the words her son had said
Inspired her soul with awe.

XV.

Soon did she, with her handmaids twain,
Her lofty seated chamber gain.
And there, with many a tear,
Until Athené came to steep
Her weary lids in balmy sleep,
Did chaste Penelope be-weep
Her absent husband dear.
While, seated still at festival,
The suitors, in the dusky hall,
Revelled with noisy cheer.

VIII.

The Last Appearance of Penelope.

FROM THE ODYSSEY—Book XXIII. 269-343.

I HAVE chosen this passage as a sort of pendant to that which appeared in the last number; but I confess that I think the lines from v. 310 to 343 are interpolated. They seem to be the production of a scholiast or commentator, summing up in a few lines what had been already told at length. Besides, they are not in the flowing Homeric manner, and they contain at least one word which can with difficulty be reconciled to its ordinary use in Homer. I refer to *ἀδινάων*, v. 326, on which Buttmann, *more suo*, blunders absurdly. They are very ancient and harmonious verses, however, and the part which is undoubtedly Homeric is a beautiful conclusion of the character of Penelope; cautious and guarded, from the unhappy necessity of her position, but ever chaste and domestic; and, when convinced that her husband has indeed returned, as warm and affectionate in his presence as her thoughts had been constant and tender toward him in his absence.

The Last Appearance of Penelope.

I.

A BED of texture soft and fine
The nurse and the handmaiden spread;
The couch was decked by torchlight shine,
And homeward then the old woman sped.
While Eurynome, as a chamber-groom,
With lamp in hand, to the nuptial room
The new-met partners led.

II.

Thither she led them, and withdrew,
And left them, as in days of old,
Their former dalliance to renew
In joyous passion uncontrolled.
And the herd of swine, and the herd of kine,
With the heir of Ithaca's royal line,
Bade the house its peace to hold.

III.

The dance was checked as they desired,
The sound of woman's voice repressed;
In silence then they all retired
Within the darkening halls to rest.
And when was done love's dearest rite,
Husband and wife with calm delight
Their mutual thoughts expressed.

IV.

She told him of the scorn and wrong
She long had suffered in her house,
From the detested suitor throng,
Each wooing her to be his spouse.
How, for their feasts, her sheep and kine
Were slaughtered, while they quaffed her wine
In plentiful carouse.

V.

And he, the noble wanderer, spoke
Of many a deed of peril sore—
Of men who fell beneath his stroke—
Of all the sorrowing tasks he bore.
She listened, with delighted ear—
Sleep never came her eyelids near,
Till all the tale was o'er.

VI.

First told he how the Cicones
He had subdued with valiant hand,
And how he reached across the seas,
The Lotus-eaters' lovely land;
The crimes by Polyphemus done,
And of the well-earned vengeance won,
For slaughter of his band.

VII.

Vengeance for gallant comrades slain,
And by the Cyclops made a prey;
And how it was his lot to gain
The isle where Æolus holds sway;

And how the Monarch of the wind
Received him with a welcome kind,
And would have sent away,

VIII.

Home to his native isle to sail;
But vainly against fate he strove,
By whom unroused a desperate gale
Over the fishy ocean drove,
And sent him wandering once again,
The toils and dangers of the main
With many a groan to prove.

IX.

And how he wandered to the coast
Where dwells the distant Læstrygon;
How there his ships and friends he lost,
Escaping in his bark alone;
He spoke of Circe's magic guile,
And told the art and deep-skilled wile
By the enchantress shown.

X.

Then how to Hades' grisly hall
He went to seek the Theban seer,
In his swift ship; how there with all
The partners of his long career
He met; and how his mother mild,
Who bore, and reared him from a child,
He saw while wandering there.

XI.

And how the dangerous strain he heard,
Sung by the Sirens' thrilling tongue;

And how with dexterous skill he steered
His course the justling rocks among;
How he—what none had done before—
Unscathed through dread Charybdis bore,
And Scylla sailed along.

XII.

And how the oxen of the sun
With impious hand his comrades slew;
How their devoted bark upon
High thundering Jove his lightning threw;
How by the bolt of life bereft,
Perished his friends, he only left
Remaining of the crew.

XIII.

And how, in the Ogygian isle,
He visited Calypso fair;
And how she sought, with many a wile,
To keep him still sojourning there:
With fond desire 'twas hers to crave,
That he, within her hollow cave,
Her nuptial bed should share.

XIV.

Each hospitable art she tried,
His heart to win—his hopes to soothe;
She promised him, were she his bride
Immortal life, and ceaseless youth.
But all her promise, all her art,
Changed not the temper of his heart,
Nor shook his steadfast truth.

XV.

How, after many a year of toil,
When on Phæacian land he trod,
The king and people of the isle
Hailed him with honors of a god;
And sent him full of presents fair,
Of gold, and brass, and garments rare,
Back to his own abode.

XVI.

So closed the tale. Then balmy sleep,
The healer of all human woes,
Did their relaxing members steep
In soft oblivion of repose.

* * * * * *

IX.

The Prophecy of Theoclymenus the Seer.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book XX. 345-374.

THEOCLYMENUS was the prototype of the jongleurs, or wandering minstrels, men of good blood, ready to kill their man, or to sing in bower and hall, or to predict coming events — or, in fact, to do any thing that irregular genius, backed by a courage not to be daunted but by the prospect of labor of any kind, has ever delighted in. Welcome guests they were wherever they turned their footsteps; bold was their bearing, high their claims to birth and rank, ready their hand in brawl or combat; but they sate ever at the tables of others. It might be instructive, certainly, if well done — it would be extremely amusing to compare the manners of all classes of the Homeric characters with those of the period which immediately followed what we call the dark ages, and preceded immediately the days when reviving literature heralded our present system of civilized life. We could find in them every character of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But the *vates sacer* did not arise. Properly to perform the task at which I have hinted would require more research and knowledge than, perhaps, the subject is worth.

The first appearance of Theoclymenus is extremely graphic. Telemachus is on the point of weighing from Pylos, on his return homeward. I shall leave Pope to tell the rest.

"When, lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourished long,
Till, urged by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguish and what rage combined,
For lovely Pero rack'd his laboring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong,
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquished, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose;
There form'd his empire, there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oïcleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's savior, and divinely wise,
Beloved by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above;
And Polyphides, on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to heaven he prest
His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest.
O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations and with solemn prayer;
By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare, then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,

And great Ulysses (ever honor'd name!)
Was once my sire, though now for ever lost,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The last, the wretched proof of filial love.
The stranger then. Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The bloodstain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood!
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!
Stranger (replied the prince), securely rest
Affianced in our faith; henceforth our guest.
Thus affable, Ulysses' goldlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted placed."

It would be useless to point out the hundred minor inaccuracies in these lines. What those who read Pope and Homer together materially complain of, is the total discrepancy of thought and feeling between the poet and his translator. In the above, I shall only give one instance. Theoclymenus has fled Argos—*ἄνδρα κατακτὰς*—"having killed a man." Homer says nothing further—it was an accident that might happen to any gentleman of the best regulated family, and entailed neither disgrace nor remorse. Times had altered between the days of Agamemnon and Anne, and those plain words gave way, for

"When, lo! a *wretch* ran *breathless* to the shore,
New from his *crime*, and reeking yet with gore;"

which, by the way, he could not have been, as he had come from Argos to Pylos. After the prophet has carefully ascertained who it is he addresses, from a due caution lest the stranger might be one of the kindred of the slain man, he at once says, on learning that Telemachus was absent from

home, "I, too, as you are, am out of my country, in consequence of having killed a man of my tribe." Not a word of its being "the dire secret of his fate," or of "the luckless deed," or of "the unrelenting rage" of the relations of the dead (whose determination to kill him in return he would have considered perfectly correct): still less does he call his antagonist "an Argive *wretch*," or himself "a *bloodstained* exile." These are ideas of a totally different state of society. Theoclymenus had killed a man of his own rank—nothing could be more regular; the relations of the slain vowed mortal vengeance—regular again; and the prophet, not having power to oppose them, fled. Every thing was conducted with the strictest propriety; and Telemachus, the πεπνυμένος, with equal propriety, receives the man in difficulties without a word. On their arrival in Ithaca, the prince proposes to go to the farm in the country, while his sailors make for the town; on which, according to Pope,

> "Then Theoclymenus: But who shall lend,
> Meantime, protection to thy stranger friend?
> Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
> Or yet, more distant, to some lord apply?"

Protection? Fly? To some lord apply? This from Theoclymenus, of the house of Neleus by the female line; of Melapus by the male; a cousin of Nestor, "the great glory of the Grecians," and of the warrior-prophet Amphiaraus, "who perished at Thebes, betrayed for gifts bestowed on a woman;" connected, of course, with the noblest of the heroic houses—*he* ask to what *lord* he should *apply?* as if he was a poet of modern day, looking for a subscription: or inquire, after having received the plighted friendship of Telemachus, whether he should *fly* for *protection* to his mother! The prophet said nothing of the kind. (You are going to the country, your crew to the town.) "Where, then, am I to go,

my dear boy? Shall I go to the houses of any of the men who bear sway in craggy Ithaca, or straight to your mother and your own house?" This is the version of the Greek word for word: in modern phrases, "As I see you are engaged in business of your own, where am I to dine and sleep? Shall I stop at the house of any of your friends, among the surrounding gentry, or go straight and call upon your mother, and put up at yours at once?" They soon after vowed eternal friendship, in consequence of the favorable interpretation given by the seer to an omen; and the stranger is instantly recommended to the care of a particular friend, with whom he soon makes himself quite at home (*Od.* XVII. 71–84). He, of course, is present at the fatal banquet given by the suitors, and there pronounces his prophetic malediction. Ctesippus had flung the foot of an ox, which he took off the table, at Ulysses, and missed him (could we not find, without going so far as the heroes of Odin, similar traits of manners elsewhere?), which called forth the angry rebuke of Telemachus, and the mild remonstrance of Agelaus, one of the suitors. The last insult had now been offered, and the hour of their fate was at hand. It came upon them in the midst of revel, when they were full of bread. Even Maximus Tyrius grows poetical in his criticism on this passage:—"Seest thou not the suitors engaged together in youthful pleasures, eating fat goats, filling themselves with tender kids, listening to the sound of music, mixing wine, amusing themselves with quoits, and flinging javelins in sport? Who would not have pronounced them happy in the midst of their gaiety? But the seer, inspired with a full knowledge of the future, says, 'Wretched men, what evil is this?' &c.; for the evil was at their feet, and hard by."

The Prophecy of Theoclymenus the Seer.

I.

AS Pallas bade, the suitor train
Into mad fits of mirth are thrown;
You scarce had deemed the jaws they strain—
So fierce the laughter*—were their own.

II.

The flesh they eat with blood o'erflows,
With gushing tears are filled their eyne;

* Οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελοίων ἀλλοτρίοισιν.

Malis ridentem alienis. I have endeavored to give what became the popular proverbial meaning of this phrase in Greece, and among the Romans, who interpreted Homer according to the more modern Grecians. They laughed so immoderately, and so unsparingly of their jaws, that we should not have thought them their own. They laughed as with other men's jaws, as people are sometimes charged with riding other men's horses, at a different pace from that to which they put their own. But I can not help thinking the interpretation of Eustathius, that "laughing with foreign jaws," is some thing of the same kind of phrase as ἀχρεῖον ἐγέλασσε. She (Penelope; it occurs *Od.* Σ. 162) laughed not merely "uselessly," but in a manner that, so far from affording pleasure or use, was precisely of the contrary description. The suitors were evidently drunk, and did not know what they laughed or cried about. Here we have them roaring immoderately in laughter; but the jaws with which they laughed were no longer under their control—they were as the jaws of other men. In the next line, their eyes are filled with tears, and an indefinable fear of misfortune falls upon them. The Pallas Athene, who had made their minds to wander (l. 346) was the deity who lay at the bottom of the flagons of wine they had been carousing. The conduct of the whole party in all particulars shows that they did not know what they were saying or doing; and they, therefore, fall easy, and indeed almost unresisting victims to Ulysses.—W. M.

And, while each heart impending woes
Presaged, uprose the seer divine.

III.

"What is the fate of evil doom
Now threatening you, unhappy race?
I see that night in thickest gloom
Wraps every limb, and form, and face.*

IV.

"Outbursts like fire the voice of moan,
Drowned are your cheeks with sorrow's flood;
And every wall and pillared stone
Is soaked and dabbled in your blood.

V.

"Through hall and porch, full many a ghost
Crowds toward the mansion of the dead;
The sun from out the heavens is lost,
And clouds of darkness rushing spread."

VI.

He ceased, and they with jocund cheer
Into glad peals of laughter broke.
Eurymachus addressed the seer,
And thus in taunting accents spoke:

VII.

"Mad is the new-come guest. 'Tis meet
Instant to chase him from our sight;

* Εἰλύαται κεφαλαί τε πρόσωπά τε νέρθε τε γοῦνα.

I have translated after γυῖα, the reading of Plato.—W. M.

To turn toward haunts of men his feet,
Since he mistakes the day for night." *

VIII.

Then thus replied the seer divine:
"From thee no guide shall I request,
For eyes, and ears, and feet, are mine,
And no weak soul inspires my breast.† 365

IX.

"Then from this fated house I go;
Swift comes the destined vengeance on;
None shall escape the deadly blow
Of all the suitors — no, not one.

X.

"Not one of those, who now so long
Have in this mansion held control,
With words of insult on the tongue,
And schemes of baseness in the soul." 370

XI.

He went; and as a welcome guest,
Piræus' friendly halls he found.

* Εἰς ἀγορὴν ἔρχεσθαι· ἐπεὶ τάδε νυκτὶ ἐίσκει.

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. I think the meaning is plain. "This fellow is mad. Send him away from us, into the street or market, where people congregate: it is necessary that he should be guided by the testimony of others, as he thinks that this is night. They will tell him it is day."—W. M.

† "Unguided, hence my *trembling* steps I bend."—POPE.

It is amusing to see how this misconception runs through all his translation.—W. M.

The suitors, at the dizzy feast,
  Each on the other glanced around;
And turned the stranger into jest,
  Telemachus's heart to wound.

X.

The Story of the Swineherd.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book XV. 389-483.

Ulysses, after having given a most mendacious account of himself, inquires from the hospitable swineherd the history of *his* adventures. The manner in which he introduces his inquiry gives a pleasant picture of the ordinary adventures of the time. Eumæus had told him that he was reared from childhood as a slave in the household of Laertes; on which Ulysses says—"How strange it is, swineherd Eumæus, that you were tossed abroad to wander away from your country and your parents while still a child. Tell me, then, and accurately relate, was the broad-streeted city sacked in which your father and venerable mother dwelt? or did pirates carry you off in their vessels, finding you left alone among the sheep or oxen, and sell you to this master, who paid for you the regular price?" There is something truly business-like in the manner of this inquiry. "And the swineherd, chief of men, immediately replied"—

The Story of the Swineherd.

I.

O STRANGER, if it be thy will
My life's whole course to know,
Listen in silence seated still,
While with my tale the hours I fill,
Over the goblet's flow.

II.

The long and tedious night's career
Leaves time enough for sleep,
Enough a pleasant tale to hear,
Which those who lend attentive ear
From slumber dull will keep.

III.

Repose not till the hour assigned;
Harm by much sleep is done.
Let him who feels of drowsier mind,
Departing outward, lie reclined,
Till the up-dawning sun.

IV.

When, with the porkers of his lord,
He from his meal may go;
We, seated here beside the board,
Eating and drinking, will record
Each other's tales of wo.

V.

Sweet is, of perils past and o'er,
  The story, treasured well—
Of all the sufferings that we bore:
Our wanderings on a foreign shore—
  Such as I now shall tell.

VI.

Where turns the sun to set and rise,
  All to Ortygia's north,
Thou may'st have heard that Syria lies,
An island of no passing size,
  But excellent of worth.

VII.

In flocks and kine, in corn and wine,
  Abundant is its soil;
There never famine makes to pine,
No maladies to wo consign
  The dwellers of the soil.

VIII.

When to the years that suit the tomb
  Its aged sons attain,
Then Artemis and Phœbus come,
The Archer-gods, to seal their doom,
  By painless arrows slain.

IX.

Two are its cities, and the land
  'Twixt them is parted free;

O'er both my sire with regal hand,
Ctesius, the godlike, held command;
Of Ormenus son was he.

X.

And often the Phœnicians sought
This island o'er the main.
And their ship-famed men of wily thought
Many curious toys in the galleys brought,
To barter them there for gain.

XI.

There chanced in my father's house to be
A woman of their land;
And tall was she, and fair to see,
And in works of art right skilfully
Practised was she of hand.

XII.

Her beauty made her fall a prey
To sailor arts ere long;
To bathe when she had ta'en her away,
In a seaman's arms in the ship she lay,
Won by his glozing tongue.

XIII.

Women are weak: the deftest dame
By like deceit may fall.
He asked, Who was she? Whence she came?
And at once did she as her dwelling name
My father's high-roofed hall.

XIV.

"Rich Sidon is my native source,
Rich Arybas my sire;
As from the fields I bent my course,
I by a Taphian pirate-force
Was seized, and here, without remorse,
Sold for the stated hire."

XV.

Spoke then the man, in whose embrace
She secretly had lain:
"Wilt thou with us thy path retrace,
To see once more thy natal place,
Thy father's halls again?

XVI.

"Them to see? they still survive,
Rich in abundant store."
"Be it so; your offer I receive,"
She said; "but ye some pledge must give
To bring me safe to shore.

XVII.

"Swear this with solemn oath and true,
And, sailors, yours am I."
Then, as she bade, did all the crew
Take the firm oath in manner due,
And duly ratify.

XVIII.

"Be secret now," the woman cried;
"Should any from the ship

Henceforth to meet with me betide,
In market wide, or at fountain side,
Be closed to me his lip;

XIX.

"Lest some one to my master old
Should our discourse betray;
And he, suspecting from what is told,
Should bind me fast in fetters fold,
And plot your crew to slay.

XX.

"But keep the secret safely stored,
And your purchase of victuals ply:
When your full stock is laid on board,
Let some one to me, with speedy word,
At yonder mansion hie.

XXI.

"And gold with me I shall surely bear,
Whatever to hand may come;
And with willing mind, as a passage fare,
Shall bring you the boy whom as nurse I rear
In that rich man's house at home.

XXII.

"He now can run abroad by my side,
And the child is sharp and smart;
Him then shall I to your vessel guide,
And a handsome price he will sure provide,
When sold at a foreign mart."

XXIII.

She said, and then the house she sought:
In the isle for a year they staid.
Provision in store for their ship they bought,
And when the vessel was fully fraught,
Their messenger was sped.

XXIV.

Crafty was he whom the sailors sent
To take the message sure;
To my father's house his way he bent,
And a necklace of gold with amber blent
He brought with him as a lure.

XXV.

With favoring hand and longing eye,
My venerated dame*
Did with her household maidens try,
The trinket, which they fain would buy.
Whate'er the price he would name.

XXVI.

He winked at the woman, and went his way;
In silence he gave the sign.
With my hand in hers, I was led away,
Through the porch where many a goblet lay
Left where they had met to dine.

XXVII.

My father had gone with every guest,
The public court to keep;

* Mother; — the original is μήτηρ. — M.

And she hid three goblets under her vest,
And I, with a foolish mind possessed,
Followed her to the deep.

XXVIII.

Down sank the sun, and dark was the street,
And soon we came to the bay,
Where lay the Phœnician galley fleet;
They put us on board, and at once we beat
Fast over the watery way.

XXIX.

Fair was the wind, vouchsafed by Jove;
Six days before the blast,
Day and night, in constant course, we drove;
The seventh day was doomed to prove
That Phœnician woman's last.

XXX.

Her Artemis' fatal arrows slew;
And with a noisy force,
She fell as plump as sea-coots do,
Into the sink, and then they threw
To the seals and fish her corse.

XXXI.

And sadly I was left behind;
But soon to Ithaca's shore
Wafted were we by wave and wind;
To Laertes by sale was I consigned;—
And now my tale is o'er.

*** I had intended to write a few notes on the above, but, on reflection, I do not wish to encumber my readers with too much Greek. In brief, then, I have only to say, that though I have translated ὑεσσιν ἀνακτορίηριν "porkers of his lord," according to the ordinary interpretation, I think the latter word has no connection with ἄναξ; that Buttmann, as usual, is a blockhead, about ἀθέσφατος, which merely means *cursed*, as we say a *cursedly* long night; that τροπαί, l. 403, is a corruption—I have rendered it according to the best interpretation I could find, and the commentators on the passage, who find Homer guilty of geographical or astronomical mistakes, are very foolish persons; that there is a line wanting after l. 423; that ναῦται should be ναῦτα, l. 435; that 437 is an interpolation; that ὄμοσαν and τελεύτησαν, l. 438, should be in the singular number; that ὡς, l. 479, perhaps, should be φὴ; and that Turnebus's note on ἀγανοῖς is trash, though backed by Heraclides Ponticus, and in a measure, adopted by Clarke. Also, for ἀπώμνυον, l. 437, read ἐπώμνυον, after the manuscript collated by Thomas Bentley; and, *meo periculo*, for ἀματροχόωντα, l. 451, which has, in Eustathius, the various reading of ὁμοτροχόωντα, read οἰοτροχόωντα, "running alone."

What a commentary could be written on the story beginning with l. 415, and ending with 484! Does any thing connected with human life change? All this story of Eumæus might have occurred on the coasts of old Calibar, in the slave-trade time, and, in spite of the zeal and energy of Governor Maclean,* may occur at Cape Coast even at present.—W. M.

* The late Captain Maclean, husband of the gifted and unfortunate L. E. L., Governor of the British settlement at Cape Coast, Africa, in 1838, and for several years later, until his death there.—M.

XI.

The Beaten Beggarman.

FROM THE ODYSSEY—Book XVIII. 1-116.

THE contest of Ulysses and Irus, which occupies the first 116 lines of the 18th *Odyssey*, is a favorite passage among the ancient critics, who evidently consider it to be, what in vulgar, but expressive language, we should call a capital piece of fun. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is inclined to trace to it the origin of comedy. "Hence [from Homer], perhaps, comedy had its origin. In the midst of his gravest and most sublime matters, we find laughter-moving episodes—as, for instance, when the beggarman Irus, in the *Odyssey*, is put up by the dissipated suitors to challenge the most noble Ulysses [γενναιοτάτῳ Ὀδυσσεῖ] to a boxing match, and turns out to be only fit for laughing at." Some philosophy follows, not worth translating. Eustathius chuckles over the incident, though he is bound to think it not consistent with epic dignity. The poet, he remarks, who is grim (σκυθρωπὸς) and rough (ἄγριος) in the *Iliad*, relaxes into ten thousand jocularities in the *Odyssey*; as nurses indulge children, so he gives the teat to his more tender and simple-minded hearers (ἡδέως τιτθεύει τοὺς

ἁπαλωτέρους καὶ ἁπλουστέρους ἀκροατάς). This passage of the comment of Eustathius is evidently corrupt, but the meaning is as I have given it. The many allusions to Irus in the classical authors mark the popularity of the incident.

As I do not believe that Homer is σκυθρωπὸς or ἄγριος in the *Iliad*, I can not think that he has *deviated* into good-humored or rough jocularity in the *Odyssey*, for the benefit of the babes and sucklings of literature. The scene in the second book of the *Iliad*, where Ulysses belabors the impudent Thersites with a cudgel—for the σκῆπτρον of the heroic ages was nothing more—is essentially of the same character as the belaboring of the impudent Irus with his fists, in the *Odyssey*. He rebuked the one as a king, chastising an inferior with authority undisputed; the other, his disguised condition compelled him to meet as an equal, and to punish, not as invested with any conventional superiority, but as the man of courage punishes the coward. In both cases the braggart is the victim of his own insolence, and the feeling of the poet is in both identical.

What is and what is not epic and poetic dignity would waste a long volume to discuss. One thing is, however, very observable. Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton—I pass the inferior names of Hesiod, Euripides, Sophocles, Ariosto, Calderon, Camoens, Goethe, and a score of others—have been vehemently accused of bad taste, in admitting puns and trivial incidents into their poems. Many very respectable authors and critics have been so good as to extenuate, because *they* could not defend, practices so reprehensible. Did it ever strike these gentlemen, that what to the greatest minds of the world appeared not inconsistent with their splendid reveries, might not need defence, or regard attack from the meanest minds in that same world, viz. the critics of *goût*? No! *That* would be the last thought to cross the self-

sufficient brains of the self-constituted authorities of "polite literature."

In the following lines, Irus, a town-beggar, sees Ulysses, disguised as a mendicant, at the house-gate of the royal residence of Ithaca, and wishes to drive off the intruder on his dues. The suitors indulge in the amusement of seeing the two beggarmen fight; and the result is consistent with *poetic* justice. I fear that in *real* life the sturdy beggar is not always unsuccessful against the true man.

The Beaten Beggarman.

I.

THERE came the public beggarman, who all throughout the town
Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged up and down;
Huge was his stomach, without cease for meat and drink craved he:
No strength, no force his body had, though vast it was to see.

II.

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus, at his birth,
But Irus was the nickname given by gallants in their mirth;
For he, where'er they chose to send, their speedy errands bore,
And now he thought to drive away Odysseus from his door.

III.

"Depart, old man! and quit the porch," he cried with insult coarse,
"Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be dragged away by force:
Dost thou not see, how here on me, their eyes are turned by all,
In sign to bid me stay no more, but fling thee from the hall?

IV.

"Tis only shame that holds me back; so get thee up and go!
Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat blow for blow."
Odysseus said, as stern he looked with angry glance, "My friend,
Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to thee intend.

V.

"I grudge not whatsoe'er is given, how great may be the dole,
The threshold is full large for both; be not of envious soul.
It seems 'tis thine, as well as mine, a wanderer's life to live,
And to the gods alone belongs, a store of wealth to give.

VI.

"But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse my angry mood;—
Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain my hands with blood.
To-morrow free I then from thee the day in peace would spend,
For never more to gain these walls thy beaten limbs would bend."

VII.

"Heavens! how this glutton glibly talks," the vagrant Irus cried;
"Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked at the chimney side.*
If I should smite him, from his mouth the shattered teeth were torn,
As from the jaws of plundering swine, caught rooting up the corn.†

* Γρηΐ καμινοῖ ἶσος· ὃν ἂν κακὰ μητισαίμην.

I have taken both interpretations of this word. In one meaning the old woman is called a chimney-hunter, because she is chatty, talkative, πολύλαλος; in another, because she is blackened with the ashes: διὰ τὸ ἐπιφαινόμενον μέλαν, ὡς οἷον ἐκ τινὸς ἀσβολῆς. I do not well understand the explanation given by Aristarchus and Herodian, quoted by Clarke from Eustathius.—W. M.

† Γναθμῶν ἐξελάσαιμι, συὸς ὣς λῃϊβοτείρης.

The scholiast informs us, that when swine are caught rooting the corn, their teeth are drawn for the offence. Ælian assures us that it is a special

VIII.

"Come, gird thee for the fight, that they our contest may behold.
If thou'lt expose to younger arms thy body frail and old."
So in debate engaged they sate upon the threshold stone,
Before Odysseus' lofty gate wrangling in angry tone.

IX.

Antinous marked, and with a laugh the suitors he addressed:
"Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay a cause of jest;
Some god, intent on sport, has sent this stranger to our hall,
And he and Irus mean to fight: so set we on the brawl."

X.

Gay laughed the guests, and straight arose, on frolic errand bound,
About the ragged beggarmen a ring they made around.
Antinous cries, "A fitting prize for the combat I require,
Paunches of goat you see are here now lying on the fire;

XI.

'This dainty food all full of blood, and fat of savory taste,
Intended for our evening's meal, there to be cooked we placed.
Which ever of these champions bold may chance to win the day,
Be he allowed which paunch he will to choose and bear away.

law in Salamis; adding, that it was supposed, that if swine ate green corn it makes their teeth rotten. Clarke says that this *explicatio* is "satis inepta." Perhaps so; but I do not think the law which enacted the tooth-drawing of swine very wise. It certainly would not much tend to improve the quality of the pork.—W. M.

And he shall at our board henceforth partake our genial cheer,
No other beggarman allowed the table to come near."

XII.

They all agreed, and then upspoke the chief of many a wile:
"Hard is it when ye match with youth age overrun with toil;
The belly,* counseller of ill, constrains me now to go,
Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a heavy blow.

* Ἄνδρα γέροντα, δόγ δρημένον· ἀλλά με γαστὴρ.

Eustathius doubts whether this γαστὴρ is that of Ulysses, or of the goat frying on the fire. The epithet κακοεργὸς is supposed to settle the question in favor or disfavor of the former. We are referred to P. 286, γαστέρα . . . οὐλομένην, ἣ πολλὰ κάκ' ἀνθρώπους δίδωσι. Seneca says, "Cum ventre humano tibi negotium est; nec rationem patitur, nec ulla prece flectitur populus esuriens." The readers of Rabelais will remember the wonders of the court of Gaster, master of arts; and as he has taken the degree from *Persius*, I volunteer a translation of the introduction to the satires, in which that important functionary is dubbed *Artium Magister ingenique largitor*.

"Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poëta prodirem.
Heliconidasque pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces: ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.
Quis expedivit psittaco suum Χαῖρε,
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos poëtas at poëtridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar."

"I never of the horse-hoof fountain
Remember to have sipped the streams,
Nor on Parnassus' two-topped mountain
Slumbered to woo-inspiring dreams,
As to come forth at once a poet;
But all the tribe of Helicon,

XIII.

"But plight your troth with solemn oath, that none will raise his hand
My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before him stand."
They took the covenant it had pleased Odysseus to propose;
And his word to plight the sacred might of Telemachus arose.

Or pale Pirene, I bestow it
To those who for their busts have won
The well-earned wreath of ivy clinging;
As for myself, but half a clown,
My own rude verses I am bringing
To join the sacred bards in town;
Who helps poor Poll to cry 'Good day, sir?'
Who to the joy our speech imparts?
The belly, of all wit the raiser;
The belly, master first of arts.
He 'tis who knows of tongues forbidden
Plainly the ready way to teach;
Show us where shines a treasure hidden,
As bright shall shine our parts of speech.
The bard or bardess who more hoarse is
Than croaking crows or chattering pies,
Who will not then believe discourses
Most Pegaseian melodies?"

Ulysses elsewhere speaks in angry terms of the belly, H. 216, *οὐ γάρ τι στυγερῇ ἐπὶ γαστέρι κύντερον ἄλλο*, &c.; a passage which offends the delicacy of Athenæus, who is followed by Bishop Blomfield in his note on Callimachus' Hymn, *εἰς Δήμητρος καλάθον*, l. 88. After the bishop has made a very unhappy attempt at an emendation, he proceeds to say, "Notum est proverbium *ταχεῖα γαστὴρ λεπτὸν οὐ τίκτει νόον*. Cæterum tota hæc descriptio [that of Erisichthon eating all before him] sordidissima est, et infra Hymni dignitatem longe posita. Callimachus, ut opinor, imitari voluit ætatis Homericæ simplicitatem. In *Odyss.* H. 215 seqq. Ulysses similia de se prædicat, quo nomine merito ab Athenæo reprehenditur, x. p. 412. C." There is not the smallest similarity between the passages in Callimachus and Homer, as any one will see on inspection. Erisichthon, who, as a *πανάμερος εἰλαπιναστὰς ἤσθιε μυρία πάντα*, is a very different person from Ulysses complaining of the necessity imposed on mankind of attending under all circumstances to the call of hunger. Alcinous had just before suspected him to be a god. This Ulysses at once contradicts, and deplores that he is obliged to submit to the ordinary

XIV.

"If," he exclaimed, "thy spirit bold, and thy courageous heart
Should urge thee from the palace gate to force this man to part,
Thou needst not fear that any here will strike a fraudful blow;
Who thus would dare his hand to rear must fight with many a foe.

XV.

"Upon me falls within these halls the stranger's help to be;
Antinous and Eurymachus, both wise, will join with me."
All gave assent, and round his loins his rags Odysseus tied:
Then was displayed each shoulder-blade of ample form and wide.

XVI.

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to sight confessed,
So were his arms of muscle strong, so was his brawny breast;
Athene close at hand each limb to nobler stature swelled;
In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when they his form beheld.

wants of human nature. The conclusion of Blomfield's note is worth copying, as coming from the pen of a man destined to be a bishop [of London; appointed in 1825]. "Hac loca miror non prolata esse à Mazochio Spicileg. in Genes, p. 194, ubi inter alia argumenta, quibus nititur ostendere homines in primævis temporibus decempedites, vel τρισκαιδεκα πήχεις fuisse, præter *vivacitatem* eorum ac miram corporis firmitudinem, etiam *voracitatem* allegat bonus canonicus." The bishop, therefore, considers it to be a natural propensity of all good canons to be inclined in favor of voracity. If his Callimachus comes to another edition, perhaps he may favor us with the result of his personal experience. He can be assisted by a canon of his own, the Rev. Sydney Smith.—W. M.

XVII.

"Irus un-Irused now," * they said, "will catch his sought-for wo,
Judge by the hips which from his rags this old man stripped can show."
And Irus trembled in his soul; but soon the servants came,
Girt him by force, and to the fight dragged on his quivering frame.

XVIII.

There as he shook in every limb, Antinous spoke in scorn:
"'Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
If thus thou quake and trembling shake, o'ercome with coward fear,
Of meeting with this aged man, worn down with toil severe.

XIX.

"I warn thee thus, and shall perform full surely what I say,
If, conqueror in the fight, his arm shall chance to win the day,
Epirus-ward † thou hence shalt sail, in sable bark, consigned
To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all mankind.

* Ἡ τάχα Ἶρος Ἄϊρος ἀπίσπατον κακὸν ἕξει·

"Irus will be un-Irused;" he will no longer be able to act as our messenger—our male Iris. His occupation is gone. Ὁ μηκέτι ἰσόμενος Ἶρος ἀλλὰ τεθνηξόμενος.—W. M.

† Πέμψω σ' ἠπειρόνδε, βαλὼν ἐν νηῒ μελαίνῃ,

I have ventured to imitate the Greek form in "Epirus-ward." There is abundance of authority for it. What this Ἤπειρος was seemed not very clear; in the catalogue in the *Iliad* it is part of the dominions of Ulysses. Here it is evidently the Norfolk Island of Ithaca, and Echetus the Colonel Arthur of his time. [Sir George Arthur was Governor of Norfolk Island, in 1837, and very unpopular for his severity and strictness.—M.] The custom alluded to in l. 86 was not, and indeed is not, uncommon in the East. It was im-

XX.

"He'll soon deface all manly trace with unrelenting steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for hungry dogs a meal."
He spoke, and with those threatening words filled Irus with fresh dread;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the midst was led.

XXI.

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt passed through Odysseus' brain
Should he strike him so, that a single blow would lay him with the slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate upon the ground;
On pondering well, this latter course the wiser one he found.*

proved upon in Ireland by O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny, husband of Devorghilla; and became the primary source of woe to the royal ragged race of Tara. Hanmer tells the story in Latin.—W. M.

* Ἠέ μιν ἦ' ἐλάσειε τανύσσειέν τ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ.

Ulysses, it will be seen, decides upon giving Irus only a *gentle* tap. What Homer's idea of gentleness could have been it is hard to say; for this light touch smashes the man's jaw-bone, knocks him down in a second, and leaves him vomiting red blood, howling and kicking upon the ground, with his teeth dashed out, unable to rise. It may be remarked, that in the heroic boxing-matches, in Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, &c., the champions have no notion of self-*defence*. A single blow generally decides. Clarke is quite delighted with the *elegance* of this description. "Pulcherrimè rem depingunt et quasi ob oculos possunt hæc verba." The suitors who actually saw it felt, of course, infinitely delighted. They were ready to die of laughing, v. 99. None of the scruples of Pope found their way into the heroes of these times. He says:—

"Soon his life to save
The king resolves, *for mercy sways the brave.*"

But it would be hard to find this any where in Homer. The king's mercy is no more than that he does not choose to kill Irus, for fear of his being discovered by the extraordinary display of skill and strength. In. l. 94, Ἀχαιοὶ is interpreted as the *suitors*. So else, when, as p. 413, &c. I suppose the word is a corruption. Would ἀγαυοὶ, the ordinary title of the suitors, be tolerable in such a construction?—W. M.

XXII.

For if his strength was fully shown, he knew that all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despite his mean disguise.
Irus the king's right shoulder hit; then he with smashing stroke
Returned a blow beneath the ear, and every bone was broke.

XXIII.

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood; down to the dust he dashed,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his teeth to pieces crashed.
There lay he, kicking on the earth; meanwhile, the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in laughter loud.

XXIV.

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him through the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against the boundary wall.
He placed a wand within his hand, and said, "The task is thine,
There seated with this staff, to drive away the dogs and swine;

XXV.

"But on the stranger and the poor never again presume
To act as lord, else, villain base, thine may be heavier doom."
So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak, to tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back to his seat he went,

XXVI.

Back to the threshold, while within uprose the laughter gay.
And with kind words was hailed the man who conquered in the fray.
"May Zeus and all the other gods, O stranger! grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, whatever suits thy will.

XXVII.

"Thy hand has checked the beggar bold, ne'er to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across the main,
Epirus-ward, to Echetus, terror of all mankind,"
So spoke they, and the king received the omen glad of mind.

XII.

The First Appearance of Helen

FROM THE ODYSSEY.—Book IV. 121-234.

As I do not purpose continuing this series beyond the present ballad, *—for surely a dozen articles of such a kind running regularly through all the numbers of a Magazine for a year is quite enough—I must not conclude without introducing the lady herself, who was the cause of all the wo, the highborn Helen, the far-famed beauty for whom fell

"The topless towers of Ilion."

and who has since been the theme of many a song. In my opening paper, I noticed the theory of the Chorizontes (*οἱ χωρίζοντες*), who maintained that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were written by different persons, grounding their opinions on the varying accounts which, as they imagine, is given of the conduct of Helen in the two poems. In the *Odyssey*, Δ. 261, she confesses that she followed Paris of her own accord, induced by the goddess of love; while in the *Iliad*, B. 356 and 590, she is described as having been carried off by violence and detained in sorrow: which Nestor calls upon the Greeks to revenge, and which fills the breast of Menelaus with indignation.

* It will be seen that Dr. Maginn did not—could not, perhaps—adhere to this resolution.—M.

The line in these two passages of the *Iliad* is the same:

τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὁρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.

Unfortunately, however, ὁρμήματα occurs no where else in Homer, or any other Greek writer; and it is very puzzling to decide upon its meaning. It is translated in the ordinary Latin version *raptum*, and must have been so interpreted by the Chorizontes. In the small Scholia, too, we find it explained by ἁρπαγήν. Eustathius gives it the sense of a *voyage;* but then τίσασθαι would necessarily express the punishment of Helen; "which," as Buttmann gallantly says, "is not to be thought of for an instant." His own opinion is, that it signifies *any violent emotion of the mind;* but when we recollect the peculiar sort of revenge recommended by Nestor, it is impossible not to suspect that the word refers to something more than mental.*

Explain it, however, as we will, it does not countenance the theory of the Chorizontes. We need not have recourse to the metaphysical refinement of maintaining that the fascination of Paris acting on a weak woman was, and continued to be, a kind of violence committed upon her; all we have to do is to consider whence comes the complaint about these ὁρμήματα, whatever they may be. Nestor urging the Greeks to fight in what he wished them to consider the cause of Helen, would, of course represent her as an injured, not a guilty woman; and Menelaus, her husband, anxious to get her back again, would naturally desire to believe that she left him with reluctance, and continually sighed to return. In the *Iliad*, Γ. 173, &c., she says that she willingly accompanied Paris, as plainly as she says it in the *Odyssey*. In her own speeches she appears as the victim

* My opinion, however, is, that in one of the passages the line is interpolated. Some ancient critics, with whom Heyne is inclined to agree, wished to expunge it from the speech of Nestor, *Il.* B. 356. I incline against the other passage. The three lines, B. 588–90, are not in the spirit of the catalogue, or in accordance with the generally unobtrusive character of Menelaus. In the speech of Nestor the line in question has a peculiar fitness.—W. M.

of love; it suits her Greek friends to represent her as the victim of violence. There surely is nothing unnatural, but directly the reverse, in these different views of her case.

We find, however, not indeed a difference, but a most delicate discrimination, between the Helen of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. In the former she is plunged in perpetual sorrow, mourning over her only daughter, her amiable friends, her famous brothers, whom she had deserted, and cursing herself, as the occasion of all the sorrow and misfortunes by which she is surrounded, from her first appearance to her last. In the *Odyssey*, we see her proud of port, magnificent in appearance, every inch a queen. Circumstances only are different—the woman is the same—the one Helen of the one Homer. Her burst of grief on seeing, from the towers of Troy, her old friends now alienated from her, and of still more poignant lamentation, on *not* seeing among them her renowned brothers, the first of men on the turf and in the ring, steed-taming Castor and stout-handed Pollux, is only natural. How soon is that sorrow checked, and the deep remorse she expresses for her lapse and its consequences forgotten, the moment that coming in ready obedience at his call she sees the man for whom she had abandoned every thing she had so lately lamented! how soon is her petulant speech of taunting reproach silenced, and how easily does she yield again at the first warm words of flattery and love! Is not this also natural?

When Paris is slain, she is transferred, according to the custom of those ages, to Deiphobus. The only passage in which she is introduced in company with her new husband occurs shortly after the lines which I am about to translate (*Od.* Δ—289); and it represents him suspicious, as he well might be, of her movements, and urging her to deeds of treachery, in which he finds her no reluctant associate. But by this time the guilty love had departed, and she desires no longer to remain in Troy.

The post-Homeric-writers—who, however, knew no more about the matter than ourselves—assign to her the part of betraying Deiphobus to death, in order to make her peace with Menelaus. It merely marks their opinion of the general treachery of her character; for we find nothing of it in Homer, who describes the house of Deiphobus as having been taken, after a desperate battle—*αἰνότατον πόλεμον*—by Ulysses and Menelaus. *Od.* Θ. 517—520.

Herbert, in conformity with the theory of his Nimrod, applies to her the character of "the accursed woman" shut up in the tower. I interpret Homer all through literally. Helen has no enchantment about her but the charms which Nature gave.*

* Anacreon, *Od.* 2.] I venture upon some paraphrastic mimicry of this untranslatable ode, placing it, with due appreciation of rank, in a note. I versify it in the favorite metre of Burns. If *he* had known a little Greek (a very little would have been necessary), and thought translation of Anacreon worthy of his genius, we might have have had something Teian in our language, or, at least, in its Scotch dialect. As it is:—

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,
ὁπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,
ποδωκίην λαγωοῖς,
λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,

τοῖς ἰχθύσιν τὸ νηκτὸν,
τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασθαι,
τοῖς ἀνδράσιν φρόνημα
γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔπεῖχεν
τί οὖν δίδωσι; Κάλλος.

ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασέων,
ἀντ' ἐγχέων ἁπάντων·
νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον,
καὶ πῦρ, καλή τις οὖσα.

I.

Horns to the bull has Heaven decreed;
With hoof of vigor armed the steed;
Gifted the hare with foot of speed;
So toothed the jaw
Of yawning lion, as to breed
Terror and awe.

She is the beauty of Greece—the wooed of fifty princes, the flower of Hellas, plighted by solemn vows to defend her from insult and wrong, though her choice could light only on one among them. This is sufficient to excuse all her frailties, to cast all her errors into oblivion. Pope, in his own peculiar line of poetry unsurpassable, has told the story in the often-quoted line of the *Rape of the Lock*. Helen, like Belinda, had the failings of her sex; but men had only to

"Look in her face, and you forget them all."

True it is, that the failings of Belinda were not of so grave a kind as those of the Argive beauty—being nothing worse than flirting, ogling, "and all that;" but, on the other hand, her beauty was not of the celestial lustre of the δῖα γυναικῶν, before which, from early youth to mature womanhood, all who beheld her, were they old or young, favored or injured, were prostrate in admiration. In Helen's case, any excuse will suffice. Fate—Venus—the will of the gods—any thing—is made to palliate the conduct, however deserving of the severest censure, of the woman whose countenance, even in the eyes of Trojan elders, is like to the immortal goddesses; and for whom the very fathers of the city, exposed to ruin and slaughter on

II.

To fish is given to stem the tide;
To birds, on wing through air to glide;
To men, with forethought to provide
For every duty.
Was aught for woman left beside?
O, yes! 'twas beauty!

III.

Beauty! compared with thee, the shield
Guards less the heart in battle-field;
Less sharp the spears that warriors wield,
Darted on foeman!
Hard steel, fierce flame, themselves must yield—
To charm of woman.

her account, admit, as they gaze upon her, that it is no wonder that nations should engage in all the woes of war. She was, beside, of the blood of the gods—of the highest blood, too; and ladies of heavenly birth claimed privileges not conceded to ordinary mortals, and had their claims allowed. In this war, the complaint of her Greek partisans was not that she had granted favors to Paris, but that she, the Jove-born, had been subjected to violence and rape. Had she remained quietly at home, her lapse would have been attributed to some immediate avatar of the gods; and Menelaus would have borne it with as much tranquillity as Amphitryon.

The Helen of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is in the main features of character essentially one. She is selfish, sensual, and splendid. In the *Iliad*, the uncertainty of her lot, and the surrounding slaughter, draw from her bitter complaints and unavailing wishes that she had never been born, or had perished in the waves before she came to Troy; but her griefs are selfish. We find her first coolly employed in weaving tapestry to picture forth the battles of the armies "suffering woes" on her account: and when she learns that Paris and Menelaus are to fight in single combat to decide to whom she was to belong as wife, she feels, certainly, a slight emotion of soft remembrance of other days; but it does not make her forget the necessity of wrapping herself up in silvery sheen, and descending, with her handmaidens, in due state, to witness, as a scarcely-concerned spectator, the scenes going on in the plains. She is perfectly reconciled to the result of the conflict, whatever it may be. She thinks tenderly of her former husband—*i. e.* she is ready to return to him if he wins her, and to abandon her Trojan lover. She is found equally ready to fall into the arms of Paris when he comes back from the field. When she reproaches him for his defeat, her anger is embittered by the reflection of the disgrace it occasions to herself. (*Il.* Z. 349, &c.) As she had

deserted her husband, she wishes that the man for whom the gods destined her had been one more worthy of respect, and more sensible of honorable impulses. So, when she mourns over the slain body of Hector, her sorrow flows principally from her conviction, that by his death she has lost a powerful friend, at a moment when she most wants a protector. (*Il.* Ω. 773, &c.) Her conduct to Paris is that of a finished coquette. She chides and upbraids him, but the next instant shares with him the pleasures of sensual love. Not only is she prepared, if the decision of the fight decrees it, to leave him for Menelaus; but she hints plainly enough (*Il.* Γ. 400), that if it were the will of Venus that she should go with any other favorite of the goddess in Phrygia or Mæonia, she might murmur at the arrangement, but would not think of disobeying.

In the *Odyssey*, we find her displaying the same external splendor, and the same indifference to the sufferings of others, provided her own feelings are gratified. We learn from herself, that she connived at the slaughter of the Trojans by the hands of Ulysses, whom she welcomed and harbored when he entered the town as a spy; and from her husband, that she was equally ready to betray Ulysses himself, and his companions in the horse, to slaughter, as merciless at the hands of Deiphobus, by luring them to their fate by a treacherous imitation of the voices of their wives. She rejoiced, she tells us, in her heart, when she heard the shrill wailing of the Trojan women; because she now—now that Paris was no more—was anxious to return home; and not a word of compassion or remorse, except in general and unmeaning phrases, drops from her concerning all the misery she occasioned. Paris is never mentioned (perhaps on the principle of Haynes Bayly's song, "Oh, no, we never mention her!"). The misfortunes of the war are freely treated, as if she were indifferent to all concerned; and if she sheds, in company with others, an idle tear over Ulysses,

whose craft and deceit had chiefly attracted her admiration (*Od.* Δ. 257), she speedily banishes reflections that might disturb her, by the sweet oblivious antidote of nepenthe. Her selfish sorrows, in the *Iliad*, are replaced by a disposition for ease equally selfish. She is forgiven by her husband—the time of deep emotion has passed away—the bloody dream of war is over—the sweet intoxication of sensual passion gone. She sits as queen in the halls of her native land; and though she sometimes uses words of regret or shame, it is plain that her heart is at rest, from feeling, that all is done—that whatever memories she may retain for those who once stirred every passion, they shall not be permitted to disturb her present repose—that she is never again to witness scenes of reproach, danger, or dismay—and that where she now is none dare censure her, but, on the contrary, that all admitted to her presence approach her in profound submission to her rank and fame, or in unfeigned admiration of her peerless beauty and her excelling attractions.

She is perpetually applying to herself terms of condemnation; but from Homer, in his own person, we never heard a word of blame directed against her. It was no part of his task to compose sermons, or ethical treatises; but he gives his opinions in a way just as intelligible as if he had moralized through a whole volume. Helen, in the *Iliad*, is shown in contrast with Andromache; in the *Odyssey*, with Penelope; and many and minute are the touches of distinction between the characters of the respective ladies—between the devoted wife, praying her husband not to rush into danger, no matter how honorable might be the occasion, and the sensual mistress, driving her lover to the combat that he might not disgrace her choice—between the afflicted woman, begging, in tones of pathetic eloquence, that her Hector should not abide the issue of a single combat, pressed upon him by every consideration of public honor and

private feeling, and the haughty dame, whining, indeed, with a mixture of coquetry and selfish remorse, but coolly awaiting the result of a duel, in which her husband, to whose honorable qualities she herself bears testimony, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the man for whom she professed a fatal affection, peril their lives solely on her account, indifferent to the fate of the combat, and prepared to welcome the embraces of either — and, again, between the cautious and prudent lady, waiting, in widowhood and seclusion, long years, in the hope of her husband's return, subjecting herself to insult and annoyance, while she reared their son to manhood, though scarcely dreaming that her hopes would be fulfilled at last, and the *intrigante*, reckless of every thing but immediate gratification, abandoning home, and honor, and daughter, without scruple, living a life of luxury and splendor, professing love, but feeling none of its noble or soul-stirring emotions, at once braving the world and wooing its flatteries — between Penelope, chaste, upright, free from self-reproach, and careless of the female point of honor, and Helen, proud of bearing, but tormented by her own thoughts whenever she ventures to think, sincere, perhaps, for the moment, in the utterance of remorseful emotions, but confirmed by long practice in hypocrisy and deceit. Faithless and fair, an object of admiration more than of love, of pity rather than of condemnation for her errors, trusted by none, and complimented by all, the very splendor with which she is introduced, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, affords a striking contrast to the affectionate meeting of Andromache and Hector, and the modest demeanor of Penelope, called from her chamber to check a song reminding her too sadly of her absent husband. These are the scenes in which these ladies are originally introduced in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Her striking grandeur of appearance is one of the marks which incline me to believe that Homer intended to represent

Helen as the character [not exactly of the accursed, but] of the false woman. It is a characteristic of the Cleopatras, the Olympias, the Clevelands, and other such ladies of all times and countries. It can be hardly worth while to write a dissertation on such a subject here; but it would not be hard to prove that gorgeousness of personal appearance is at once a cause and a consequence of that disposition which led Helen to err.

But she must not be waited for any longer. Adraste, and Alcippe, and Phylo, and Asphalion, are waiting in full pomp to introduce

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN.

TELEMACHUS, and Pisistratus, son of Nestor, arrive at Sparta in quest of information after Ulysses; and they are there hospitably received by Menelaus and Helen. They arrive on prosperous occasion, which may be "taken in the very words of Pope:"—

> "And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds—
> Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds.
> At the fair dome the rapid labor ends,
> Where sat Atrides, 'midst his bridal friends,
> With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
> To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour."

Hermione, the daughter of Helen and Menelaus, was wedded to the son of Achilles; and Megapenthes, whom it pleases Pope to call the offspring of a *stolen* amour [ἐκ δούλης] of great Atrides' *age*, to the daughter of Alector, by the same authority styled his *handmaid*. The visitors are astonished at the magnificence which they behold. Those who read the Greek Homer, not the English, from whom he was, according to the epigram, translated, will be as much astonished at many things in the following—among the rest, at the title of "seneschal" applied to the κρείων Ἐτεωνεύς.

"The seneschal, rebuked, in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the courses, from the car enlarged.
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharged:
Part in a portico, profusely graced.
With rich magnificence the chariot placed;
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend:
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel train attends the guests
With liquid odors, and embroidered vests.
Refreshed, they wait them to the bower of state
Where circled with his peers Atrides sate:
Throned next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mould,
The burnished laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:—
'Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare;
Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents can not stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.'
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honors of the rich repast.
Sufficed, soft whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclined, young Ithacus begun:
View'st thou unmoved, O ever-honored most
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
Above, beneath, around, the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove."

It is, however, one of the best executed passages in Pope; for the splendor of the house of Menelaus is sedulously pressed upon our attention, and the stately versification of Pope does it justice. I have chosen for the following ballad a metre which, if properly managed, is capable of majestic utterance. It is the *trochaic tetrameter catalectic* of the ancients, if such designations be applicable to our style of verse. In our own ballads (I quote from memory, and will not guarantee my readings), that of

"Do' you | kno'w a | Tur'kish | la'dy ‖,
How' she | lov'ed an | Eng'lish | ma'n.
Go'ld and | je'wels | ri'ch as | ma'y be ‖,
Ro'yal | clo'thing | ha'd she | o'n."

In the classical *Pervilegium Veneris:*

"Cras a' | me't qui | nun'qu' a- | ma'vit ‖
Qui qu' a- | ma'vit | cra's a- | met.
Ve'r no- | vu'm ver | ja'm ca- | no'rum ‖
Ve're- | na'tus | o'rbis | est."

Or in the hymns of that musical dialect which forms the link between the classical and the romantic metres, as:—

"Ta'ntum | e'rgo | sa'cra- | me'ntum ‖
Ve'ne- | re'mur | ce'rnu- | i
E't an- | ti'quum | do'cu- | me'ntum ‖
Ce'dat | no'vo | ri'tu- | i," &c.

"Ma'cte | ju'dex | mo'rtu- | o'rum ‖
Ma'cte | re'x vi- | ve'nti- | um.
So'lve | vo'cem | me'ns so- | no'ram ‖
So'lve | li'nguam | mo'bi- | lem."

The First Appearance of Helen.

I.

FROM her perfumed chamber wending,
Did the high-born Helen go:
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow;
Then Adrasta, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair;
Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe soft and fair.

II.

Phylo came the basket holding,
Present of Alcandra's hand.
Fashioned was its silvery moulding
In old Egypt's wealthy land;
She, in famous Thebè living,
Was of Polybus the spouse,
He with soul of generous giving
Shared the wealth that stored his house.

III.

Ten gold talents from his coffer,
Lavers twain of silver wrought,
With two tripods at his offer,
Had he to Atrides brought;
While his lady came bestowing
Gifts to Helen rich of price,
Gave a distaff, golden, glowing,
Gave this work of rare device.

IV.

Shaped was it in fashion rounded,
All of silver but the brim,
Where by skilful hand 'twas bounded,
With a golden-guarded rim.
Now to Helen Phylo bore it,
Of its well-spun labor full,
And the distaff laid she o'er it,
Wrapt in violet-tinted wool.

V.

Throned, then, and thus attended,
Helena the king addressed:
"Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Know'st thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true;
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?

VI.

"Shape of male or female creature,
Like to bold Odysseus' son;
Young Telemachus in feature,
As this youth I seen have none.
From the boy his sire departed,
And to Ilion's coast he came
When to valiant war ye started
All for me—a thing of shame."

VII.

And Atrides spake, replying,
"Lady, so I think as thou,

Such the glance from eyeball flying,
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the locks his forehead gracing;
And I marked how, as I told
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,
Down his cheek the tear-drop rolled.

VIII.

"While he wiped the current straying
With his robe of purple hue."
Nestor's son then answered, saying—
"What thou speakest, king, is true.
He who at thy board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung;
Modest thoughts, his age befitting,
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.

IX.

"To address thee could he venture,
While thy winning accents flowed,
In our ravished ears to enter,
As if uttered by a god!
At Gerenian Nestor's sending
Comes beneath my guidance he,
In the hope thy well intending
To his guest of help may be.

X.

Many a son feels sorrow try him
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrade by him,
In his danger prop or stay.
So, my friend, now vainly sighing,
O'er his father absent long,

Finds no hand, on which relying,
He may meet attempted wrong." 167

XI.

[Kindly Menelaus spake him,*
Praised his sire in grateful strain,
Told his whilome hope to take him
As a partner in his reign;
All were softened at his telling
Of the days now past and gone;
Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

XII.

Gushing came they for his brother,
Slain by Dawn-born Memnon's sword;
But his grief he strove to smother,
As unfit for festal board.
Ceased the tears for wo and slaughter,
And again began the feast;
Bore Asphalion round the water,
Tendered to each noble guest.]

XIII.

Then to banish gloomy thinking, 219
Helen on gay fancy bent,
In the wine her friends were drinking,
Flung a famed medicament:† 220

* I have condensed into two stanzas the substance of the lines from v. 168 to v. 218, as I fear they would seem tedious in this metre. I resume at 219.—W. M.

† Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

What the nepenthe may be has puzzled critics and physicians. It is generally supposed to be opium; others think it the sedative extract of hyoscy-

Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
Sweet oblivion of all wo;
He the bowl thus tempered draining
Never felt a tear to flow.

XIV.

Not if she whose bosom bore him
Or his sire in death were laid;
Were his brother slain before him,
Or his son with gory blade.
In such drugs was Helen knowing;
Egypt had supplied her skill,
Where these potent herbs are growing,
Some for good, and some for ill.

amus, monkshood, or some such narcotic plant. Shall I hazard a conjecture, *ψεύσομαι ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω*? The mixture which Helen gives her guests is intoxicating. The derivation from *νη* and *πένθος*, though plausible enough, as combined here with *ἄχολον*, is apparently an afterthought. It is, in all probability, an Oriental word adopted into Greek, and, by the Greeks, as in many other such cases, assumed as their own, and supplied, as a matter of course, with a Greek etymology. I need not go further for an example than Ἰησοῦς (Joshua) derived from *ἰάομαι*. As for the *νη*, that may be easily disposed of—either in the sense of value, or *νεος*—and then *πενθες* remains. Striking off the grammatical termination, we come to the root *πενθ*. This is the same word, with an aspiration, as *πεντ*, the root of *πέντε*, *five*. Now, *πεντ*, comes directly from Sanscrit; and the Sanscrit has supplied *us* with another word, which originally, in India *five*, is now the name of what jovial drainers of the bowl, who know nothing of its etymology, are in the habit of describing as our national liquor, viz. *punch*. A reference to no more recondite authority than Johnson's Dictionary will show the Indian origin of this word, expressive of the liquor of *five* ingredients. If my conjecture be allowed, the author, whoever he may have been, of "Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the tisick," was unconsciously imitating one of the most famous passages of Homer, *Od.* Δ. 220, &c. I may here remark, that a familiarity with the use of drugs, as elsewhere of divination, ascribed to Helen by Homer, is another characteristic of ladies of her disposition.—W. M.

[The following farewell followed the close of the twelfth ballad as originally published in *Fraser's Magazine.*]

*** I here conclude these ballads. Accident has confined the series to the *Odyssey** but I must add, that I think it the older of the two Homeric poems; for which belief, in spite of Longinus, I could adduce some reasons; but I have taken up sufficient quantity of room already. And so I bid farewell to Homer, the POET. In the words of a sincere admirer, though a feeble follower, Silius Italicus:

> Meruit deus esse videri,
> Et fuit in tanto non parvum pectore numen,
> CARMINE COMPLEXUS TERRAM, MARE, SIDERA, MANES,
> ET CANTU MUSAS, ET PHŒBUM ÆQUAVIT HONORE.
> *Punic.* X. Lib. xiii. 786–9.

* The four Ballads which follow this statement are taken from the *Iliad.*—M.

XIII.

The Genealogy of Glaucus.

FROM THE ILIAD.—Book VI. 145-211.

One of the most famous episodes in the *Iliad* is the colloquy of Glaucus and Diomed in the sixth book, beginning with l. 119,

Γλαῦκος δ', Ἱππολόχοιο πάϊς, καὶ Τυδέος υἱός,

and ending with l. 236,

χρυσία χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.*

* Clarkè, in his note on this line, observes, that Fulvius Ursinus was wrong in considering it as rhyming. "Neque enim," he says, "κειων et βοίων similem istum sonum in diphthongis dissimilibus efficiunt." But Fulvius iotacized, as the modern Greeks do to this day, and pronounced both diphthongs, ει and οι, as our *ee*. The line would now be read by a modern Greek,

"Hhrysēa hhalkéeōn, hekatómvee' enneaveéōn,"—

which certainly rhymes. Such rhymes perpetually occur in Romaic—for instance, in Soutzo's *Kithara*:—

ποῦ νὰ πᾷς
Ἂς ἀγαπᾷς;
καὶ εἰς ποῖον
καφφενεῖον;—Ἡ πλώσκά μου, p. 24.

Whether this method of reading ancient Greek be the correct one is a different question.—W. M.

An attempt is here subjoined of rendering into ballad metre the beautiful speech of Glaucus, which abounds in poetical graces of every kind.

The episode is also one of the favorite passages selected by those who think that the Homeric poems are nothing more than *centos*. It is indeed certain that the 119 lines of which it consists might be struck out of the *Iliad* without in any way deranging the general order of the poem, Glaucus making scarcely any figure elsewhere; and the incident bearing no reference to the events immediately following or preceding. But still there are textual difficulties, which those who compare the connection between the 118th line of the sixth book with the 237th will easily perceive, though it would be too minute to enumerate them, rendering it very improbable that the passages were *immediately* joined. Waving, however, this, which may by some tinkering be mended, the main objection recurs, Who the poet was that wrote them, if he whom we call Homer did not? Are we to believe in the existence of twenty-four or forty-eight Homers? Nay, the coefficient may be considerably reduced. Were there *two* Homers? All the philology in the world will not alter the moral conviction of the impossibility of the coexistence of two poets far transcending all who followed, and supplying models and materials for all future poetry, identical in thought, in manners, in feeling, in style, in dialect, in metre, in rhythm, in every thing; while in the lapse of almost a hundred generations of articulate speaking men, who have flourished and faded since their disappearance, nothing at all approaching to such a phenomenon has occurred. We might as well believe in the fortuitous concurrence of Atoms.

In this episode we have, besides the delightful narrative style peculiar to Homer, the magnificently Homeric comparison of the generations of men to the generation of leaves, which was one of the greatest favorites of antiquity. What poet wrote

that? Is he a different man from him who wrote the parting of Hector and Andromache, a couple of hundred lines further on? If he be, we have a "fortuitous concurrence," and a most marvellous one indeed. It would be just as easy to credit that the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the charging speech of Henry V. were written by two different people—indeed far more easy, as the styles of these celebrated bursts of poetry are essentially different; and that Hemynge and Condel played the part assigned to Pisistratus, by binding them together in a volume inscribed with the name of some phantom, which they called Shakespeare.

The message of Prœtus has occasioned much controversy, and has been brought to bear upon this question of the individuality of Homer. What were the *σήματα λυγρὰ*? Were they letters, or symbols of death? What is *γράψας*? Is it writing, or mere marking? What was the *πίναξ πτυκτος*? Is the line in which it occurs authentic or spurious? The ancients, in general, entertained no doubt that the fatal message was conveyed in a letter, and "Bellerophon's letters" passed into a proverb among them. In more critical times, the other opinion prevailed, and I think justly. There is no trace of the existence of the art of writing in the Homeric poems, which among other reasons is a fit cause for ascribing the *Batrachomyomachia* to another author than the poet of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; because in that pleasant little burlesque, writing is distinctly referred to. Hence we are asked to believe that Homer and the men of his times could not write, and that therefore we are indebted to tradition for his poems. As works of such length could hardly be composed without writing, and certainly not remembered by any individual as a whole, it is argued that they were originally nothing but a set of detached ballads produced by different people; and after having been for a long period of time sung in the East, much to the delight of their

hearers, they were gathered into a collection by Lycurgus, and afterward exhibited in the ordered form in which they have come down to us by Pisistratus. But it is forgotten that Homer flourished three generations after the Trojan war, and the art of writing might have been introduced into Greece from the East in that very century. It does not follow that because *Ajax* could not write, *Homer* could not. Homer was depicting to his contemporaries the manners of their grandfathers, or great-grandfathers, and the deeds, of which the fame only had reached his ears, and which he hastened to immortalize. Many things indicate that changes had taken place. His heroes are driven about in chariots, and never ride — if they could, they would, of course, have abandoned the clumsier method of fight; but, in Homer's time, the art was known, for he describes in a simile a very difficult and active feat of horsemanship. They resort perpetually to the primitive practice of throwing stones at one another; from Homer's complaints of the degeneracy of the men of his day in not being able to lift such ponderous missiles as Ajax and others fling about with ease, we may conclude that the practice had been abandoned. Other indications of the same kind are easily found. If this conjecture be right, it will add another proof that great discoveries at their commencement act as stimulants to genius. If the invention of writing be graced by the appearance of Homer, the invention of printing more than two thousand years after called into existence within a century a greater quantity of human power and intellect than ever was recorded to have existed together in the history of man.

In the case of Prœtus, Homer is narrating what occurred two generations before the birth of Glaucus, in the youth of his grandfather, in a still darker age, of which Nestor is the sole survivor — the age when there were Centaurs in the mountains to be utterly destroyed by a race of demigods, man-fighting

Amazons, and Chimæras breathing fire. In these days we may reasonably doubt a knowledge of the art of writing, and admit that the *σήματα λυγρὰ* were no more than symbols; something, perhaps, like the picture-writing of the Mexicans [a magnificent monument of which, let me remark in passing, is to be found in the splendid folios of the late Lord Kingsborough, who, after spending larger sums of money on a literary work than ever was before expended by any nobleman—in fact £32,000—a work, too, which confers honor on the country, died, much to the credit of the laws of the land, a prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea jail of Dublin*]; but it by no means follows that, in a couple of hundred years after the art had not been acquired. Sir William of Deloraine honestly confesses that he knew neither letter nor line; we can hardly argue from that candid confession that his brother-knight and clansman, Sir Walter Scott, was in the same happy state of ignorance, and that we are indebted to the recitations of various bards unknown, whose unwritten and unconnected ballads respecting certain border feuds were gathered by the Pisistratic Ballantyne, for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel!* One supposition is just as reasonable as the other, and yet this is the *cheval de bataille* of

* There is a copy of this magnificent work in the Astor Library, New York. Indeed, several copies have reached this country, where they have been sold for as many *dollars* as they went for *pounds* in England. Viscount Kingsborough, born in 1795, was eldest son of the Earl of Kingston, an Irish peer. He was member of Parliament, for the county of Cork, from 1820 to 1826. Quitting public life, in which he made no figure, he devoted himself to study, and published his great work on Mexican antiquities in 1831. Four copies were printed on vellum:—of these, the author presented one to the British Museum, in London, and another to the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The fate of Lord Kingsborough was precisely that indicated by Dr. Maginn. His father had become much involved—Lord Kingsborough became security for some of the debts, which his father promised should be paid at an appointed time—this promise was broken and Lord Kingston got out of the way—the creditors issued execution against Lord Kingsborough, and put him into the Sheriff's prison [the Marshalsea] in Dublin—there he caught a typhus fever, of which he died in February, 1837, aged 42.—M.

Wolf and his adherents. I am of opinion that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are coeval with the art of writing, or rather of its introduction into Europe, and a more glorious introduction it could not have found.

In a pause during the battle, Glaucus and Diomed meet. The latter, who has been lately engaged with the gods in combat, does not wish to continue in such dangerous contests, and inquires whether his antagonist is of earth or heaven. "'I will not fight,' he says, 'with the blissful gods; but if you are of the mortals who eat the fruit of the earth, approach that you may the sooner arrive at the borders of death.' And the gallant son of Hippolochus addressed him in reply."

The Geneology of Glaucus.

I.

WHY do you ask, bold Tydeus' son,
  Why do you ask, what race am I?
As forest-leaves have come and gone,
  So does the race of mankind hie:
The wind outblows, and straightway strows
  The scattered leaves upon the ground;
But soon the wood blooms green in bud,
  When again the spring-tide hours come round.

II.

Such, and no more, the race of man;
  One flowers, and another fades apace.
But if you truly wish to scan
  How runs the lineage of our race,
What many know I straight will show:
  Within a nook of Argos land,
The land which breeds such gallant steeds,
  Doth Ephyra's ancient* city stand.

III.

And there dwelt Sisyphus, the son
  Of Œolus, the tempest lord

* I have ventured to insert the epithet *ancient*, as Ephyra was the old name of Corinth. Some notion of its antiquity must have taken possession of the mind of Clarke; for he quotes Virgil's "Urbs antiqua fuit" as a parallel passage.—W. M.

And through all the earth a wiliet one
Could not the sons of men afford.
To Glaucus his heir, did his lady bear
The gallant youth, Bellerophon,
To whom high Heaven had fine form given,
And strength in kindly valor shown.

IV.

But Prœtus, in his evil soul,
Felt toward him foul and felon thought
(And under King Prœtus' stern control
Had Jove the men of Argos brought),
His queenly dame of lofty name
Had felt sharp passion's fiercest sting,
And to his breast, with love unblest,
Desired in stolen joy to cling.

V.

But wise, and all averse to wrong,
He would not with her wish comply.
Then spoke she with a traitorous tongue
Her husband in a ready lie:
"Do slaughter on Bellerophón,
Or let thyself, O Prœtus! die,
Because he strove with shameless love
Within my arms by force to lie."

VI.

She spoke: and when the king had heard,
All through his soul fierce anger flew;
To slay his youthful guest he feared.
Much scrupling such a deed to do,

By his command to Lycian land
The unsuspecting youth was sent.
But many a mark of import dark
He bore off with him as he went.

VII.

In tablets of the closest fold,
Prœtus' life-killing mandates lay—
There was his lady's father told
Bellerophón at once to slay.
But heavenly led to Lycia sped,
My favored grandsire on his way;
And when he came to Xanthus' stream,*
Much honor did its monarch pay.

VIII.

Nine days they held the constant feast,
Nine oxen for the board they slew;
When on the tenth day in the East,
Blushed forth the dawn of rosy hue,
The king addressed his honored guest,
And spoke his wish that should be shown
With what intent there had been sent
To Lycian land Bellerophón.

* Came—stream.] Let any body who objects to this as an Irish rhyme, look over those of so modern and exact a rhymist as Pope. He rhymes *sea* with *way; tea* with *obey*, &c. *Strame*, as the Irish in general still pronounce it, was unquestionably the original pronunciation, and words of that spelling were always so rhymed in our poets until very recent times. It would be hard to say when London fashion iotacized the diphthongal form *ea* into *ee*. We still keep it in its primitive state in our primitive viand, beefsteak, leaving it to the French to mince it into bifstik.—W. M.

IX.

Now when the message met his eye—
And Prœtus' felt intent he knew—
He sent him, and one doomed to die,
The dire Chimæra to subdue.
From heavenly seed, not human breed,
That yet unconquered monster came.
Dreadful, I ween, her throat was seen
Fierce breathing forth the fiery flame.

X.

In head a lion, in the tail
A dragon, and a goat in loin;
Yet did his valor there prevail,
Upheld by portents all divine.
And next his glaive the Solymi brave
Did with their blood in battle wet:
Oft did he say such desperate fray
As theirs in fight he never met.

XI.

Thirdly, he smote with mortal scar
The Amazons who warred on man;
And back returning from that war
'Gainst him a plot the Lycians plan.
Through Lycia wide, the flower and pride
Of all her warriors have they ta'en,
And with them laid an ambuscade;
But not a man returned again.

XII.

'They perished by his hand subdued;
And then, as Lycia's king knew well

That he was born of godlike blood,
He kept him in the land to dwell.
His daughter as bride he gave, and, beside,
Shared with him half his reign;
And of land which there is most rich and rare
Was chosen as his domain.

XIII.

Fit land the clustering vine to raise,
Fit land to ply the spade;
But even on him in latter days
The wrath of Heaven was laid.
And all alone he wandered on
The Aleian plain apart;
From human path, in wo or wrath,
Devouring his own heart.

XIV.

Two sons, one daughter, to his love
Were by his lady given;
Laodamia, lofty Jove,
Whose guidance rules o'er Heaven,
Clasped in his arms, and of her charms
Is brave Sarpedon sprung;
But Artemis' bow soon laid her low,
By fiery anger stung.

XV.

Isander against the Solymi
In glorious battle stood;
And Ares doomed him there to die,
The sateless god of blood.

The second son as sire I own,
Hippolochus he hight;
And from Lycia far, to the field of war,
Hath he sent me here to fight.

XVI.

And much was the counsel my father gave
At Troy to bear me well:
Ever to show myself bold and brave,
And all others to excel;
And not to disgrace the ancient race,
Which still mid the best did shine
Or in Lycia wide, or by Ephyra-side.
Such, Diomede, is my line. 211

XIV.

The Arming of Achilles.

FROM THE ILIAD—Book XIX. 357 *to the end.*

The passage of which the subjoined is a version has always been admired as one of the most ornate and elaborate examples of the figure to which the Latin rhetoricians give the name of *Expectatio.* Homer employs it on many occasions, on which a long note, by Clark, on *Iliad,* v. 4, may be consulted. Here the beloved friend of Achilles is slain, in the 822d line of the sixteenth book of the *Iliad,* and yet we do not find the avenger of blood actually engaged in the fight until the 160th line of the twentieth, being some 2000 lines apart, or about the seventh part of the whole poem. A dismal and remorseless fight takes place over the body before the intelligence is conveyed to Achilles; the instant, however, that the sad tidings are communicated, he is not to delay another moment. His mother succeeds in persuading him that it is impossible he should appear in fight without armor, and that procures a delay. Unarmed, however, he does come forth, and his well-known war-cry is of itself sufficient to

scare the victorious Trojans from the field. This, as Clarke observes, is no more than the "Achillis ad pugnam redituri fama atque *expectatio*." The night is occupied in the deliberations of Hector and the forgery of the celestial arms. The reconciliation with Agamemnon must next be effected; but, at last, all preparations are over. "The hour has come, and *here* is the man;" he has come forth determined to do or die.

The Arming of Achilles.

I.

AS snow-flakes are driven through the wintry heaven,
When Boreas fiercely blows,
So thick and so fast, helms beaming bright,
And bossy shields, and corslets tight,
And ash-spears ready for the fight,
Out from the ships arose.

II.

And their brilliant beam, in dazzling stream,*
Skyward ascending soared,

* Several passages are quoted by the commentators as imitations of this famous passage: as from Lucretius:—

"Fulgur ibi ad cœlum se tollit; totaque circum
Ære renidescit tellus."—Lib. ii. 327.

Or Virgil:—

"Ac late fluctuat omnis
Ære renidenti tellus."—Geor. ii. 281.

But where is γέλασσε, poetically paraphrased by Porphyry λαμπρυνθεῖσα φαίδρὰ γίγονεν—gladdened by the gleam? The shining of the armor made a great impression on the poets and balladists of the middle ages; and their last representative, Froissart, never loses an opportunity of introducing it into his warlike pictures. "It is probable," says Pope, "the reader may think the words *shining, splendid,* and others, derived from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. My author is to answer for it; but it may be alleged in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every soldier to serve in armor, and when those arms were of brass, before the use of iron became common, these images of lustre were less avoidably and more necessarily present in descriptions of this nature." I do not think any excuse needed. Gunpowder has besmirched all these glories; but even in these days of villainous saltpetre, who has not felt that the very ground looks gladdened when the sun favors a holyday review of our own red-coats?

And the shine which their armor shed around
Lit with a laugh the kindling ground,
While their trampling feet raised a thunder sound,
As they closed about their lord.

III.

His teeth he gnashed, and his eyeballs flashed
Like the flame of a burning brand;
His soul with grief and rage was fraught;
And wrapping his heart in vengeful thought,
He harnessed himself in the armor wrought
And given by Hephæstos' hand.

IV.

First, with the grasp of silver clasp,
His greaves did he buckle on;
Then he armed his breast with a bright cuirass,
Flung round his shoulders his sword of brass,
Uplifted his shield, a ponderous mass,
Like the moon from afar it shone.*

Lucretius has, I think, been more happy in imitation of the

ὑπὸ δὲ κτύπος ὦρνυτο ποσσὶν ἀνδρῶν.

"Subterque virum vi
Excitur pedibus sonitus."—Lib. ii. 328.

The opening simile of this passage — the comparison of the pouring forth of armed men, flights of arrows, &c. &c., to the driving of snow-flakes in a storm — has also ever been a favorite. Sir Walter Scott repeats it several times in prose and verse. He uses the contrary picture of the snow dissolving as a comparison for an army breaking up, with much poetical effect, in his *Marmion*:—

"They faded from the field as snow
Dissolves in silent dew."—W. M.

* Milton's comparison of Satan's shield to the moon will immediately occur to the English reader:

"His shield
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

V.

As when sailors, who keep on the storm-vexed deep
  Their way with unwilling oar,
The blaze of a distant fire espy
From some lonely fold in the mountains high,
When forced by the blast their course they ply,
  Driven away from their native shore;

VI.

So to heaven shot the light from the buckler bright
  That guarded Achilles' breast.
Next lifted he up to sheath his head
His helmet of strength fit for combat dread,
Around like a star was its lustre shed
  Beneath the horse-hair crest.

VII.

And the golden thread so thickly spread
  By Hephæstos the cone around,
Waved in the air, as the chief essayed
If close to his shape were the armor laid,

> At evening from the top of Fesolé,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

Voltaire, and all the school of *goût*, laugh at these long-tailed similes, in which the conclusion has nothing to do with the original which called up the comparison. Thus the optic glass, the Tuscan artist, Fesolé, Valdarno, &c., have nothing to do with the shield of Satan, which is compared to the moon simply from its size, rotundity, and brightness. Homer, of course, is included in this censure; but in the tail of *his* similes we can always find something applicable. Here, when the glitter of the shield of Achilles is compared to that flame seen on some distant hill by mariners sailing by, the comparison is strictly over; but the toil, the storm, the detention from their native land, suggests that feelings pervade the bosoms of the Myrmidons at the sight of the dazzling shield similar to those of the sailors on looking at the distant beacon.—W. M.

If his shapely limbs in free motion played,
Within its harness bound.

VIII.

With the lightsome spring of a bird's fleet wing
Buoyant they bore him on;
And next from the spear-case he went to take
His father's spear, huge, massy, of make
Which no other hand in the host could shake
Save his good right hand alone.

IX.

[An ash-tree spear for his father dear
Hewed down by Chiron's stroke
From Pelion's summits where waves the wood,
He sent it to drip in warriors' blood.]
Meanwhile the squires by the horses stood
As they set them beneath the yoke.

X.

They fasten the trace, and they firmly place
In the bending jaws the bit;
Back to the car the reins are thrown,
And seizing the whip to his hand well known,
Sprung to his seat Automedōn,*
Where long he had loved to sit.

XI.

And behind that seat in arms complete,
Stood Achilles girt for war;

* Here the pronunciation of Automedon is neither Greek nor Romaic; but no less a dealer in rhyme than Gray will guarantee for it in English:—

"Next in the labors of the chase came on
To try the chance the bold Hippomerôn."—W. M.

He glowed like the sun in his noon-day gyre,
And his chiding voice sounded fierce and dire,
As thus to the chargers of his sire
He shouted from the car.

XII.

"My bright bay horse*—my fleet of course,
Podargé's far-famed brood,— 400
Yours be it your master back to bear
From the battle-field now with surer care,
Leave me not as you left Patroclus there,
All weltering in his blood."

* *Xanthus* is a bay horse. *Balius*, if, as the punning etymologists decide, is derived from βαλλω, may be fairly supposed to be a dashing horse. I could not rhyme them by their Greek, and took, accordingly, the best rhymes with which the gods provided me.

The objections to this incident of the speech of the horse Xanthus are numerous. Aristarchus rejected the passage altogether: it was always an object of derision for the small wits, from Lucian downward. There are many grammatical difficulties in several of the lines, and the two last appear to be not merely not Homeric, but not Greek. I do not know how such a construction as θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἴφι δαμῆναι is to be justified; nor am I more satisfied with the connection of ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ in the line before; but no great skill in the tinkering trade of verbal criticism could, I think without much difficulty, mend these blots. But the main difficulty in my mind is, what was suggested by the very oldest critics, why *Juno* should daunt her favorite warrior on this most important of occasions by so ominous a prediction. I cut the knot by imagining that Ἄτη, not Ἥρη, was the noxious goddess boding of ill. In the preceding book Agamemnon lays all the blame of his quarrel with Achilles. If this supposition be admitted, it will give a reason why her friends the Furies stopped the voice of the horse. As for the θεὰ λευκώλενος, that is easily accounted for. If Ἥρη had once, no matter how intrusively, made her appearance in the text, her recognised epithets would immediately follow, as a matter of course, in place of

Αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθεκ' Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται,

as in T. 91. There are some minor critical difficulties with which I should be sorry to trouble the reader of these hasty trifles, but I have always considered the boding of the horse as the last of the omens, preceding the death-doomed career of his master, and, therefore, not the least of the poetic beauties of the *Iliad*.—W. M.

XV.

The Genealogy of Aeneas.

FROM THE ILIAD.—Book III. 200-259.

This genealogy is one of the longest in the *Iliad*, reaching, if we include Jupiter, through eight generations, to which we may add two or three more promised to come:—

Jupiter
|
Dardanus
|
Erichthonius
|
Tros
|
Assaracus
|
Capys
|
Anchises
|
Æneas.

Then come the *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis*, which indicates, at least, three generations more. In the Latin stories, the line of Æneas, I need hardly say, is carried through Ascanius to the Alban fathers and the founders of Rome. Of these

stories Homer, of course, knew nothing, and the corresponding line of the *Iliad* to that above quoted from Virgil, viz. :—

καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.—Υ. 308.

points to no more than *two* generations of Descendants of Æneas, who ruled not in Italy, but in Troy, after the extinction of the line of Priam, as we find Neptune prophesying:—

ὄφρα μὴ ἄσπερμος γενεὴ καὶ ἄφαντος ὄληται
Δαρδάνου, ὃν Κρονίδης περὶ πάντων φίλατο παίδων,
οἳ ἴθεν ἐξεγένοντο γυναικῶν τε θνητάων.
ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων, κ. τ. λ.—Υ. 303–306.

"Fate wills not this, nor thus can Jove resign
The Future Father of the Dardan line;
The first great ancestor obtained his grace
And still his love descends on all his race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to the all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain."

Where our English Homer, Pope, has been a little oblivious; for if the love of Jupiter descended on *all* the line of Dardanus, it is somewhat strange to find in the next verse that the existing head of that line, Priam, with all his family, were "odious to the all-seeing mind." *Sed perinde est*, as Clarke is in the habit of saying.

Making the usual allowances for reigns and generations, this puts the foundation of Dardania some couple of hundred years before the Trojan war, which sufficiently corresponds with the ordinary chronologies deduced from the Arundelian marbles and other sources. In these the foundation of Troy is set down as having occurred in 1480, and its destruction in 1184 B. C. Dardanus is, I suppose, derived from *Dar*, der, dwr, drw, δρυς, &c., an oak, and *Dan*, a down. He was a Celt evidently, and the words composing his name after having long served the Druids in their mystic groves, as the *refrain* of a hymn to the

oak, "*Dān, dān, dān, dăra dān,*" still survive most flourishingly among us as a chorus to many a hymn of a different kind in the form of "Down, down, down, derry down," "which nobody can deny," and perhaps supply the aboriginal tune to "Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and oh! the English roast beef." I find the chorus in its primitive form used so lately as by Sir George Etherege—Pope's Etherege the polite—in his "*She wou'd, if she cou'd,*" where they are sung in his cups by Sir Oliver Cockwood, "*Dan, dan, dara, dan.*" But this is wandering far away, indeed, from the genealogy of the son of Venus. The genealogy shows, too, that Homer, in all probability, lived not much more than sixty or seventy years from the Trojan war, which agrees with many other circumstances. I may here remark, that much critical use might be made of the Homeric genealogies, particularly of Nestor's, to show the extreme improbability that the poems attributed to him could have been written by more persons than one; but I shall speedily find an opportunity of doing so more at length, and so close this wandering preface, which has already rambled from "Dardanus" to "Derrydown."

ÆNEAS, determined to check the slaughterous career of Achílles, comes forth to meet him. Achilles rushes at once to the encounter. And what the seed of Venus spoke to Thetis' son, is here thus attempted in ballad metre.

The Genealogy of Aeneas.

I.

IDLE the thoughts, my soul to daunt,
  Like a weak boy's with angry tongue;
I could return, with scoffing taunt,
  Words of reviling, wrath, and wrong.
I know thy line, and thou knowest mine,
  What need it that the tale be told?
Spreads over the earth our lofty birth
  In legends of days of old.

II.

The face of my parents thou ne'er hast viewed.
  To my eyes thine were never shown,
But that thou art of King Peleus' blood
  To all mankind is known;
And of Thetis the fair, with flowing hair,
  Who dwells 'neath the ocean wave.
To Anchises' arms, me, the Queen of Charms,
  Pledge of love, Aphrodite gave.

III.

One pair to-day for offspring slain
  In loud lament must weep;
No longer shall this childish strain
  Our spears from the conflict keep.

But if I must tell, what to most men well
Is known, my lineage proud,
In days long since gone, was Dardanus, son
Of Zeus, who compels the cloud.

IV.

And he built Dardania, for not as yet
On the plain sacred Ilion stood;
But their dwellings at foot of Ida they set
With many a fountain dewed.
Next the heir of his race filled his lordly place,
Erichthonius, richest of men,
For of thousands three brood-mares had he,
Feeding upon the fen.

V.

Loose in the marsh were they turned to feed;
And, as Boreas whirled along,
He was seized with desire, while in flowery mead
They frolicked amid their young.
With passion warm, in a dark steed's form,
He veiled his godlike mould;
And from his embrace, a wondrous race
Of twelve she-colts was foaled.

VI.

Over waving corn was their fleet career,
On its topmost beard it were sped;
So rapid and light their touch, no ear
Would bend beneath their tread.*

* Pope's version: —

"These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain," &c.,

If their bounding track coursed over the back
Of ocean spreading wide;
On the unscattered spray of the waters gray,
They skimmed along the tide.

VII.

And from Tros, his son, who the Troës swayed
After his sire as king,
Did Ilus, Assaracus, Ganymede,
Three gallant princes, spring.
And in grace the last all men surpassed,
So far that the admiring gods
To Heaven caught him up to bear Jove's cup,*
And dwell in their blest abodes.

is not so happy as his own original couplet in the *Essay on Criticism*: —

"Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main;"

which is as good a mimicry of rapidity in verse as is, perhaps, in the power of our monosyllabic language to afford.—W. M.

* On this Cicero remarks in the First Book of his *Tusculan Questions*, "Nec Homerum audio, qui Ganymedem a diis raptum ait propter formam ut Jovi ministraret. * * * Fingebat hæc Homerus, et humana ad Deos transferebat; divina mallem ad nos." This bit of epigram has as usual been looked upon as something very fine; but in reference with that to which Cicero alludes, nothing can be more absurd or unjust than the charge against old Homer. Compare the Homeric heroes as they appear in the original, with the same characters as they are found in the later authors. Bayle or his contributors have saved all the trouble of making minute examination to those who wish to be acquainted with those things, "que haud proficit scire." It is horrid to be obliged to stain my page with the allusion. I certainly shall not go further in reference, nor "*claram facim præferre pudendis.*" But I must protest that it is Cicero who is the blackguard. Alas! that any one, no matter how shabbily connected with literature should have the right of applying such an epithet to the "divinely inspired breast of Tully," and not the greater name of Homer. Xenophon talks mere nonsense on the subject. The catching up of Ganymede in the Homeric story means no more than that he suddenly disappeared. I am obliged for the sake of rhyme to make Tithonus "bridegroom of the Morn;" but I have ample authority in Homer (and I look upon authority elsewhere on any thing in which his times are concerned as mere nonsense), for the soft impeachment.—W. M.

VIII.

To the son of Ilus Laomedon
Were the bridegroom of the Morn,
Tithonus, and Priam, who fills the throne,
Lampus and Clytius born;
And as sturdy a branch, Hicetaon stanch,
As Ares ever had grown.
Through Assaracus we join this princely tree,
My grandsire was his son.

IX.

Capys, Anchises' sire; he mine.
Such is my lineage high.
As Hector is head of Priam's line,
So of my father's, I.
But deem not that worth will follow birth,
They come not at mortal call;
But in varying degrees, as Zeus may please,
They are given by the Lord of all.

X.

But let us no more, like silly boys,
Wrangle here in idle strain,
While all around the fight's fierce noise
Is sounding over the plain.
For both and each of slanderous speech
Might choose a ponderous load;
Far more in weight, than a galley's freight,
By five-score rowers rowed.

XI.

The tongue is a weapon nimble to wield,
For which ample task is found,

And of words is a wide and open field,
All spreading round and round.
Whatever is said, soon back is sped,
So why should we jarring here,
Like women in rage, contentious wage
This poor and wordy war?

XII.

Women hurrying on to the public path,
Careless of false or true,
At each other rail, as swelling wrath
Inspires each scolding shrew.
By your right arm strong—not your angry tongue—
Must I from the field be chased;
No longer I stay, without more delay
Let our spears of the battle taste.

XVI.

Nestor's First Essay in Arms.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY THE TEMPLAR.*

FROM THE ILIAD.—Book XI. 670–761.

THIS ballad was finished in the golden sunlight of a summer's eve. On the following Sabbath, about the same hour that I had penned the concluding stanzas from the dictation of the author,

* This introduction was written by Edward Kenealy, who at this time contributed a great many papers to *Fraser's Magazine*, under the signature of "A Templar." Of Dr. Maginn there was no friend more true, no admirer so sincere. Their acquaintance commenced only two years before Dr. Maginn's death, and speedily ripened into warm regard. When Maginn was on his death-bed, at Walton-on-Thames, (one of the most charming of the many beautiful ruralities in the vicinity of London) almost the only person whom he sent for was Mr. Kenealy, who, seeing him without money — a want which his own limited means at the time prevented him from adequately supplying — addressed a manly and earnest letter to Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, in which he represented his friend's distressed condition — an appeal immediately responded to by a generous grant of money. It arrived three days before Maginn's death, but, from some reason or other, this noble act of thoughtful liberality was never communicated to Maginn, who died in ignorance of it.—Maginn's death took place on Saturday, August 21, 1842. The last of the Homeric Ballads was taken down, from dictation on the Sunday immediately preceding Maginn's death, by Mr. Kenealy, as related in the Introduction.—Faithful in his friendship, Kenealy followed Maginn's remains to the grave, and did justice to his memory — to his large learning — his excellent heart — his expansive genius — in a Memoir of considerable length, which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1844 — as yet the fullest account of this very remarkable man.—M.

I beheld him cold, and dead, and coffined, awaiting the last sad ceremony of interment. The lips that but a short week before had flashed forth choice and beautiful wit were closed and colorless; the spirit that shone within his eyes had vanished away, and, let us hope, had winged its flight to some sphere of peace. All that was mortal of William Maginn lay before me —my eyes filled with tears. And I thought within myself whither had sped that grand eccentric genius whose learning had been the luminary of his age, and whose wit had charmed thousands. All was silent! The only sound was the soughing of the cold and melancholy wind as it swept amid the branches of the trees that surrounded the cottage, and passed onward, moaning as it went.

On the Sunday before he died, Maginn had been remarkably cheerful, eloquent and witty. These qualities, indeed, he possessed to the last; but I had often seen him in health when he was not so brilliant as now in his setting, and within a brief space of the twilight of death. During the day he had related innumerable stories of all the great writers with whom he had lived in intimacy; had talked about books and men with that mingled vein of humor and philosophy which was the great ornament of his conversation; and had amused himself in detailing one of those literary projects in which his mind was always running, but which, alas! were never fated to be fulfilled. Death had not at any time entered into his discourse; apparently he sought to keep it altogether out of his thoughts. Though so weak as to require to be lifted in my arms across the room, he seemed to think dissolution by no means near; or, if he knew that he was dying, he certainly bore it with a philosophy that would have immortalized his name in the days of Socrates or Cato. About four o'clock I left him for an hour or two, when he slept, and returned to him in the evening. He was then up, propped by pillows in an arm-chair, and as gay and

intelligent as if he had never been ill. After we had talked a short while, "K——," said he, "shall I take some work out of you?" I, of course, assented; and having got some paper and ink, I sat down opposite to him. He then took Homer in his hand; and, after a brief interval of thought, dictated the latter part of the following ballad, evidently with no mental labor, but with an ease that could have resulted only from his intimacy with the Greek, and his extraordinary power of versification. When he had finished I read for him the entire translation, and marked out the Greek for the printer. He desired me to correct the proofs. I have done so, but I scarcely anticipated when we sat together that it was to be the last of his compositions.—E. K.

THE present, although not the most finished of the "Homeric Ballads," does not, I think, deserve the severity with which critics have spoken of it. It appears to me to be introduced with great poetic skill, and agreeably summons away the reader from one of those dull bulletins of killed and wounded with which Homer occasionally disfigures his poem, and which Horace, perhaps, alluded to when he wrote his *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. Mr. Pope, of all the translators of "the old man eloquent," has treated it with the greatest indignity; and, albeit his version of it is in some parts elegant and faithful, it is, on the whole, a hurried composition, not written *con amore*, but with a manifest eagerness to get through it, and that without doing full justice to the beauties of the original. Pope's version, indeed, displays a singular instance of *compression;* the paraphrastic style in which he most usually indulged he has altogether avoided. I have not space enough to inquire into the justice of his condemnation, but I can, at least, afford to my readers a glimpse of the controversy.

The introduction is poetical. Nestor and Idomeneus bravely fighting in the van of the Achaians, the attention of the former is directed by his companion to the condition of Machaon, who has been badly wounded by Paris, and is in danger of being killed. Nestor quits the throng of the encounter and conveys the physician in his chariot to the tents. As they are proceeding, Achilles sees them from a distance and sends Patroclus to inquire the name of the wounded warrior. Patroclus obeys, and hurries after the chariot:—

Οἳ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Νηληΐαδεω ἀφικοντο,
Αὐτοὶ μὲν ῥ' ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν·
Ἐξ ὀχέων· τοὶ δ' ἱδρῶ ἀπεψύχοντο χιτώνων,
Στάντε ποτὶ πνοιὴν παρὰ θίν' ἁλος· αὐταρ ἔπειτα
Ἐς κλισίην ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι κάθιζον.—Α. 517–621.

"The chief descending from their car *he found;*
The panting steeds EURYMEDON unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore
To dry their sweat and wash away their gore,
Here paused a moment, while the gentle gale
Conveyed that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then, to consult on further methods, went
And took their seats beneath the shady tent."—POPE.

Here Hecamede, "Arsinous' daughter graced with golden hairs," prepares a repast for them in due form. The description is picturesque:—

Ἡ σφοῖν πρῶτος μὲν ἐπιπροΐηλε πράπεζαν
Καλὴν, κυανόπεζαν, ἐϋξοον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῆς
Χαλκειον κάμεον· ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμυον, ποτῷ ὄψον,
Ἠδὶ μέλι χλωρὸν, παρὰ δ' ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτήν·
Παρ δὲ δέπας περικαλλὲς, ὃ οἴκοθεν ἦγ' ὁ γεραιὸς,
Χρυσείοις ἥλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὔατα δ' αὐτοῦ
Τέσσαρ' ἔσαν, δοιαὶ δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶς ἕκαστον
Χρύσειαι νεμέθοντο· δύω δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν.
Ἄλλος μὲν μογέων ἀποκινήσασκε τραπέζης,
Πλεῖον ἐών· Νέστωρ δ' ὁ γέρων ἀμογητὶ ἄειρεν.
Ἐν τῷ ῥά σφι κύκησε, γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν,
Οἴνῳ Πραμνείῳ, ἐπὶ δ' αἴγειον κνῆ τυρὸν
Κνήστι χαλκείῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλφιτα λευκὰ πάλυνεν·
Πινέμεναι δ' ἐκέλευσεν, ἐπεί ῥ' ὤπλισσε κυκειῶ.
Τὼ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνοντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,

Μόθοισιν τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες.
Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρῃσιν ἐφίστατο, ἰσόθεος φώς.—Λ. 627–645.

"A table first with azure feet she placed
Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced;
Honey new pressed, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlic crowned the sav'ry treat;
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings—
A goblet sacred to the PYLIAN kings
From eldest times: embossed with studs of gold,
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;

On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink;
A massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlooked the brim.
Tempered in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the PRAMNIAN wine;
With goat's milk cheese and flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strews.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares,
The cordial beverage reverend NESTOR shares;
Salubrious draughts the warrior's thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime PATROCLUS, by ACHILLES sent,
Unheard approached, and stood before the tent."*

To the inquiry of Patroclus, Nestor replies with feigned astonishment that Achilles should condescend to take any notice of those who had the misfortune to be wounded; and after enumerating the most illustrious chieftains who had been disabled, bursts forth into an eloquent narrative of his own eagerness for the field of youth, which he impliedly contrasts with the supineness of Patroclus and the hero Pelides. Pope, however, remarks severely on him "for being too long. He crowds incident upon incident; and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally, indeed, to old age, but unseasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of Augias, he

* Pope, as usual, makes a blunder here. He had just before said that Patroclus "*had found*" the chief descending from the chariot, whereas in truth he had not then come up.—W. M.

is so well pleased with himself that he forgets the distress of the army, and can not leave his favorite subject until he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced." If this be not hypercriticism, and that of the very poorest and paltriest kind—worthy only of some prating Zoilus or Dennis, but not of Alexander Pope—I know not what the word means. The refutation of the little Queen Anne's man may be safely left to a female, who thus brains him, not with a fan, but with a weapon even more powerful—a pen: "Patrocle retenu par Nestor voit de ses yeux l'extrémité ou les Grecs sont reduits: en s'en retournant, il rencontre Eurypile blessé il est obligé de le mener dans sa tente, et de le penser, et pendant qu'il est occupé à ce devoir si nécessaire, il voit les retraments forcez. * * * Au reste, ce conte est placé icy avec beaucoup d'art, car le but de Nestor est de retenir Patrocle jusqu'au àfin que cette veüe si touchante le dispose à aller faire son rapport à Achille et à intercéder pour eux aupres de luy."* So that there is deep design in all the digressions into which the old man slides. This I take to be a satisfactory answer to the objections of Pope.

In Barnes' splendid *Homer* there is a complete epitome of this ballad. As I think it greatly elucidates what, without it, to many might seem intricate, I insert it here:—

Νηλεὺς ὁ Ποσειδωνος ἱππικωτατος των καθ' αὐτον γενομενος ἐπεμψεν εἰς Ἠλιν ἱππους ἐς τῶν ὑπ' Αὐγεου συντελομενον ἀγωνα· Νἰκησαντων δε τουτῶν, φθόνησας Αὐγείας ἀπεσπασε τουτους και τοῦς ἡνιοχους ἄφηκεν ἀπρακτους· Νηλευς δε γνοῦς, ἡσυχίαν ἠγε. Νεστωρ δε ὁ παίδων αὐτου νεώτατος στρατόν ἄθροισας ἐπηλθεν Ἠλιοῖ, και πολλους ἀποκτεῖνας απελαβε τους ἵππους, και οὐκ ὀλίγην τῶν πολεμίῶν ἀπεσυραν λειαν. Ἡ ἱστορια παρα Φερεκυδη.

* Madame Dacier in her Notes.—W. M.

Nestor's First Essay in Arms.

I.

OH! was I as erst in my youthful day,
In vigor and strength the same,
When we and the Eleans about a prey
Of cattle to combat came;
When by my hand Itymones fell
To the rescue rushing on;
(Of Hypirochus who was wont to dwell
In Elis, gallant son.).

II.

In the foremost line as he guarded his kine,
I stretched him amid the dead;
While with fear and amaze did the wild troops gaze
Whom he from his farm-lands led
Fifty flocks of goats, as many sheep,
And fifty drove of swine;
Fifty lowing herds at one night's sweep
I drove from the plain as mine.

III.

And thrice fifty mares of yellow main,
And with them many a foal,
And we drove them to Neleus who held his reign
In those olden times o'er the Pylian plain,
And rejoiced was he in his soul
That to me, so young in my first essay,
Should so rich a booty fall;

And by heralds at dawn of the breaking day,
It was proclaimed to all.

IV.

To whom debt was due all Elis through
Should meet in the spoils to share;
And together the Pylian chieftains drew,
And made a division fair;
For many a score of ancient date
Was to poor Pylos owed,
For we were reduced to low estate
By the strength of a demigod.

V.

For Hercules came in years gone by,
And by him were our best men slain;
Twelve gallant sons had Neleus, and I
Did then the last remain;
The Epeians, therefore, thought they might dare
In their haughty meanness strong;
To a people so weak they refused to spare
Insults of deed, or tongue.

VI.

A lowing herd and a fleecy flock,
In number of hundreds three,
As his share with the shepherds old Neleus took,
For the heaviest claim had he.
Four horses famed for glories won
When contending for the prize,
As for a tripod they went to run,
Were seized in a shameful wise.

VII.

King Augias stopped them travelling on,
And back the driver came,
His race not run, his coursers gone,
With anger filled and shame.
Large, therefore, the share might my father choose,
To the people he gave the rest,
That none might his fairness in dolling accuse,
To divide as it pleased him best.

VIII.

And now our various labors done,
Due sacrificial cheer
We offered the gods outside the town,
Free from the pressing fear;
But on the third morn, of foot and horse
A mighty gathering came;
The Molians armed them with the force,
Though but boys unknown to fame.

IX.

A distant town Thryoessa stands
Where Alpheus' waters sweep
At the edge remote of Pylos' sands,
Perched on the rocky steep.
This far-off town they sought to gain,
And to use it at their need;
But when they had traversed all the plain
Athene came with speed

X.

By night; and the Pylians to arms she bid,
And they answered with delight;

But my steeds of war old Neleus hid,
To keep me from the fight.
He said I knew not the works of war,
And yet to the field I sped,
Where I fought, though on foot, the horsemen near,
By Athene's orders led.

XI.

Close by Arene the Minyas flows,
And falls into the sea,
Where the Pylian horsemen, till morning rose,
Awaited our infantry.
Then full of force our armor shine,
By Alpheus' banks we stood,
And we sacrificed there to the powers divine,
And first to the Olympian God.

XII.

To Alpheus a steer—to Posidon a steer,
And a heifer all unbroke
To Pallas—and then our festal cheer
Throughout the ranks we took.
And the livelong night in our arms we lay,
Close by the rushing tide,
While to Pylos the Epeians made their way,
Camping its walls beside.

XIII.

And soon as morning's dawn was seen,
Scattering its light around,
Praying to Jove, and Wisdom's Queen,
We for the fight were bound;

When we fairly joined us in the fray,
By me was the first man slain;
No horses longer I needed that day,
And my father's scheme was vain.

XIV.

Brave Moleus, whom I made to bleed,
Had chosen as a bride
King Augias' daughter, fair Agamede,
By whom the virtues of plant and weed,
Wherever grown, were tried.
And I slew him there with my brazen spear,
And as in the dust he rolled,
In his chariot I drove in hot career
To the foremost warriors bold.

XV.

And hither and thither the Epeians fled,
When they saw that warrior fall,
Their horse to the fight who had always led,
And was foremost in valor's call.
But on I rushed, like a darksome blast,
And from fifty chariots soon,
To bite the dust two riders were cast,
By my right arm alone.

XVI.

And the Molian twins I there had slain
But for the pitchy cloud
In which their father, who rules the main,
Did them from danger shroud.
Then Jove assisting across the field,
We made the Epeians fly,

The men we slay, and their corses yield
Of armor a rich supply.

XVII.

Till we came to Buprasium, rich in wheat,
Our horse rode conquering still,
Under Olenia's rocky retreat
And Alicium's distant hill.
And there their last man low I laid;
And much honor we lavished free,
First 'mong the gods to Jove they paid,
'Mong mankind first to me.

HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS.

I.

The Wile of Juno.*

FROM THE ILIAD.—Book XIV. 153–353.

Queen Juno does an artful wile,
'Gainst Jupiter employ;
And hinders him, by aid of sleep,
From giving help to Troy.

I.

THE golden-throned queen of Heaven beheld
The arduous conflict from the Olympian height;
Well pleased she saw, upon the ensanguined field,
King Neptune toiling in the glorious fight:
But Jove she viewed not with the like delight
On watery Ida's loftiest peak reclined;
The goddess, filled with hatred at his sight,
Stood pondering long what method she could find,
With artful wile to cheat the Almighty Thunderer's mind.

* This translation appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for July, 1820, and was introduced in a note to "Dear and excellent Mr. North," commencing thus: "Although I have no doubt your readers have a due sense of the merits of Pope's translation — the most elegant — and, of Cowper's, the most exact, in our language; and although many of them have, I doubt not, dipped into the rough but energetic stream of old Chapman with pleasure, yet I presume to hope, that the following attempt to exhibit a small fragment of the *Iliad*, in the rhythm of Spenser, may not be altogether unacceptable."—M.

II.

Thus she resolves at length; to go to Ide,
Adorned with all the aiding powers of art;
There on the force of beauty she relied,
To win the Ægis-bearing monarch's heart;
Then from the fight to turn his eyes apart,
Bending his lids with sleep's oblivious load;
Pleased with the thought she hastens to depart,
And speeds her steps to gain her own abode,
Built by her favorite son, Vulcan the artist God.

III.

Then to her secret bower she bent her way,
None, save herself, its threshold ever passed;
Its doors she oped with her mysterious key,
Then entering, closed the splendid portal fast:
O'er her fair form ambrosial streams she cast,
And oil, soft fragrant, grateful to the sense;
Its powerful perfume from the chamber past
Through the whole dome; the gales conveyed it thence,
O'er all the Heavens and earth new fragrance to dispense.

IV.

This labor done, she wreathes her heavenly hair,
On her immortal head in curls to twine;
Then round her casts the robe of beauty rare,
Which Pallas wrought with many a rich design;
Its folds above bright golden clasps confine,
A circling zone close binds it at the waist,
A zone round which a hundred tassels shine,
A splendid fringe; then in her ears she placed
Her sparkling rings of gold, with three fair brilliants graced.

V.

Next her fine form the mantle's folds surround,
New-woven, of splendor dazzling as the sun;
Her sandals last upon her feet she bound,
And then the pleasing cares of dress were done;
Straight from her bower to Venus has she gone,
Whom she addressed, withdrawing her apart;
"Say, daughter dear, shall my request be won?
Or wilt thou scorn my suit, enraged at heart
That I espouse the Greek, and thou the Trojan part?"

VI.

Fair Venus gave the queen a mild reply,
"Be thy request, imperial Juno, made,
Nor fear that Venus will the suit deny;
If I can grant thy bidding is obeyed."
With artful wile the heavenly sovereign said:
"Grant that I may those powerful charms display,
By which the sons of Heaven and earth are swayed;
For I to earth's far limits bend my way,
Where Ocean, sire of Gods, and ancient Tethys sway.

VII.

"Me to their realm my mother Rhea sent,
Where I was bred beneath the fostering care;
Where Saturn, under earth and ocean pent,
Resigned to Jove the empire of the air.
I haste to reconcile the ancient pair,
Since angry quarrels have disturbed their peace;
No more the genial couch of love they share,
But if my voice should bid the contest cease,
How would their former love, for such kind care, increase."

VIII.

"Could I refuse," the queen of smiles replied,
"The regal consort of the Almighty Sire?"
Then from her breast the cestus she untied,
In which was stored whate'er can love inspire;
In it was tender passion, warm desire,
Fond lovers' soft and amorous intercourse,
Th' endearing looks and accents that can fire
The soul with passionate love's resistless force,
'Gainst which the wisest find in wisdom no resource.

IX.

Into Saturnia's hand she gave the zone,
And said, "Conceal this cestus in thy breast—
Such is th' embroidered girdle's power, that none
Can e'er refuse to grant thee thy request."
Gladly the queen received it, and expressed
Her heartfelt pleasure by a gracious smile;
Quick to her bosom she the girdle pressed:—
Fair Venus sought the Thunderer's lordly pile,
And Juno left the skies to seek the Lemnian isle.

X.

Above Pieria's realms the goddess speeds,
O'er fair Emathia, o'er the mountains steep
Of snowy Thrace, renowned for generous steeds;
Nor touched the earth. She then descends to sweep
From Atho's summit o'er the billowy deep;
Lemnos, where noble Thoas held command,
Quickly she gains, and meets the god of sleep;
Death's drowsy brother taking by the hand,
She urges thus her suit in accents soft and bland:—

XI.

"Sleep, whose dominion gods and men obey,
If to assist me thou didst e'er incline,
Assist me now. I grateful shall repay,
If Jove's bright eyes to slumber thou consign,
While in his fond embraces I recline.
A golden throne Vulcan my son shall mould,
In recompense for this, with art divine;
A throne and footstool of the purest gold,
Which will thy shapely feet at the gay feast uphold."

XII.

Sleep thus replied: "Saturnia, queen supreme,
On any other should my influence fall
Among th' immortals, even upon the stream
Of ancient Ocean, parent of us all,
But not on Jove, save when he deigns to call.
At thy request I ventured once before
In my soft bonds his senses to enthral,
What time his conquering galleys from the shore
Of subjugated Troy the great Alcides bore.

XIII.

"Around his soul my balmy influence cast
Lulled into sleep th' all-seeing eyes of Jove;
While, roused by thee, the terrors of the blast
Against his son in tempest fury strove,
And into populous Cos his vessels drove
Far from his friends — when Jove awaked again
He hurled th' immortals through the halls above;
Me chief he sought, to 'whelm me in the main,
Did not resistless Night his 'vengeful ire restrain.

XIV.

"To her, who spreads her unsubdued control
O'er men and gods, I bent my hasty flight,
Jove then forgave, though angry in his soul,
For he revered the power of ancient Night.
Then canst thou me forgetful thus invite,
Rashly again the sovereign's wrath to dare?"
"Let not such idle thoughts thy soul affright."
Juno replied, "Has Jupiter such care
For Ilium's haughty sons, as for his valorous heir?

XV.

"Can *they* to him their lofty lineage trace?
But come, I'll gift thee with a heavenly bride,
Pasithea, the fair, the youthful Grace,
The maid for whose bright charms thou long hast sighed."
She ceased, o'erjoyed the slumberous god replied,
"By Styx, inviolable river, swear;
Let one hand touch the ocean's level tide,
Let fruitful earth the other hand upbear,
That the dark gods below the solemn vow may hear.

XVI.

"That they may witness, from the depths of space,
Where round old Saturn circled they remain,
That thou wilt gift me with that heavenly Grace
For whose bright charms I sigh so long in vain."
Fair Juno took the oath; in solemn strain
By name invoking from the realms below
The subtartarean gods, the Titan train,
That they the sacred covenant might know,
Thus was the contract made, and ratified the vow.

XVII.

Then bent on speed, the Imbrian shore they leave,
And wrapt in darkness, for Mount Ida make;
Arrived at Lectos, springing from the wave,
Aloft in air their soaring course they take;
Beneath their feet the lofty forests shake,
As o'er their topmost boughs in haste they flew,
And where the branches formed a veil opaque,
Somnus remained, to shun the Thunderer's view,
Perched in a lofty fir, the tallest there that grew.

XVIII.

Changed to a mountain bird, concealed from all,
Close nestling in the shadowing boughs he lies,
(The shrill-toned bird which men Cymindis call,
Calchis the immortals name it in the skies),
Meanwhile to Gargarus Saturnia hies,
And there she met the cloud-compelling Jove:
He saw! he loved! such beauties met his eyes,
That all his soul love's warmest transports move;
Not warmer did he feel when first he learned to love.

XIX.

Not even when first in her encircling arms,
In sweet, in stolen embraces, he reclined;
Seized with desire, enraptured with her charms,
He thus addressed the queen in accents kind:
"Why didst thou leave thy car and steeds behind,
And thus on foot from far Olympus stray?"
Him Juno answered, with dissembling mind,
"To Earth's far limits I direct my way,
Where Ocean, sire of Gods, and ancient Tethys sway.

XX.

"In youth they reared me with parental care,
And now to them I hasten as a friend;
For filled with wrath, the couch no more they share,
And much I wish the angry strife to end;
At Ida's foot my steeds and car attend,
Seated on which o'er land and sea I speed;
But ere on this long tour my course I bend,
I ask thy leave; for quarrel it might breed,
Did I, unknown to thee, to Ocean's streams proceed."

XXI.

Her answered thus the cloud-compelling Jove:—
"That task, fair queen, another time perform;
But now devote the precious hours to love;
For ne'er did mortal on immortal form
My soul ere this with such fierce passion warm:
Not even Ixion's wife, from whose embrace
Pirithous came, had such a power to charm;—
Not even fair Danae, maid of matchless grace,
From whom brave Perseus sprung, noblest of human race!

XXII.

"Not so I loved the royal maid of Tyre,
From whom just Rhadamanth and Minos came;
Nor did Alcmena's charms such love inspire,
Who bore Alcides, chief of glorious name;
Not so did Semele my soul imflame,
Who Bacchus, joyous god to mortals, bore;
Not so I loved Queen Ceres, fair-haired dame;
Nor Leto—no, nor even thyself before,
As now with fond desire transported I adore."

XXIII.

With artful words Queen Juno answered Jove,
"What dost thou thus, impatient king, propose?
Wouldst thou the sacred mysteries of love
On Ida's top to open view expose?
What would ensue if, ere from sleep we rose,
Some God should view me locked in thy embrace,
And to the Immortal Powers the tale disclose?
Ne'er to thy dome could I my steps retrace,
Arising from thy couch, confounded in disgrace.

XXIV.

"But if to love thy wishes be disposed,
To thine own bower, by Vulcan built, repair;
His art the solid doors has firmly closed,
And there the genial bed of love we'll share."
"Nor God nor man," cried Jove, "(dismiss that care)
Shall view us here; for such a dusky cloud
Of gold shall darken the surrounding air,
Not even the sun shall pierce th' obscuring shroud,
Whose beams with brightest powers of splendor are endowed."

XXV.

He spoke, and round the queen his arms he flung.
Beneath them Earth the freshest herbage threw;
For their soft couch her hyacinth up sprung,
The saffron flower, the lotus bathed in dew;
Upraised on this they lay concealed from view;
A golden cloud enveloped them around,
Distilling dew-drops of resplendent hue;
The monarch's arms his lovely spouse surround,
On Gargarus' lofty top, in love and slumber drowned.

Thus Jupiter with Juno here,
Forgot the fight below,
While Ajax, helped by Neptune's might,
Does Hector overthrow.

II.

Bacchus, or the Pirates.*

FROM THE ILIAD.—HYMN V.

[Ἀμφὶ Διώνυσον Σεμέλης ἐρικυδέος μῦν, κ. τ. λ.]

I SHALL now a tale relate,
Of Bacchus, son of Semele;
How upon a cliff he sate,
Washed by the ever-barren sea.

* This translation appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for June, 1821. It was preceded by a note from Maginn as follows:—

"DEAR CHRISTOPHER: I send you a short Homeric hymn, translated into that lyric metre of which Sir Walter Scott is the mighty master. How I have succeeded, must of course be left to others to determine; but I may say, that I am decidedly of opinion that the measure might be advantageously employed in rendering several passages in the romantic parts of the classical poets. There are a great many portions of Homer particularly, which are peculiarly fit for it. Lord Byron, in his dedication of the Corsair, justly observes, that no one has been able to manage with perfect success, the dangerous facility of the octosyllabic verse, but the Ariosto of the North. I agree with his lordship altogether; even in his own hands, or those of Moore, it is by no means equally well managed. Coleridge could give it its fullest and most bewitching melody; but I fear that we call on him in vain, and I am sorry for it. Many poets of most respectable powers have failed completely, which I mention to excuse myself, if I be judged to have followed their example."

To the above Christopher North appended the following remarks: "We have a misty sort of recollection of a translation of this poem, by Mr L. Hunt, whereof the first two lines only have remained in our memory. They are as follows:

"'Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story.—
'Twas by the sea-side on a promon—tory.'

But the rest of the translation, and how he cockneyized at the expense of Homer, is it not to be found in the shops of the trunk-makers?"—M.

A youth, scarce passing from the years
Of boyhood, the gay God appears.
Dark waved the tresses of his head,
And round his beauteous form was spread
A mantle dipped in Tyrian dye.
When swift across the azure deep
A crew of Tuscan pirates sweep,
Driven on by evil destiny.
Who, when they see the youth divine,
With many a secret nod and sign,
To seize him as a prey combine.
Instant they spring upon the land,
And grasp the God with felon hand;
Then with their captive, glad at heart,
Quick to their galley they depart.
The crew were joyous, for they thought
That they a gallant prize had brought—
Deeming him, from his regal air,
The offspring of a high born King;
And soon, with cruel hands, they dare
Round him the rigorous bands to fling.

They bound him, but the hope was vain
To hold the God in servile chain;
The flexile withs,* which they had twined
Round hand and foot, self-loosed unbind.
Unshackled sat the youth—a smile
Played in his dark blue eye the while.
The pilot marked it; at the view
Awestruck, he thus addressed the crew:

* An expressive word, as it seems to me, but I fear almost obsolete. It is used by the translators of the Bible. "And Samson said unto her, if they bind me with seven green *withs*, that were never dried," &c. Judges xvi. 7. and again, verses 8, 9.—W. M.

—"O friends, unhappy friends, I fear
That you have seized a powerful God;
Wo to our vessel, if it bear
Such captive o'er the wat'ry road.
King Jupiter he seems to be,
Or Phœbus of the silver bow,
Or Neptune, monarch of the sea,
And not a son of earth below.
Even from his form 'tis plain he comes
From high Olympus' heavenly domes,
Haste then, companions, and restore
The immortal stranger to the shore,
Nor farther efforts make
To hold him prisoner, lest his wrath
Should with fierce storms pursue our path,
Or bid the whirlwind wake."
"Fool!" the indignant captain cried,
"Fair blows the wind along the tide;
Then spread the sail, arrange the yard:
That is *thy* duty, *ours* to guard
The captive we have ta'en.
He goes with us; whether we wend
To Egypt, or to Cyprus bend;
Or farther o'er the main,
Reach the cold regions of the North.
At last he will disclose his kin,
And rank, and riches; by his worth
We then shall know what price he'll win.
Steer onward fearlessly; for Heaven
His fate into our hands has given."

He spoke—the mast was raised—the sail
Spread bellying to the prosperous gale.

They went—but wonders strange and new
Ere long arose before their view.
First round the sable vessel's side
Gushed bubbling forth a flood of wine,
Exhaling from its balmy tide
Ambrosial perfume, scent divine.
With awe th' affrighted rovers stood,
Gazing upon the magic flood.
Then round the sail, high over head
A vine its wandering tendrils spread
Deep hung with clustering fruit;
Its clasping arms about the mast
An ivy gemmed with berries cast
With many a flowery shoot;
And every rower's bench around
Was with a festal chaplet crowned.
"Haste, haste, Mededes, gain the shore,"
Loud on the pilot was their cry.
Vain prayer—that refuge they no more
Are destined to espy.

Changed was his form—and lo! the God
In lion shape the deck bestrode,
With hideous roaring; and a bear*
Furred in a rugged coat of hair
He raised by wondrous sorcery
In the mid-vessel: where, oh! where
Shall the sad pirates flee?
The bear sprung up—the lion dread
Glared awful from the vessel's head,

* I think this bear is rather a superfluous monster; but a translator must go through thick and thin with his author. I suspect the passage is interpolated, and recommend the next editor of the Homeric hymns, to consider the propriety of striking out the lines in question.—W. M.

They, terror-smitten, turned and fled
And round the unfearing pilot throng—
Unfearing, for he did no wrong.
On rushed the God in furious mood,
And seized the chieftain of the band;
The rest, when his dire fate they viewed,
Plunged—headlong plunged, into the flood,
And swam to gain the land.
In vain; the God's resistless force
Changed them to dolphins in their course.
But the just pilot he did bless
With life and flowing happiness.
"Thou need'st not fear; thy worth," he said,
"A mighty friend in me has made;
For I am Bacchus, son of Jove,
And Semele, his Theban love."
Hail, son of bright-eyed Semele; thy praise
Shall still be sung by me in tuneful lays.

III.

The Visit of Helen to the Scœan Gate.*

FROM THE ILIAD.—Book V. 121–244.

THIS is an attempt to turn a passage of the *Iliad* into the metre used by Sir Walter Scott. The passage selected is that which much resembles a scene frequently repeated in his works, both of verse and prose. Helen describes to Priam and his elders the persons and the characters of the Grecian chiefs as Rebecca describes the attack on the castle of Front de Bœuf to Ivanhoe. The battle in *Marmion* is related in nearly a similar manner; and many other instances could be collected.

I.

IRIS to Helen, fair-armed dame, 121
On a speedy message came;
In her form she seemed to be
Like unto Laodice,
Fairest of Priam's daughters she,
Of royal Helicaon spouse,
The hope of old Antenor's house.
She found the lovely queen at home,
Weaving a web of gorgeous hue;
And as she plied the busy loom,
The various woes of war she drew,
Which Trojan knight and cuirassier
Achaian, suffered for her sake:
"O sister dear, come hasten here,"
So standing close swift Iris spake,

* From *Fraser's Magazine*, for May, 1835.

"A prospect strange! some wondrous change
The Greeks and Trojans seem to make.
Long years in deadly war they stood,
Thirsting for each other's blood;
But now they sit in silent lines,
And battle's voice no more we hear;
Each on his shield at ease reclines,
Stuck on its butt is each tall spear;
And Alexander will advance
To meet bold Menelaus in fight;
And he who conquers with the lance,
Shall win thee as his own of right." 138

II.

As thus she spake, o'er Helen's soul
A tender feeling sweetly stole;
Soft thoughts upon the instant come
Across the lovely lady's mind,
Of her first husband and her home,
Her kin and parents left behind.
Wrapt in a veil as white as snow,
Goes she from her secret bower;
While down her cheeks in gentle flow
Tears by sad memory summoned shower.
Not alone she chose to go,
But with her took her handmaidens two—
Œthre, a child of Pittheus' line,
And Clymene of lustrous eyne.
Soon they reached the Scæan gate,
Where the aged chieftains sate:
Round Priam, Ilion's aged king,
Panthus, Thymætes, formed a ring,
And Hicetaon, in the wars
Distinguished as a branch of Mars.

With them Ucalegon she found,
And old Antenor seated there,
In Trojan councils more renowned
For sage advice no statesman were.
Age chilled their blood, and now the sword
No longer in the fight they wield,
But from their souls, with wisdom stored,
The counsels wise of age they yield.
As the crickets on the tree
Pour forth their shrilly melody,
So on the tower these chieftains old
Of Ilion serious converse hold.
When they were of Helen fair
Coming to the gate aware,
Each to each in whispered tone
What of her they thought made known:
"Who can feel wonder or amaze
That Greece and Troy such length of days
Should toil on toil, and wo on wo,
For such a woman undergo?
In beauty she can match with even
The immortal goddesses of heaven.
But charming as she is, yet still
Would she were gone from Ilion's towers,
And homeward sailing, spare the ill
Her presence heaps on us and ours."

III.

Her Priam spake in accents mild:
"Come sit by me, my darling child;
Come sit by me, that you may see
The warriors of your own countree—
Your first espoused and many a one
Beside in land Achaian known.

I blame you not—the will of Heaven
Has hither this misfortune driven:
It is the gods, not you, have sent
The Grecian host, on slaughter bent.
Tell me yon stately chieftain's name,
Of mighty bulk and stature tall—
Others a loftier height may claim,
But he is noblest of them all;
A goodlier man I ne'er have seen,
Nor one of more commanding mien—
Of kingly rank is he, I ween."
Then the beauty without peer,
Helen, the queen of women, said,
"O father! whom I must revere
With feelings of respect and dread,
Would that an ill death I had died
Before I crossed the Ægean tide,
To sail for Ilium with your son,
Leaving my native bower behind,
My brothers, my companions kind—
My daughter dear, my only one!
But what is past we can't recall,
And now the weary lot is mine
To let the wasting tear-drop fall,
Through ceaseless hours in grief to pine.
It is to me an easy task
To name the chief of whom you ask:
King Agamemnon, whose command
Extends o'er many a wide-spread land.
Well can he as a monarch sway,
And bravely mix in battle fray.
He was my brother once, ere blame
Had fixed its taint upon my name,

And made it as a word of shame."
The old man with admiring look
On Agamemnon gazed, and spoke:
"O son of Atreus, born wert thou
To prosperous fate in favoring hour!
Swayed by thy will, before thee bow
The myriad hosts of Græcia's power.
Once in Phrygia, clad with vines,
Did I in former days campaign,
And there I saw the Phrygian lines
Of horsemen skirring o'er the plain;
Otreus and Mygdon led their ranks,
Encamped upon the Sangar's banks.
I joined them as ally when they
The Amazon man-defiers fought;
But far less numerous their array
Than that which thou to Troy hast brought."

IV.

He next Ulysses saw, and said,
"That other chief, my daughter, name;
Less than Atrides by the head,
But broader is his shoulders spread;
Ampler his chest's capacious frame;
His armor on the ground is lying;
And 'mid the warlike ranks of Greece
His marshalling course he still is plying,
Like to a ram of thickest fleece,
Like to that father of the fold,
For here the place he seems to keep
Which, in a flock of snow-white sheep,
The stately ram is wont to hold."
"Ulysses he," she said, "the wise,

From Ithaca's all-craggy isle,
With whom no chief or statesman vies
In varied strategem and wile."
"Lady," Antenor said, "I well
Can witness to the tale you tell:
To Troy did Menelaus come,
And wise Ulysses for your sake,
On solemn mission, and their home
My honored house they chose to make—
And sitting at my board, I knew
The persons of the princes two;
And knew how they in speech expressed
The thoughts that labored in their breast.
When they both the assembled throng
Of gathering Trojans stood among,
Then Menelaus might you see
Towering tall above his mate;
But graver was the dignity
Of wise Ulysses as he sate.
And when he spoke, with rapid tongue
Did Menelaus disclose his mind;
His sparing words, but never wrong,
In speech harmonious flowed along—
No babbler he of prating kind.
When 'twas Ulysses' turn to rise,
Upon the ground he fixed his eyes,
And motionless his sceptral wand
Held like a blockhead in his hand;
You would have deemed him fool or rude,
Or madman of a passionate mood:
But when his words began to flow,
Soft and thick as wintry snow,
Pouring from his mighty breast

In torrent without pause or rest,
Then no mortal whatsoe'er
With Ulysses could compare;
And all enraptured as he spoke,
We cared not to observe his look." 224

v.

Next Ajax caught the old man's eye:
"Who is yon stalwart Greek," he said,
"Above the Achivi standing high,
By shoulders broad and lofty head?"
"Ajax," she said, "is yonder knight,
Prop of the Greeks in many a fight,
And there Idomeneus is standing,
Girt with his chiefs in regal style—
You mark his godlike form commanding
Amid the peers of Creta's isle:
Often have I in the house
Of Menelaus, my former spouse,
Seated Idomeneus at meat,
When sailing from the land of Crete.
And many a dark-eyed Greek below,
From other days remembered well,
Is there, whose manly form I know,
Whose name and nation I could tell—
But ah! my weary eyes in vain
In quest of other objects strain—
Of objects they can meet no more:
I see not here my brothers dear,
My brothers whom one mother bore;
I see not Pollux stout of hand,
I see not Castor's fiery steeds—

Have they not sought the Trojan strand
From Lacedæmon's lovely meads?
Or have they in their galleys come
With others o'er the ocean foam,
And now from very shame refrain
From mingling on the battle plain,
Among their brother chieftains, stung
With memory of the dire disgrace,
Which I, unhappy wretch, have flung
For ever on their stainless race?"
She spoke, but those for whom she wept,
Buried beneath their native clay,
In earth's benignant bosom slept,
In Lacedæmon far away.

COMEDIES OF LUCIAN.

Comedies of Lucian.

I.

Timon; or, The Misanthrope.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON.
JUPITER.
MERCURY.
PLUTUS.

IT appears to me that Lucian has never been adequately translated into any language—certainly, not in English; but I shall not enter upon detailed criticism on that head. One principal reason is, that no other prose can represent the peculiar

* From *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1839. For the information of the ladies, the following account of Lucian, from the *Encyclopædia Americana*, is here subjoined:—"Lucian, a Greek author, distinguished for his ingenuity and wit, was born in Samosata, the capital of Comagene, on the Euphrates, during the reign of Trajan [and lived between A. D. 120 and 200, under Trajan, Hadrian, and Antonines]. He was of humble origin, and was placed, while young, with his uncle, to study statuary; but being unsuccessful in his first attempts, he went to Antioch, and devoted himself to literature and forensic rhetoric. He soon, however, confined himself to the latter, and travelled in several countries (among others, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Gaul) as a rhetorician. In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, he was made procurator of the province of Egypt, and died in the reign of Commodus 80 or 90 years old. The works of Lucian, of which many have come down to us, are narrative, rhetorical, critical, and satirical, mostly in the form of dialogues. The most popular are those in which he ridicules with great wit the popular mythology and the philosophical sects, particularly his Dialogues of the

Greek of Lucian. It is essentially as dramatic as Menander; and the style, sentiment, and characters, bear in many features a great similarity to our older comedians—

> "The Fox, the Alchemist, the silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man,"

are remarkably Lucianic; and the Greek wit would have delighted in such characters as Sir Epicure Mammon, or Volpone, or, indeed, any of Jonson's *dramatis personæ*. Here, therefore, I have made an attempt to render him into our dramatic metre, which I submit to the indulgence of my readers; selecting *Timon* for a commencement. This dialogue, as Solanus truly says, "Inter Luciani optima merito censeatur. *Comœdiam habes elegantissimam*, in qua adulatorum non unius generis mores artesque graphice admodum depicti, cum aliis multis ad divitias spectantibus miro artificio exhibentur." When Solanus, however, proceeds to prefer Lucian to Aristophanes, he will not find many who have read them both to agree with him. "Hoc opusculum qui cum Aristophanis Pluto contulerit, palmam, si mecum sentiat, huic nostro multis de causis quas hic enarrare nimis longum foret, deberi, facile concedet." Certainly not *facile*. We might as soon compare Sheridan with Swift, Voltaire with Rabelais.

Gods, and of the Dead. They have given him the character of being the wittiest of the ancient writers. He seems not to belong to any system himself, but he attacks imposture and superstition freely and boldly wherever he finds them. The Epicureans, who, in this respect, agree with him, are therefore treated with more forbearance. The Christian religion, of which, however, he knew little, and that only through the medium of mysticism, was an object of his ridicule. In his sarcasm, he not unfrequently oversteps the bounds of truth, sometimes repeats calumnies against elevated characters, and occasionally, according to the notions of our time, offends against decency, though, in general, he shows himself a friend of morality. The best editions of his works are by Bourdolet (Paris, 1615, fol.), by Hemsterhuis and Reitz (Amsterdam, 1743, 4 vols., 4to), and the Bipont (10 vols., 8vo). Among the English translations are those of Spence, Hickes, and Franklin."—M.

Timon; or, The Misanthrope.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Desert near Athens.*

Timon, *solus.*

O Jove! the Philian, Xenian, Hetæreian,*
Ephestian, and Asteropete, and Horcian,
Nephelegeretan, and Erigdupous!
Or what beside brainstricken bards may call thee
When puzzled in a line. For chiefly then
Thou, God of many Epithets, assist
As Jove the Polyonymous, to prop
The staggering metre, and fill up the void
Of yawning rhythm. Where now, I ask, is laid
Thy far-resounding bolt, thy deep-toned thunder,
The blazing flash of thy tremendous lightning?
Have all these dreaded implements become
But empty jest, and mere poetic thunder,
With nothing noisier than their names? Thy bolt,
Song-famed, far-darting, ever-prompt-at-hand,
Is, how I know not, all burnt out and cold,

* I have followed the Latin translator in adopting the Greek epithets, without giving an English meaning, for upon their being the standing resources for Greek poets the jest depends. If any body prefers

> "O! Jove the friendly, social, hospitable,
> Domestic, oath-confirming, lightning-darting,
> And cloud-compelling, and loud-thundering!"

it is at his service.—W. M.

With not a single spark of anger left
To frighten evil-doers. They, whose minds
Lead them to perjury, care just as much
For the extinguished wick of last night's lamp,
As for thy lightning's all-subduing flame,
They think thy hand has not the power to fling
Aught of more danger than a half-burnt brand
Plucked from the embers. Neither fire nor smoke
Is dreaded from such missile; for they feel
That the worst present which its blow can bring
Is smearing them with ashes. Had Salmoneus,
Hot and high-spirited as he was, no reason
Upon his side, when he set boldly up
As rival thunderer against a Jove,
So cold, and slow to wrath? Why should he not?
When he perceived thee lulled, as with a dose
Of drowsy mandrake, without ears to hear
The voice of perjury, without an eye
To cast upon the wicked. In thy seat
Blink thou with blear-eyed glance upon the world,
While thy dull ears like those of age-worn dotards
Are deaf with clogging wax. When thou wert young,
Brimful of spirit, and alive to rage,
Against the men of force or fraud thy war
Was constant; holding of the hand was none.
Then at all moments did thy lightning glow,
Thine Ægis shake, thy rattling thunder roll,
And thick as spears in battle flashed thy bolts.
Then quaked the earth, as shaken in a sieve,
Down came the snow as mounts, the hail as rocks;
And, to relate the tale in swelling style,
"So fierce the rainy torrent, one would deem
Each drop descending was a river-stream;

Till in a moment, in Deucalion's day,
A general shipwreck swept mankind away.
One skiff alone left by the ebbing tide
After much peril gained Lycoris' side,"——
And bore in it one seed of human race,
To propagate far greater villainies.
Now hast thou found the natural consequence
Of this thy course of sloth. No sacrifice
Is offered at thine altar; no one crowns thee,
Except, perhaps, some conqueror at the games;
And, even he thinks it an idle rite,
And done but to comply with ancient custom.
Mankind, thou noblest of the gods, will soon
Make thee a second Saturn, from thy honors
Forcibly thrust. No need have I to tell
How of thy fanes are robbed; nay, on thyself
Have the Olympian thieves laid violent hands.
While thou, high thunderer, couldst not find a voice
To rouse the dogs, or to call in the neighbors,
Who, running to thine aid, might seize the culprits
Preparing for escape. No! valiant god,
Thou Titan conqueror, and giant-killer,
There didst thou, with thy bolt ten cubits long
Grasped in thy right hand, unresisting sit,
While plundering hands sheared off thy golden locks.
But, O, most wondrous! when is it thy will,
That this disgraceful negligence should cease?
When wilt thou punish such a mass of wrong?
What number of Deucalions will suffice,
How many Phaëtons, to curb and check
The o'erweening pride of man? Pass lighter matters:
Hear my own case. I, who so many people
Of Athens have uplifted; made them rich,

From veriest paupers; helping every one
Who needed my assistance, pouring, rather,
My wealth in floods to benefit my friends:
With what result? I am reduced to want,
And no one knows me. Nay, the very men
Who bent in awe before me, fawned upon me,
Hung on my nod, won't look upon me now;
Or, should they meet me walking by the way,
Pass me, as if I were a worn-out tombstone
Of one long buried, now decayed and fallen,
Not worth a glimpse. If any chance to spy me
Coming along, they choose another path,
As if I were a thing of luckless omen,
Boding of evil: I, not long ago
Their patron and their savior! All these wrongs
Have driven me to the desert; where, arrayed
In leathern jerkin, must I till the ground
For hire of fourpence, and philosophize
In solitude to my spade; with this one comfort,
That in this desert haunt I do not see
The crowd of knaves prospering beyond their meed.
That were more grievous sorrow. But, great son
Of Saturn and of Rhea, do shake off
This deep and balmy slumber, which has now
Outlasted longer than Endymion's sleep.
Whirl round thy lightning till it glows again;
Or kindle it at Ætna, so to make
A glorious blaze, and show a manly feeling
Of anger worthy of the youth of Jove;
(*Aside*) Unless the tales the Cretans tell are true,
And their old stories when they point thy tomb.

SCENE II.—*Olympus.*

JUPITER. MERCURY.

Jup. Who, Mercury, is this man that cries so loud
From Attica, beneath Hymettus' foot,
Clad in a leathern jacket, all in filth?
He, from his stooping posture, I should think,
Is digging—an impertinent, prating fellow,
He's some of your philosophers, perhaps,
Or he'd not dare address such impious words
To us.

Mer. What sayest thou, father? Know'st thou not
Timon, the son of Echecratides,
The Colyttensian? Him, with whom so oft
We used to feast in perfect sacrifices?
Who from his new-born fortune treated us
To hecatombs at a time? With whom we were wont
So splendidly to keep thy festal days?

Jup. Alas, the change! Is that the handsome Timon,
The man of wealth, surrounded by his friends?
What brought him to this pass? Abject and foul,
A digger, and a hired one I conjecture,
So heavy is his spade.

Mer. Were I to speak
I' th' way of the world, good nature, I should say,
Kindness and sympathy with all in need,
Have ruined him; but if I spoke the truth,
Ignorance, folly, undiscerning waste
Of friendship, never dreaming that his gifts
On wolves and crows were lavished, while the dupe,
Even as the vultures gnawed his very liver,
Thought they were all his friends, his fond companions,
Out of mere kindness to himself, rejoicing

In what they could devour, They bared his bones,
And picked them with due skill; and if within
They found a grain of marrow, sucked it out,
And that most carefully; and then departed,
Leaving him withered, from the very roots
Cut up, no longer to be known or looked at.
Where finds he now those to assist in turn,
Or help him in his need? The spade, the jerkin
You see, are all his portion; so, through shame,
Leaving the city, as a hireling tiller
He digs the ground, driven crazy by the thought
That they, whose wealth is all derived from him,
Now pass him by with supercilious brow,
Nor even knowing if his name be Timon.

Jup. Ay: truly he is one whose case we hold
Not to be overlooked or slighted; Timon
Has just occasion for his angry fit,
And we ourselves should act in the same style
As those accursed swindlers, were our thoughts
Forgetful of fat thighs of bulls and goats
Which he as offerings burnt. The savory steam
Yet dwells within our nostrils: want of leisure
And bother about perjurers, robbers, larceners,
Besides the fear of temple-thieving rascals,
Hard to be watched, and now in number great,
Have left me scarcely winking time. In fact,
'Tis long since I have looked on Attica,
Seldom, indeed, since that philosophy
And wordy quibbles occupy their time:
The noise these wrangling brawlers make disputing
Drowns all the sound of prayers; for I must sit
My ears well closed, or have them split asunder
With cry of, "Virtue," "Incorporeals"—

Nonsense in short—strung forth with noisy voice.
So Timon was neglected, though by no means
Deserving such a fate. Well, Mercury,
Take Plutus, and depart with utmost speed.
Let Plutus bring Thesaurus, and they both
Must dwell with Timon, and not easily
Depart from him, even though the man's good nature
Should drive them from the house. As for the flatterers,
And the ungrateful conduct which they have shown,
I must resolve hereafter; they shall suffer
When I have had my thunder-bolts repaired—
Two of whose largest flashes have been broken
And blunted since the day when 'gainst the sophist
Who taught his pupils that we deities
Had no existence—Anaxagoras—
I flung with too much zeal, and missed my aim
(The hand of Pericles was over him);
The lightning on the temple of the kings
Darted away, and set it all on fire,
And there was nearly smashed against a stone.
But they will feel sufficient punishment
If once they see that Timon's rich again.

Scene III.

Mercury *on his Voyage.*

What a fine thing is impudence, and noise,
And brawling! Why, not only at the bar,
But even in prayer, such qualities are useful.
See how from beggary to wealth extreme
Is Timon raised, merely because he roared
And bullied in petition, libelling Jove.
If bending to the earth, he dug in silence,
He would unmarked have been a digger still.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Olympus.*

PLUTUS. JUPITER. MERCURY.

Plut. But, Jupiter, I *will* not go to him.
Jup. Why so, good Plutus, when I give the order?
Plut. Because, by Jove, he hath insulted me,
And driven me forth, and cut me into pieces,
Though his paternal friend — ay, almost thrust me
With pitchforks out of doors — dropped me as fast
As those who handle fire. Shall I return
Again to be betrayed to trencher-friends,
Flatterers, and strumpets? Send me, Jove, to those
Who feel the value of the gift, whose arms
Are ready to embrace me; those by whom
I shall be held in honor, and desire;
And let those gulls stick in that poverty
Which they prefer to me, and, taking from her
The spade and jerkin, live with her content
In wretchedness upon their daily fourpence,
Who once were wont to fling away ten talents
As an uncounted present.
Jup. No such thing
Will Timon do. The spade right well has taught him,
Unless his loins know not the taste of pain,
How much thou art to Poverty superior.
But I must say that thou art querulous,
Now blaming him who opens wide the doors,
And lets thee wander as thou wilt, without
A jealous thought, or turning of the key;
In other cases on the rich thou railest,
Complaining of the bars, and bolts, and seals,

That keep thee close, preventing even a peep
Into the light of day. I have heard thee growl
Of being in darkness choked, and thy appearance
Was pale, and full of care, thy fingers cramped
As those of money-reckoners, always planning,
If chance were given thee, like a fugitive slave,
To quit those cruel guardians. On the whole,
It *did* appear to me a dismal thing,
That thou, in brazen or in iron chamber,
Should lead, like Danaë, a virgin life,
Under those harsh and rigorous duennas,
Account and Usury. Thou wert wont to say
Their conduct was absurd, who, loving thee
To madness, when they might enjoy thy charms,
Dare not to do so; nor in perfect ease
Will satiate their desires, as if they thought,
While looking upon seal and lock with eye
Unblinking, 'twas enjoyment quite sufficient
Not to enjoy, but (like the dog i' th' manger,
Who did not eat the barley, nor permit
The hungry horse to eat it), to prevent
Others' enjoyment; and with many a laugh
Didst thou deride them for their niggard sparing,
Their ceaseless watch, and, strangest case of all,
Their jealousy of themselves, and all the while
Not knowing that some cursed slave or steward,
Or other hireling, will indulge in feasting,
Privily stealing in, and leave the wretched
And misbegotten master by the light
Of some poor dim and thirsty, thin-wicked lamp,
To calculate his usances. Is't not then
Somewhat unjust to blame such practices,
And censure Timon for the opposite course?

Plut. If thou require the truth, it will be plain
I blame them both with justice; for the freedom
Of Timon will appear respecting me
Not liberality, but negligence.
And I must count them fools, and deem their conduct
Toward me mere insolence, who shut me up
In darkness, there to fatten, swell, and bloat,
Untouched, and ever banished from the light,
Fearing I should be seen, consigned to rot,
For no wrong done, under a load of chains,
Not once reflecting that in some brief space
They must depart, and to some lucky owner
Leave me at last. Nor can I speak in praise
Of prodigals, commending only those
Who, as is best due moderation hold,
Not altogether slighting me, nor yet
Flinging me all away. Do, Jupiter—
For sake of Jupiter—consider this:
If a man duly wed a fair young damsel,
And heeds her not, and shows no jealous feeling,
But lets her wander as she lists, by night
Or by the day in all men's company,
Encouraging gallants, opening his doors,
Playing Sir Pandarus, inviting visits—
Would he appear to love her? Surely, thou,
So versant, Jupiter, in love affairs,
Wouldst never say so. On the other hand,
Suppose a man should bring his freeborn wife
Into his house, with hope of lawful offspring,
And never touch the fair and blooming maid,
Nor suffer other eyes to look upon her,
But shut her up to lead a virgin life,
Barren of children, all the while declaring

He loved her, and declaring truly too—
As by his faded hue, his wasted flesh,
His sunken eyeballs, is most manifest,
Wouldst thou not think him mad, perverting thus
The end of marriage? Should he not perform
Conjugal duty, sooner than permit
A fairfaced, lovely girl, to waste away,
Keeping her all her life as if she were
A priestess vowed to Ceres? I *am* angry
That some should kick me out, and fling me forth,
While others hold me like a fugitive
And branded slave in fetters.
Jup. Be not angry
With either party: both of them are punished.
One set, like Tantalus, without food or drink,
Gaping with parched tongue alone for gold.
The others, like poor Phineus, with their meals
Torn from their throats by Harpies. Go to Timon:
I warrant thou wilt find him wiser now.
Plut. He! Will he ever cease pouring me out,
As from a tub whose bottom's pierced with holes?
Before I am fairly in, wishing, perhaps
To anticipate my flow, lest in a flood
I'd swamp the owner. I appear with him
To pump in water to the Danaid tub,
And lose my toil; the bottom will not hold it;
The flowing out will beat the flowing in,
The chasm below being wider for the efflux,
And the escape incapable of prevention.
Jup. Well, if that hole's not stopped, and the wide vent
Seriously closed, upon thy flowing forth,
In some short space, he'll find again his jerkin
And spade embedded in the lees of the tub.

But now depart, and make him rich. And, Mercury,
Remember, coming back, to call at Ætna,
And bring the Cyclops hither to repair
My lightning on their whetstone; for, just now,
I shall require to have it rather sharp.

SCENE II.—MERCURY *and* PLUTUS *on their Journey.*

Mer. Let's forward, Plutus! Why, what's this? thou haltest;
This, my good fellow, I knew not before,
That thou art lame as well as blind.
Plut. Not always,
Save when Jove sends me; then I know not how,
Growing slowfooted, and in both legs lame,
I scarce can reach the goal; and he who waits
Is age-worn ere my advent. When the time
Comes for departure, then with winged speed,
Quicker than flight of dreams, I part away;
Off goes the sign of starting, and at once
I am proclaimed the winner, at a bound
Springing along the race-course, the spectators
Often not seeing how I clear the course.
Mer. Not so—for many could I name to thee
Who yesterday had not a penny piece
To buy a halter, now to-day so rich
And costly as to drive in sumptuous carriage
Horsed with a pair of greys; to whom a donkey
Was once above their means; in purple robe
And ring-bedizened fingers riding forth,
Not over sure their wealth is not a dream.
Plut. A different case, my friend. I travel, then,
Not on my own feet; nor does Jove despatch,
But Pluto, my commission—Pluto, he

To Plutus nearly namesake, and thereby
Giver of gold. So when I must depart
They clap me in a will, and seal me close,
Carry me pick-a-back, and bear me out.
The corpse meantime in some dark corner lies
Stretched in the house, a worn-out rag of linen
Spread o'er his knees, a contest for the cats.
While in the market-place, with open mouths,
Wait, as the chirping chicks their sparrow-dame,
Expectant legates. Broken is the seal,
And cut the string, and opened out the deed;
Then my new master is proclaimed — some cousin,
Some toady, or some smooth-cheeked simpering hound
Of dirtier service, whosoe'er he be,
Clutching me in the will runs off at speed,
No longer Pyrrhias, Dromio, Tibias,
But Megabyzus, Megacles, Protarchus,
Swellingly styled, and leaves the rest behind,
Gaping in vain, and looking at each other;
Suffering a sorrow all too true, because
So fine a gudgeon from the net's deep bottom
Scaped after swallowing no small store of bait.
And now this all unbred and thick-skinned fellow,
Who still is trembling at the thought of the stocks;
And when some stander-by will crack a whip,
Pricking his ears in terrified observance,
Who worships, as the temple of the gods,*
The grinding-house, falls fiercely all upon me.
Insulting all he meets, to freeborn men
Impertinent, and o'er his fellow-slaves
Wielding the lash, as if he meant to try

* The *ἀνακτορον* was the slave-market; therefore, a very natural object of reverence for a slave.—W. M.

If such a power was truly placed within him.
Until at last he meets some petty harlot,
Or aims at fame of jockeyship, or else
Gives himself over to some fawning brood
Of flatterers, who swear that he in looks
Is handsomer than Nireus, in his birth
Nobler than Cecrops, or King Codrus, wiser
Even than Ulysses, and in store of wealth
Richer than sixteen Crœsuses together,
When in a moment the unhappy rascal
Pours forth the produce of ill-gotten gains,
Won bit by bit by fraud and perjury.

Mer. Thou speakest but the truth. But when thou goest
On thine own feet, how findest thou the road,
Blind as thou art? Or how canst thou discern
Those to whom Jove directs thee, judging right
Those who of wealth are worthy?

Plut. Dost thou think
I find such persons?

Mer. No, by Jove, not I.
Else thou wouldst not o'er Aristides pass,
And go to Callias, or to Hipponicus,
And many another man of Athens' town
Not worthy of a penny. But inform me,
What is thy course when sent?

Plut. All up and down
I wander on my rambles, till by chance
I stumble upon somebody; and he,
Whoe'er he may be, carries me away,
Giving to thee, O Mercury! the praise
For such unhoped-for gain.

Mer. Then Jupiter
Is sore deceived, in thinking that thy wealth
Falls upon those deserving of the gift?

Plut. Rightly deceived, who, knowing me stone blind,
Sends me, my friend, to hunt out for a thing
So hard to find, and for a long time now
Lost from the world, that not the eyes of Lynceus
Could easily discover th' indistinct
And tiny substance. Therefore, as the good
Are scanty, and the scoundrel many hold
Chief power in all our cities, it is natural
That I should meet the latter, and by them
Be netted.

Mer. But whene'er thine hour of flight
Has come, how dost thou 'scape so easily,
If ignorant of the road?

Plut. I then become
Acute of sight, and nimble on my feet,
Just for that sole occasion of my flight.

Mer. One other question: Tell me how it is
That thou—I speak it plainly—blind, and sallow,
And heavy in thy legs, should find so many
To woo thee with such love? that all look toward thee?
That those who win thee think their lot is blessed?
That those who lose thee scarce endure to live:
For some I know, and they not few, whose love
For thee is so despairing, that they dash
Into the bosom of the fishy deep,
Or from the summit of the mountain's steep,
Thinking themselves o'erlooked by thee, because
Thou didst not see them from the first. Confess
That they are crazy, if thou know thyself,
In their mad passion turned on such an object.

Plut. Thinkst thou their eyes behold me as I am,
Limping and blind, with every other blemish?

Mer. Why not, unless the men themselves are blind?

Plut. Not blind, good Mercury; but ignorance
And fraud, which now are masters every where,
Darken their vision: and, beside, I meet them,
Fearing my ugliness may be all too plain,
Decked in a loveliest disguise, with gold
And gems, and particolored raiment tricked;
So that they, thinking that they truly view
My real countenance in beauty shining,
Fall deep in love, and die if of my favors
They chance to miss. Were they to see me plainly
I do not doubt that they would scorn themselves
For loving things so loveless and unshapely.
Mer. But when they're rich, and have this very mask
In their own holding, are they still deceived?
If it be lost, why do they sooner part
Their lives than its possession? Can they, then,
Be ignorant how factitious is thy beauty,
Seeing what's all inside?
Plut. Not a few matters
In this case aid me, Mercury.
Mer. What are they?
Plut. When a man meets me, and with open doors
Admits me to his house, there with me enter,
Unknown to him, Pride, Madness, Boastful Folly,
Impertinence, and Luxury, and Fraud —
Ten thousand things beside: seized on by which
In his very soul, with wonder he admires
Things not of wonder worthy, his desire
Is fixed on what he should avoid; and me,
The sire of all the evils crowding on him,
He worships with devotion, ringed around
With such a train of body guards; and would suffer
Aught sooner than my loss.

Mer. How smooth thou art,
And slippery, Plutus; hard to catch, and hard
To hold; affording no sufficient grasp; like eels
Or serpents through the fingers, slipping off
We know not how. While, on the other hand,
Poverty sticks like birdlime, easily caught,
With many a hook outsticking from all parts
Of her whole body, so that all who approach
Are held immediately, and scarce escape.
But, while we chatter, one thing is forgotten.
Plut. What's that?
Mer. We've not brought with us whom we want
Most specially—Thesaurus.
Plut. Never mind.
Going to you, I left him in the ground,
And bade him stay at home, and ope the door
To none, unless he heard my voice commanding.

SCENE III.—*The Desert by Athens.*

MERCURY, PLUTUS, } *descending.*
POVERTY *and Attendants.*
TIMON.

Mer. Let's, therefore, enter Attica. Take care
To follow me, close holding by my cloak,
Until we reach the desert.
Plut. Thou doest well
To guide me on the way; for shouldst thou leave me,
Soon in my wanderings I, perhaps, should meet
Some Cleon or Hyperbolus. What noise
Is this I hear, as if of iron grating
Against a stone?
Mer. 'Tis Timon, who hard by

Digs in a mountainous and stony land.
Good Heavens! What? Poverty is here, and Toil,
Endurance, Wisdom, Manliness, and a train
Marshalled by Hunger: followers better far
Than are the satellites.
Plut. Why not, Mercury,
Do we not flee this place as speedily
As we can leave it? What, now, can we do
Worthy of mention, with a man surrounded
By such a host as this?
Mer. As Jupiter
Thinks otherwise, we must abandon fear.
Pov. Where, Argus-slayer, dost thou thus, blind fellow,
Guide and conduct?
Mer. By Jupiter, to Timon
We are despatched.
Pov. Plutus, Timon sent! When I,
Having received him in an evil plight,
From hands of Luxury, have made of him
A man of worth and honor! Am I, then,
I, Poverty, in your eyes so lightly held,
And deemed a mark of easy injury,
That thus ye take from me my sole possession,
Carefully wrought to virtue, that again,
Plutus receiving him, shall hand him over
To Insolence and Pride, and rendering him
Soft, silly, senseless as before, restore him
Again to me, worn to a worthless rag?
Mer. So, Poverty, hath Jupiter ordained.
Pov. I go, then. Toil, and Wisdom, and the rest,
Follow me. He full soon will find that he,
By my abandonment, has lost a good
Partner of labor, and the best of teachers;

With whom conversing, he was strong of mind,
In body healthful, living as a man
Should live, who, looking to himself, considers
All superfluities, and vulgar cares,
Unworthy of his notice. [*Exeunt* POVERTY *and Train.*]
Mer. They are gone;
Let us approach him. [*They approach.*]
Tim. Who are ye, ye scoundrels?
What motive brings you hither, to annoy
A laborer and a hireling? But ye shall not
Depart rejoicing, villains as ye are,
For I shall pelt you well with clods and stones.
Mer. Nay, pelt not, Timon, for we are not men.
I am Mercury, and this is Plutus, sent
By Jupiter, who listens to thy prayers.
So, in the name of fortune, take thy wealth,
Freed from thy labors.
Tim. Still I'll make ye suffer,
Although ye be the gods ye say ye are:
I hate all gods and men. For this blind fellow,
Whoever he may be, I shall break his head,
Smiting him with my spade.
Plut. Let us depart
To Jove, O Mercury; for the man appears
In no small measure mad, and ere I go
May do me mischief.
Mer. Nothing angry, Timon,
But cast aside this harsh and savage mood.
Stretch forth both hands, catch at this favoring fortune;
Be rich once more, and take the highest place
Among the men of Athens; and despise
All these ungrateful wretches—thou alone
Possessed of happiness.

Tim. I want ye not—
Plague me no more—my spade is wealth sufficient;
And as for happiness, the greatest share
I look for is, that no one may come near me.
Mer. So savage, my good friend: *"And must I bear*
To Jove this answer, surly and severe?"
Justly art thou a man-hater, for from men
Much wrong was offered thee; but no god-hater,
Seeing the gods take so much care of thee.
Tim. To thee, then, Mercury, and to Jove, my thanks
Are tendered for that care; but I refuse
To take this fellow, Plutus.
Mer. Why?
Tim. Because
He brought upon me, in my former days,
Ten thousand evils; handing me to flatterers,
Exposing me to knaves, exciting hatred,
Corrupting me with luxury, rousing envy;
And on a sudden then abandoning me,
At last, in style so false and treacherous.
And then most honest Poverty, with labor
Of the most manly nature, strung my nerves—
Made me acquainted with free-spoken speech
And truth—afforded me whatever is needful
For man who lives by toil—taught me to scorn
Objects of vulgar care—upon myself
Made me rely for all the hopes of life—
And showed me what was mine own wealth indeed:
Which no base flatterer with his glozing tongue,
No harpy sycophant with threats of law,
No angry mob, no ballotmongering voter,
No wily tyrant, can deprive me of.
So strengthened thus by labor, and this land

Industriously am tilling, far away
From all your city-evils, quite content
In earning sure, sufficient sustenance,
By this my spade. Then, Mercury, return
With hasty foot, and carry back to Jove
This Plutus. As for me, 'twill be enough
To bid all mankind, old and young, lament.
Mer. No, my good sir, for all are not inclined
To join in lamentation. Lay aside
These passionate ravings, only fit for children,
And take the God of Riches; well advised
"*That gifts from Jove should never be despised.*"
Plut. May I, O Timon, plead my cause against thee?
Or will it trouble thee to hear me speak?
Tim. Speak, then, but briefly, and with no preambles,
Such as the cursed rhetoricians use;
For Mercury's sake, I'll hear a short oration.
Plut. I ought in justice speak at length, accused
As I am by thee of so many wrongs;
But see if I have wronged thee as thou sayest—
I who to thee was cause of pleasantest things—
Honor, precedence, crowns, and luxuries.
Through me thou wert the mark for every eye,
The theme of praise, the object of devotion:
If aught, 'twas thine from flatterers to suffer;
I must not bear the blame. 'Tis rather I
Who have been wronged by thee—casting me out
Disgracefully to those accursed fellows
Who praised thee, swindled thee, and in all manners
Laid traps for me. Then, if thou dost complain
That I betrayed thee; on the contrary, I
Retort the charge; I headlong from thy house
Was driven, and flung in every manner forth;

Wherefore most noble Poverty has clad thee,
Instead of a soft robe, with this coarse jerkin;
And here I call on Mercury to witness
How I entreated Jupiter not to send me
To one who erst had treated me so harshly.
Mer. But now thou seest how altered he's become;
So, Plutus, cheerfully go dwell with him.
[*To* TIMON.] Dig, Timon,
Where thou art. [*To* PLUTUS.] And thou beneath
His spade place treasure; when he hears thy voice
He'll come obedient.
Tim. I must then comply,
And once again be rich. What can one do
When by the gods compelled? But, pray, consider
Into what troubles ye will thereby plunge me.
Wretch that I am, who leave my happy life,
And shall receive this sudden heap of gold,
And such a load of care, doing no wrong.
Mer. Bear with it, Timon, for my sake; and even
Were it most hard and troublous of endurance,
It should be borne, that thy base flatterers
Might burst themselves with envy. I to Heaven
Shall travel over Ætna. [*Exit* MERCURY.]
Plut. He has gone,
As I conjecture from the waving sound
Of wings. Do thou remain. I go to send
The God of Treasure; vigorously dig.
[*To* THESAURUS.] Treasure of Gold, I call thee to obey
This Timon, and to place thyself beneath
His spade. [*To* TIMON.]* Dig deeper, Timon. I depart.
[*Exit* PLUTUS.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

* The reader of Lucian will know the difficulties of the passage in the original. We have translated after ἀποστησομαι, which is now commonly read;

ACT III.

SCENE II.— *The Desert.*

TIMON. DEMEAS.
GNATHONIDES. THRASYCLES.
PHILIADES. BLEPSIAS, &c.

Tim. Come, spade, put forth thy strength, and show no sign
Of weariness, in calling from the depths
Of earth this lurking treasure into light.
[*Digs, and discovers gold.*]
O wonder-working Jove! dear Corybantes!
O Hermes, god of gain! Whence are these heaps,
Those boundless heaps, of gold?—Perhaps I dream;
I fear that, on awaking, they may prove
To be no more than cinders. Nay, 'tis gold!
Stamped gold—true gleaming color, heavy weight,
Of aspect most delicious to the eye.
O gold! *
What fairer sight can man behold?

but ὑπισταμαι is the oldest reading. There are, however, obvious objections to putting it into the mouth of Plutus. It can not be forced to signify, "I will depart;" and it is contrary to the allegory that Plutus should be under either Thesaurus or Timon, particularly the former. Might we not give it to Thesaurus?

Plutus. Treasure of Gold, I call thee to obey
This Timon, and to place thee 'neath his spade.
Thesaurus [*from below*]. Timon, dig deep. I shall be under ye.

i. e. under Plutus and Timon.—W. M.

* The first part of this passage is, in the original, a line from a lost play of Euripides, *Bellerophon*, quoted by Stobæus:—

Ὦ χρυσὲ δεξίωμα κάλλιστον βροτοῖς.

The whole extract may be thus translated:—

O, gold! the fairest gift to human kind,
Compared with thee the joys that mothers feel,
Or fathers, in their offspring, can't compare

Still beaming forth in beauty bright,
Like blazing fire by day and night.
O gold!

Come, dearest, most beloved! Show me the maid
Who would not, with wide-opening arms embrace
So sweet a lover, showering through the tiles?
Midas, and Crœsus, and thou Delphic fane,
Loaded with offerings, how you seem as naught
Compared to Timon, and the wealth of Timon,
With whom not Persia's monarch can compare!
Good spade, dear jerkin, it is meet that I
Should hang you here as votive gifts to Pan.
I'll purchase all this desert, and erect
A turret o'er the treasure, just enough
For me to spend my days in, and to serve
As tomb, my bones to shelter when I am dead.

With those which they experience in whose houses
Thou art the guest. If to admiring eyes
Venus displays as brilliant charms as thine,
It is no wonder that so many lovers
Should follow in her train.

A preceding line of this passage, also preserved by Stobæus:—

Ἔα με κερδαίνοντα κεκλῆσθαι κακόν—

Let me be rich, and men may call me scoundrel—

exposed the tragedy to no small peril. The audience, as Seneca informs us, rose *en masse* to drive the actor and the play off the stage. Euripides was obliged to come forward and request that they would wait until the end, when it would be seen what was the sad fate of the speaker of such sentiments, in the end of the play. This is something like Lord Byron's apology for Don Juan.

The latter part is adapted from Pindar, Ol. i.

ἀ ἐ
χρυσὸς αἰθόμενον πῦρ
ἅτε διαπρέπει νυ—
κτι—

Lucian adds, καὶ μεθ' ἡμέραν. Cary's translation is brief enough:—

"Gold like fire at midnight blazing,
Glittering heaps outshineth far.

BE THIS DECREED,* and laid down as a law,
For my remaining life, never to mix
With mankind; none to know, and all to scorn.
Be friend, companion, guest, appeals to the altar
Of pity, idle trash. Sorrow for tears,
Or help to him who needs it, flat subversion
Of ordinance, and upsetting of all morals.
Lonely as lives the wolf, so shall I live.
One friend, no more, I'll have, and he is—Timon.
All other men are enemies and traitors.
If I should meet a man, it is a case
Demanding purification; and the day
On which I barely see one is accursed.
Be they to me no more than merely statues
Of brass or stone. No herald I'll receive,
And make no treaty. Let the desert wild
Serve as a boundary betwixt me and man.
The names of fellow-tribesman, fellow-wardsman,
Or fellow-citizen, the name itself

* How feeble is the Misanthrope of Lucian to the same man in Shakespeare! The prayers of the Greek are humanity itself to what we find in the English tragedy:—

"Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire;
With it beat out his brains. Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!" &c.

The views of Lucian were far more limited than than those of Shakespeare. The misanthrope of him who grasped the universe in his vision imprecated curses on all mankind. The clever wit and rhetorician of Athens could not resist the opportunity of making *his* Timon a vehicle for jest and satire against the orators and philosophers of the coteries in which he mingled, and whose sayings and doings seemed to him of such infinite importance.—W. M.

Of country, are but cold and barren words,
The objects of vain glory to an idiot.
Be Timon, and he only rich, and hold
All others in contempt, and by himself
Indulge in joy free from the flattering crowd,
And their o'erburthening praise. His sacrifice
To the great gods will he perform alone,
And at the board feasting alone will sit,
Himself his only neighbor, all the rest
Shaken away. And further be it decreed
That when the hour of death draws near, he only
Shall clasp his dying hand, and on his head
Place the last chaplet. He assumes the title
Most grateful to his ears—of Misanthrope!
The manners suitable to such a name—
Harshness, and fierceness, incivility,
Anger, and hate of mankind, shall be his.
If I behold one perishing in the fire,
And praying me to quench it, be it quenched
With pitch and oil: or if the winter flood
Hurries a drowning wretch along its current,
And with uplifted hand he cries for aid,
Headlong I'll plunge him, so that by no chance
He may escape! Thus shall I fitly pay them.
Timon, the son of Echecratides,
A burgher of Colyttos, introduced
This law to the assembly. The same Timon
Put it to vote, and passed it, and he will
Right manfully and well carry out th' enactment;
Yet would I give a handsome price that all
Should know my wealth enormous. It would be
As bad as choking to them. Why! what's this?
Heavens! what a bustle; from all sides they run,

Covered with dust, and panting in the course,
Having, I know not how, smelt out the gold.
Shall I, then, mount this rock, and drive them off—
Pelted away with stones? or for this once
Do violence to my law, and meet them that
They may feel keener insult from my scorn.
Ay! that is better. Let me therefore stay
To greet them. Who comes first? Gnathonides,
My flatterer, who, when late I asked a dole,
Handed me forth a halter. At my house
Oft had his stomach heaved beneath the load
Of gallons of my wine. But he is right
To come; for he shall be the first to howl.

Enter GNATHONIDES.

Gnathonides. Did I not say the gods would ne'er forget
So good a man as Timon? Timon, hail!
All hail! thou handsomest, and pleasantest man,
And most convivial fellow.

Tim. Hail thou, too,
Gnathonides, most ravenous of vultures,
And most confounded scoundrel of mankind!

Gnath. Fond of a joke as ever. Where is the feast?
To cheer the cup, I bring with me a song
From the new dithyrambs I late was taught.

Tim. Taught by this spade thou'lt sing forth doleful ditties
In elegiac! [*Beats him.*]

Gnath. Ha! what's this? Dost strike me?
Bear witness, Hercules. Oh! oh! I cite thee
Before the Areopagus, on a charge
Of battery and bloodshed.

Tim. Wait much longer,
And I shall give thee cause for a charge of murder.

Gnath. No, not at all; thou hast it in thy power
Wholly to cure the wound, by laying on
An ointment of thy gold. There's no such stiptic.
Tim. What, loitering still?
Gnath. Nay, I depart, but thou
Shalt have no cause of joy for this thy change
From kindness to barbarity. [*Exit.*
Tim. Who is this?
This bald head fellow? Oh! Philiades,
Most flatulent of flatterers. From my hands
He got a freehold farm, and for his daughter
Two talents as her dowry—a reward
Bestowed him for his lavish compliments
Upon my singing; for when all the rest
Held silence, he alone, with many an oath,
Swore that I sang more sweetly than the swans;
And, but the other day, when I in sickness
Came to him begging succor, the good fellow
Threatened me with the whip.

Enter PHILIADES.

Philiades. O! impudence!
Now, do you know who Timon is—is now
Gnathonides, his friend and fellow-reveller,
The ungrateful knave, by all whom former favors
Were unremembered, meets his due deserts.
But I, his ancient friend, who with him shared
The days of youth, a fellow of his tribe,
And brother citizen, approach discreetly,
Not wishing to intrude. All hail, my patron!
And still keep off these rascal parasites—
Mere trencher friends, no better than the crow.
We can trust no one now—for all are base.

And thankless. As for me, I hither came
To offer thee a talent to supply
Thy present needs; when on the road I learnt
That an o'erflowing mint of wealth was thine.
I now have come to counsel thee, although
Thou art too wise to lack advice of mine,
Who might at need be counsellor to Nestor.

Tim. So be't, Philiades. Come hither, then,
And take this cheery welcome from my spade.

[*Strikes him.*]

Phil. Good people, see, the ungrateful man has broken
My head because I wished to teach him prudence. [*Exit.*

Tim. Here comes a third. 'Tis orator Demeas,
With his decree in hand, and laying claim
To be my cousin. In one day for him
I paid up sixteen talents to the city
(He had been cast, and lay in a prison for it,
Having no means to pay the sum, till I,
From pity, freed him); and when, not long since,
It was his lot to share some public money
For the Ægeïd tribe, and I applied,
Asking my portion of't, he told me plump,
He did not know me as a citizen.

Enter DEMEAS.

Demeas. Hail, Timon, glory of thy race—thou prop
Of Athens, and thou bulwark of all Greece,
Long since the assembled people and both councils—
Senate and Areopagus—await thee.
But listen, first, to the decree which I
Have for thine honor thus drawn up: "WHEREAS,
Timon, the son of Echecratides,
A burgher of Colyttos, much renowned

For goodness and for virtue, and in wisdom
Surpassing all the other men of Greece,
Has many a noble benefit conferred
Upon the city throughout all his life —
Has, in one day, in boxing, wrestling, running,
In two-horse driving, and in four-in-hand,
Been proclaimed victor at the Olympic games."

Tim. I never even visited the games.

Dem. What then? some other time thou wilt be there;
('Tis best to put in such like things as these).
"*And last year bravely, by Acharnæ, two*
Spartan battalions into pieces cut."

Tim. Why, how is this? I never carried arms,
Nor was included in the muster-roll.

Dem. This is mere modesty. But we should be
Ungrateful, did we not remember it.
"*By drawing up decrees, by giving counsel,*
By leading armies, hath he to the city
In no small wise contributed. For these reasons,
BE IT DECREED *by senate, and by people,*
By the high court justiciary, by the tribes,
And by the wards, severally and generally,
There be erected in the citadel,
And nigh Minerva placed, a golden Timon,
With lightnings in his right hand, and with rays
Beaming about his head; that he be crowned
With seven gold crowns, and that they be proclaimed
When at the Dionysia the new tragedies
Shall be to-day performed (to do him honor,
The Dionysia must be held to-day).
DEMEAS THE ORATOR *proposed this bill,*
Nearest to him of kin, and his disciple;
For Timon is a famous orator.

And all things else whatever he desires."
Such, then, is the decree. I had intended
To bring with me my son, whom, after thee,
I gave the name of Timon.
Tim. How is this?
As far as I know, thou wert never married.
Dem. Next year I will, if God may so permit,
And shall have offspring; and the child so born
('Twill be a son, of course), I call him Timon.
Tim. I doubt if thou wilt marry, my good fellow,
After so stiff a blow as this from me. [*Strikes him.*]
Dem. Oh, oh! What mean'st thou? At the tyranny
Art aiming, Timon, thus to strike the free?
Thou, not a freeman pure—no, not a citizen!
But thou shalt suffer for thy various crimes;
Among the rest, for burning of the citadel.
Tim. It is not burnt, thou scoundrel; which will prove thee
A perjured common informer.
Dem. And thy riches
Are made by undermining the Exchequer.
Tim. It is not undermined—that lie wont serve.
Dem. It will be undermined some other day;
But thou hast now all that it once contained.
Tim. Take then another. [*Strikes him.*]
Dem. Wo is me, my back!
Tim. Make no more noise, or I shall give a third.
It will be most ridiculous withal
If I, who two battalions of Laconia,
Unarmed, cut to pieces, could not crush
One wretched manmikin: it, indeed, were vain
That at the Olympic games I had been victor
In boxing and in wrestling! [*Exit* DEMEAS.

Who is next?
Philosopher Thrasycles! — ay, no one else —
With beard let loose, and eyebrows all upturned,
His hair set back upon his forehead — waddling
And grunting, here he comes, a very Boreas,
Or Triton, such as Zeuxis used to paint.
Smooth of attire, demure in his deportment,
And modest in his gait, in morning hours
He preaches upon virtue, and inveighs
'Gainst pleasure's votaries, and with much laud
Extols frugality; but when the bath
Is over, and to supper he proceeds,
And from the boy takes a prodigious cup
(No watered wine for him, but the neat fluid),
Then, as if Lethe's waters he had swallowed,
He shows in practice the flat contrary
To all the morning theories — like a kite,
Pouncing upon the dishes, elbowing
His neighbor guests, filling his beard with sauce,
Snapping his food like a dog, close bending over
The plates, as if to find in them that virtue
He so much talked of; and with careful finger
Wiping each platter, so as not to leave
One toothful of the garlic sauce behind.
Then loud are his complaints, if not to him
Exclusively is given the pie entire,
The pig, or whatsoever else may be
The tit-bit chosen for gourmand or for glutton.
Tipsy at last, or drunken, he proceeds,
Not merely to the pitch of song or dance,
But of abuse and riot. Many a discourse
Over the cup he holds; and his chief themes
Are order and sobriety, which he treats

With tongue absurdly stammering, quite knocked up
By the strong wine he swallowed; till no more
His stomach will retain the dose, and then
Away they carry him staggering from the chamber,
Clasping a singing girl in both his arms.
But even in sober hours, he need not yield
To any man precedence in the arts
Of impudence, rapacity, or lying.
'Mong flatterers, too, he holds distinguished place,
And scruples not at perjury. Before him
Marches Imposture; Impudence attends him;
In short, the thing's most feelosophical,*
Complete in every part, and wholly accomplished
In manifold perfections. Ere long, therefore,
So fine a fellow well deserves to howl.

Enter THRASYCLES.

What's this? Good Heavens! Why loitered Thrasycles?

Thra. I come not hither, Timon, with the motive
That sways the multitude, who, all agape,
Run in a crowd after thy wealth, thy plate,
Thy gold, thy costly banquets, holding forth
In many a glozing flattery to a man
Simple as thou, and liberal of hand.
Thou know'st for me a biscuit is enough,
Seasoned, as sweetest luxury, with a cress,
An onion, or, perchance should I indulge,
A little salt. The well supplies my drink.
This tattered cloak I deem of higher worth
Than finest purple. As for gold, to me
It seems no better than the sea-side shells.
'Tis on thine own account I come, through fear,

* Πάνσοφον τὸ χρῆμα.—W. M.

Lest that most pestilent and treacherous thing,
Wealth, which to many a man, at many a time,
Has been the cause of woes incurable,
Should spoil thy better nature. Wouldst thou take
The advice I proffer, thou wouldst cast it all
Into the sea, as something quite unneeded,
By a good man, whose eyes have power to see
The riches of philosophy. But, my friend,
Don't fling it in the deep sea altogether.
If as thou wadest on the shelving shore,
The water reach thy hips, 'twill be sufficient;
I should alone be witness. But if this
Appear not suitable, another mode
Perhaps is better to get rid of it
Out of thine house at once, not leaving there
A single obolus; give it all away
To those who are in want — to one, five drachms;
Elsewhere, a mina; elsewhere, half a talent;
If a philosopher apply, 'tis just
That his should be a double or treble portion.
As for my part, I ask not for myself;
But that I might assist my friends in want,
I shall be satisfied if thou shouldst fill
The wallet which I carry; it contains
Not quite two bushels of our Attic measure;
For a philosopher should be content
And moderate, and never let his thoughts
Wander beyond his wallet.

Tim. Thrasycles,
I much commend thee; but, with thy good leave,
I shall not fill thy wallet, but thy head,
And that with bumps, measured out with my spade.

[*Strikes him.*]

Thra. O commonwealth! O laws! See how we are beaten,
In our free state, by this accursed fellow.
Tim. Do not be angry, worthy Thrasycles.
Have I defrauded thee? Nay, I am ready
To throw in four additional pints beside,
Beyond the measure. [*Exit* THRASYCLES.
What is here? A crowd
Comes up together: Blepsias, Laches, Gnipho,
A whole battalion, destined for the howling.

Enter BLEPSIAS, &c.

I must ascend the rock, and give a respite
To my well-labored spade, and gathering up
A store of stones, hurl them like hail upon them.
Blepsias. Timon, don't throw; we are departing.
Tim. But
You part not from me bloodless and unwounded.

II.

Charon; or, The Lookers-on.*

This dramatic sketch—["Prior pars dialogi etiam δραματικὴ est," says Petrus Mosellanus in his *Argumentum*, he might have extended the description to all parts]—is a sort of prototype of the *Diable Boiteux;* of which, however, the *Cobbler and the Cock* is the direct original. It bears a resemblance, also, to a much graver work—the *Paradise Regained.* Satan there takes our Saviour to a mountain to behold the kingdoms of the earth, and all their glory. Among other things, he is shown the eastern kingdoms, at the time when

> "The Parthian king
> In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
> Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
> Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
> He marches now in haste," &c.
> *Par. Reg.* book iii. pp. 299–303.

On which Dunster remarks, "In the *Charon, or* ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΥΝΤΕΣ *of Lucian*, Mercury, in a similar manner, shows and describes to Charon, Cyrus marching on his expedition against Crœsus." Having explained who Cyrus is, and having related his former conquests, he says, καὶ ΝΥΝ ελασειοντι επι Λυδιαν εοικεν, ως καθελων τὸν Κροισον αρχοι

* From *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1839.—M.

απαντων. c. 9. This dialogue of Lucian is not without its resemblance, in other respects, to this part of our author's poem. Mercury, to gratify Charon in a short time with a full view of what is passing in the world, tells him that he must devise "a specular mount" on purpose—*την ικανην* ΣΚΟΠΗΝ. This he does by piling Pelion on Ossa, and Œta and Parnassus on these. He then shows his friend an "outstretched prospect" of land and water, *γην πολλην* * * * * *και ορη, και ποταμους*. Charon afterward desires to see Nineveh, Babylon, and other famous cities of antiquity. The first of those, Mercury tells him, has been so completely destroyed, that no traces of it remain. The second he shows, and it may be remarked, describes it *ευπυργος*, and *τον μεγαν περιβολον* [*εχουσα*], which is very similar to our poets, "*Huge cities* and *high towered*." Ver. 261, *supra*, *i. e.* in *P. R.* The passage in Lucian to which Dunster refers is translated below, v. 592–603.

Charon; or, The Lookers-on.

Scene I.

Mercury *meeting* Charon *emerging, near Olympus,* from the infernal regions.*

Mercury. Why art thou laughing, Charon? on what errand
Hast thou come hither to the light of day,
Leaving thy bark? It little is thy wont
To intermeddle with affairs above.
Charon. I wished, O Mercury, to see the course
Of things in life, and what men do in it;
And what it is they lose when it departs
That sends them groaning to the nether world;
For no man sails across unwet with tears.
I therefore begged from Pluto that I might,
Like that Thessalian lad; ascend to earth,
Leaving my boat deserted for a day.
And by good luck methinks I've met with thee;
For I am sure that thou wilt lead me round,
Guiding my stranger steps, and pointing out
All that I seek to know.
Mer. Good ferryman,
I have no leisure; for, upon the bidding
Of the supernal Jupiter, I go,
Bent on a message relative to men.
And he is quick of temper; and I fear

* See v. 92, 93.—W. M.

That if I loiter on my task, he may
Make me yours altogether — to the realms
Of darkness banished; or, as late he did
To Vulcan, seize me also by the foot,
And from the heavenly threshold fling me sheer;
So that I, too, as limping cupbearer,
Should be a mark for laughter.

Cha. Wilt thou, then,
Neglect me thus wandering in vain on earth,
Thine old companion, and thy brother-sailor;
Thy colleague in the transport service?* Nay,
Offspring of Maia, better 'twould become thee
To call to memory that I ne'er required
Thine aid to pump, or pull an oar with me.
Stretched on the thwarts, thou, a broad-shouldered fellow,
Snored at thine ease; or if among the passengers
We had some prating ghost, chattered with him
Through all the voyage, leaving it to me,
Old as I am, to pull a pair of oars,
Rowing alone. But, for thy father's sake,
Dear little Mercury, don't leave me here;
But take me round, and show me every thing
The living world contains, that so I may
See something ere I travel back again.
If thou shouldst thus abandon me, in nothing
Would I excel the blind, who in the dark
Stumble and slip, as, on the contrary,
The daylight makes me blink. So grant this favor,
Cyllenius, which for ever shall I store
In grateful memory.

* Συνδιάκτορος. Hemsterhuys interprets the word διάκτορος, as "messenger;" but that can hardly apply here. It must signify a "conductor," viz., of the dead; one employed διάγων τὰς ψυχάς.—W. M.

Mer. This affair, methinks,
Will be a case of beating; I foresee
This tour will bring me a reward of bumps;
But I comply. When a friend urges so,
What other can I do? But, ferryman,
As for an accurate view of every thing,
'Tis quite impossible; it would require
A stay of many years, and I should be
Proclaimed in hue-and-cry a runaway
From Jupiter; and thou the tasks of death
Should leave undone, not ferrying o'er the shades
For such a length of time, defrauding so
Pluto's exchequer, to the discontent
Of Æacus, his chancellor, who would miss
The customary penny. We must think
How I can point thee out the chiefest matters.
Cha. Be't thine, good Mercury, to plan what's best;
For I know nothing of the things on earth,
Being but a stranger.
Mer. Charon, then, in brief,
We want some lofty place, whence every thing
Could be discerned. If it were possible
For thee to mount to Heaven, the thing were easy;
For from that pinnacle thou all the world
Could in its circuit accurately view.
But since it is not consonant that thou,
Habitual dweller with the shadowy dead,
Should mount into the regal domes of Jove,
We must seek out some lofty mountain.
Cha. Mercury,
Thou knowest what I was wont to say to thee
When we have sailed together. If the wind
Should strike the sail athwart; or when the wave

Was boisterous, and ran billows, ye would then,
Out of your ignorance of sea affairs,
Bid me take in the sail, or slack the sheet,
Or run before the wind; then would I bid ye
Keep your tongues quiet, for I best could judge.
Take the same course thyself, and do whate'er
Seems to thee right, as thou art now the helmsman;
While I, as passengers should do, will sit
In silence, all obedience to thine orders.

Mer. Thou sayst right; I know what should be done:
I'll find a proper spot for observation.
[*To himself.*] Is Caucasus fit? or is Parnassus higher?
Or this Olympus here surpassing both?—
Ay! and Olympus brings into my head
A notion not to be despised. But thou [*To* CHARON]
Must take thy share of toil, and help my labor.

Cha. Command. I'll help thee to my utmost power.

Mer. Homer, the poet, tells us that the sons
Of Aloëus—two, as we, in number—
Being but mere boys, tore Ossa from its roots,
And piled it on Olympus; and upon it
Planted Mount Pelion; thereby, as they thought,
Making a ladder to ascend the Heavens.
These impious youths with fitting punishment
Were chastened. Can not we, who mean no harm
Against the gods, build up a similar pile;
Rolling up mountain upon mountain, so
To have from loftier spot a clearer view?

Cha. And can we, Mercury, being only two,
Lift Pelion upon Ossa?

Mer. Why not, Charon?
What! are we weaker than a pair of brats—
Both of us gods?

Cha. No; but the thing appears
Somewhat incredible—a swelling vaunt
Of power exaggerated.*
Mer. Ay! like enough
Thou art plain commonplace, and not at all
Versant in poesy. But noble Homer
Made in two lines Heaven scalable, with ease,
Bringing the hills together. And I marvel
That this should seem so wonderful to thee,
Who know'st that Atlas, merely singlehanded,†
Alone upholds the globe, carrying us all.
And thou hast heard, perhaps, how Hercules,
My brother, once relieved this very Atlas
A short time from the weight, slipping himself
Beneath the burden.
Cha. Yes, I heard of it;
But thou, good Mercury, and the bards must know
If all these tales are true.
Mer. Most true, O Charon!
On what account should men so wise as they
Tell falsehoods? Let us, then, with levers lift
First Ossa, as the master-builder, Homer,
Does in his verse direct us.
"On Ossa, Pelion rustling with its leaves."
[*They place Pelion on Ossa.*]
Look! how at once with ease and poetry
We have our work effected! I shall mount
And see, if 'twill suffice, or if there be
Need of a further piling. Whew! we're yet

* Τὸ πρᾶγμα δοκεῖ μοι ἀπίθανον τινα τὴν μεγαλουργίαν ἔχειν. Translated by Petr. Mosellanus, "Res ipsa incredibilem quandam magnifici operis ostentationem continere videtur."—W. M.

† In some editions, εἰς ὤμων; but εἰς ὦν is necessary for the contrast here intended.—W. M.

Down at the root and bottom of the sky.
For to the east Ionia scarce and Lydia
Appear in sight; and to the west not more
Than Italy and Sicily: on the north
Only the lands about the Danube. Down
Southward I see but Crete, and that not clear.
We must, it seems, move Œta also, Charon,
And than Parnassus over all.

Cha. Let's do so;
But pray take care we do not make our work
Too slender, lengthening it beyond proportion;
For if it topple down, we shall experience
The bitterness of Homer's architecture
Fracturing our skulls.

Mer. Take courage, all is safe.
Bring hither Œta; roll me up Parnassus.

[*Piles the mountains.*]

I mount once more. All's right, for the whole world
Can now be seen. Come, ferryman, climb up.

Cha. Give me thy hand, for, Mercury, thou makest me
Ascend no petty structure.

Mer. If thou wilt
See the world, Charon, thou must not expect
To shun all danger, and indulge at once
Thy curious disposition. Hold me by
The right hand, and take care thou dost not step
Upon a slippery spot. Well done! Thou also
Hast gained the summit; and, as Mount Parnassus
Is double-topped, we each can choose a peak;
And, seated there, we now on all things round
May cast our eyes, and pass them in review.

Scene II.

Summit of Parnassus. Mercury *on one peak.* Charon *on the other.*

Cha. I see much land outspread, and a large lake
Flowing around it; mountains, too, and rivers,
Than Pyriphlegethon or Cocytus wider;
And men of petty stature, and their dens.
Mer. What seem to thee their dens, in fact, are cities.
Cha. Knowest thou, O Mercury, our labor's lost?
It is in vain we have disturbed Parnassus,
It's Castaly, and Œta.
Mer. How is this?
Cha. Naught can I see distinctly from this height;
I wished to see not merely town and mountains,
As in a map, but men themselves, and what
They say and do; just as when first you met me,
And asked me why I laughed. A thing I heard
Had tickled me extremely.
Mer. What was that?
Cha. A man invited by some friend to supper,
I fancy, for to-morrow, in reply
Said, "I shall surely come;"* and, as he spoke,
A tile fell tumbling, moved I know not how,
Off of a roof and killed him. So I laughed
To find him break his promise. Let's get down,
That I may see and hear what's going on.
Mer. Keep quiet: I shall remedy thy need;
And, in a twinkling, make thee sharp of sight.
And for this purpose, also, I shall take

* The words spoken by the invited guest are merely "μάλιστα ἥξω;" ἐς τὴν ὑστεραίαν should not be united with them as in many editions, but with κληθείς. "A man invited by a friend for to-morrow, to supper I suppose, replied: I'll come by all means.'"—W. M.

My charm from Homer. When I speak the verses,
Thou must no longer blink with eye bedimmed,
But see all plainly.

Cha. Then pronounce the words.

Mer. "*I purge the mist once spread before thine eye,** 190
That gods and men thou clearly mayest descry."

Cha. What's this?

Mer. Thou now canst see?

Cha. Most wonderfully!
Lynceus himself was blind compared to me.
Now come, commence the lecture, answering
Whatever I inquire. But dost thou wish 195
My questions should be put in Homer's style,
To show I am not ignorant of Homer?

Mer. What couldest thou know of him, who all thy life
Hast been a sailor, tugging at the oar?

Cha. Look you! I stand no insults on the craft. 200
After his death I ferried him across;
And of the verses that he spouted forth,
Some I can still remember. As it happened,
No trifling tempest caught us; and he straight
Commenced a chant, that sounded not delightful 205
To those who then were sailing; for he sang
How Neptune, gathering the clouds, disturbed
The deep, and, with his trident for a ladle,
Stirred up the sea, arousing all his tempests.†
But as the song proceeded, on a sudden 210
There came a darkening squall, which had well-nigh

* Hom. *Il.* ε. 127.—W. M.

† The text in the ordinary editions needs transposition. The words, κυκῶν τὴν θάλασσαν, must apply to the action of Neptune in stirring the sea, and not at all to Homer, whose verses could not have had the effect of occasioning the storm on the Styx. We have transposed them; and ὑπὸ τῶν ἐκῶν must connect with ἐμπεσών.—W. M.

Upset the boat. It made the poet sea-sick;
And he threw up a flood of rhapsodies,
Of Scylla, and Charybdis, and the Cyclops.
Mer. It was not hard from such a copious vomit,
To save some verses.
Cha. Wilt thou, then, inform me,
"*Who is that thick and brawny wight, of wondrous strength and size,**
Who doth above his brother men by head and shoulders rise?"
Mer. Milo, of Croton he, the wrestler, whom
The Greeks are now saluting with applause
For lifting up a bull, and carrying it
Through the mid stadium.
Cha. With much greater justice
Should they applaud me, Mercury, who ere long
Will lift, and carry to my little skiff,
Milo himself, when he comes down to us,
Thrown in a wrestling-match by Death, that most
Unconquered of antagonists, not knowing
How he was laid by the heels. He then will groan,
Calling to mind his crowns, and these loud plaudits.
But now, while proud of heart, and mark of wonder
For bearing off the bull, can we suppose
That he imagines he shall ever die?
Mer. How can he think of death at such a time,
In his full flower of strength?
Cha. Let him alone;
He shall afford us soon a hearty laugh.
When, in my boat, he shall have strength no longer,
Even to lift a gnat, much less a bull.
Now turn we to another. Who is he,

* Hom. *Il.* v. 226. Parodying Ἀχαιὸς by τάχιστος.—W. M.

That man of grave aspect? By his attire
He does not seem a Greek.
Mer. That man is Cyrus,
Son of Cambyses, who has to the Persians
Transferred the empire which the Medes once held.
And he has lately vanquished the Assyrians,
And taken Babylon; and now he seems
Bent on invading Lydia, there to gain,
By conquering Crœsus, universal sway.
Cha. And where is Crœsus?
Mer. Cast thine eyes upon
That lofty city with the triple wall.
'Tis Sardis. Crœsus there thou mayst behold,
Seated on golden throne, and holding converse
With Solon, the Athenian. Dost thou wish
To hear what they are saying?
Cha. Yes, by all means.

Scene III.

Vision of Sardis. Palace of Crœsus.

Solon *and* Crœsus *conversing.* Mercury *and* Charon *listening from Parnassus.*

Cræs. "Athenian guest, since thou hast seen my wealth,
My treasures, and my stores of unstamped gold,
And all the other splendors that surround me,
Say truly which of mankind dost thou hold
To be the happiest?"
[*Cha.* What will Solon say?
Mer. Be not afraid. Nothing unworthy, Charon.]
Sol. "O Crœsus, few are happy; but of those
Whom I have met with, Cleobis and Biton,
Sons of the priestess, I esteem most happy."

[*Cha.* Sons of the Argive priestess, those who lately
At the one moment died, after they had drawn
Their mother in her chariot to the temple.]
Cræs. "So be it: let them hold the foremost place
Of happiness. Whom settest thou in the second?
Sol. The Athenian Tellus; excellent in life,
And dying for his country.
Cræs. Why, thou wretch!
Dost thou not count me happy?
Sol. Not until
Thy final day has come can I decide
That question, Crœsus: for the certain test
Of human things is death, and to have lived
Happily to the last."
[*Cha.* Well answered, Solon—
We do not scape thy memory—the boat
By thee is deemed criterion best of life!
But who are those whom Crœsus sends away!
What bear they on their shoulders?
Mer. Golden ingots,
Intended for the Pythian, as the price
Of oracles by which he soon will be
Lost like his gold. The man is prophet-mad.
Cha. Is that, then, gold—that shining thing, that glistens—
Of yellow color, with a reddish tinge?
Mer. Yes, Charon, that is gold; the object of
So many battles, and so many songs.*
Char. And yet I do not see what use it serves
Save to oppress the bearers with its weight.

* Τὸ δοίδυμον ὄνομα, καὶ περιμάχητον. The δοίδυμον probably refers to the praises bestowed on gold in the first lines of the first Olympic of Pindar; ὄνομα seems to be an interpolation.—W. M.

Mer. Thou knowest not, then, what wars that metal breeds
What treasons, perjuries, murders, robberies,
Prisons, long voyages, slavery, and traffic.
Cha. For that which differs scarce at all from brass!
With brass I am acquainted, as thou know'st,
Taking an obolus from those I ferry.
Mer. But brass is plenty, therefore not much valued,
And miners dig of this but scanty portions
Out of the depths of earth—for from the earth
It comes, like lead, or any other metal.
Cha. Strange human folly, to admire with love
So passionate this heavy, yellow thing!
Mer. But Solon, there, does not appear to love it,
As thou perceivest, for he laughs at Crœsus,
And all the pompous airs of the barbarian.
But now, methinks, the Athenian means to speak:
Let's listen, therefore.]
Sol. "Tell me, Crœsus, think'st thou
The Pythian wants thine ingots?
Cræs. Yes, by Jove!
In Delphi is there no such offering.
Sol. Thou thinkest, therefore, that the god will be
By thee made happier, if 'mid other stores,
He numbers golden ingots?
Cræs. And why not?
Sol. Thou tellest me of much poverty in Heaven,
If the gods, Crœsus, when they wish for gold,
Must send for it from Lydia.
Cræs. Whence elsewhere
Can so much gold be found as is with us?
Sol. Answer me this in turn. Is iron found
In Lydia?
Cræs. Not in general.

Sol. Then ye want
The better metal.
Cræs. How? Is iron better
Than gold?
Sol. If thou wilt answer without anger,
I'll teach thee.
Cræ. Then interrogate me, Solon.
Sol. Which are the better, they who save, or they
Who are by others saved?
Cræs. The saviours, doubtless.
Sol. Well, then, if, some tell us, Cyrus falls
Upon the Lydians, wilt thou then provide
Thy troops with swords of gold; or wilt thou need
The help of iron?
Cræs. Of iron, doubtlessly.
Sol. If that be not provided, then thy gold
Will go to Persia captive.
Cræs. Speak not words
Of evil omen.
Sol. May the gods forbid
Such things to happen; but thou art convicted
Of owning iron nobler far than gold.
Cræs. Dost thou then order that I should recall
The golden ingots I have sent the god,
And send him iron instead?
Sol. He wants them not—
Iron, or brass, or gold. Whate'er thou offerest
Will be a booty, and a spoil for others,
From Phocis, or Bœotia, ay, or Delphi;
Or for some tyrant-robber; but the god
Cares nothing for thy gold-artificers." [*Sardis vanishes.*
Mer. The Lydian, Charon, can not bear this truth
And liberty of speech. It seems to him

A matter passing strange to hear plain facts
Spoken by a poor man freely without dread;
But, before long, he will remember Solon,
When he must needs ascend the funeral-pile
Captive to Cyrus. For I lately heard
Clotho herself reading the several fates
Destined to men, in which these things are written—
That Crœsus should be captive unto Cyrus;
And that the conqueror, Cyrus, should be slain
By her of Massagetia. Seest thou not
That Scythian woman on a white horse mounted?

Cha. I do, by Jove.

Mer. Her name is Tomyris;
With her own hand doomed to lop Cyrus' head,
And then to cast it in a bag of blood.
Thou seest the son of Cyrus, too, a youth?
He is Cambyses. On his father's death
He will be monarch, and a thousand blunders
Commit in Lybia and in Æthiop-land;
And, at the last, with madness seized will die,
After destroying Apis.

Cha. Store of laughter!
But now we scarcely dare to look on them,
With haughty scorn regarding all the world:
Who can believe that in a little time
One shall be captive, and the other's head
Laid in a bag of blood?

Scene IV.

Charon *and* Mercury *on Parnassus surveying the earth.*

Cha. (looking toward Samos). But who is he clad in a purple robe;
He with the diadem, to whom the cook

Offers a ring found in a cut-up fish?
"In sea-girt isle, he boasts to be a king."
Mer. Well imitated, Charon! Thou beholdest
Polycrates, the Samian tyrant, who
Thinks he enjoys the height of happiness.
And yet he, too, betrayed by his domestic,
There standing by, Mæandrius, to the satrap,
Orætes, shall be crucified. Poor wretch!
All in a moment falling from his bliss.
This, too, I lately heard from Clotho.
Cha. Bravely,
Good Clotho! place them on the blazing pile;*
Nail them to crosses, and lop off their heads,
That they may know that they are men. So far
Uplift them, as to make their fall more terrible;
And I shall laugh when recognising each,
I see him naked in my ferry-boat,
Shorn of the purple robe, and golden throne,
And proud tiara!
Mer. Such the fate of these.
But, Charon, look upon yon multitude:
Sailing or fighting, pleading in the courts,
Tilling the land, or taking usances,
Or begging.
Cha. I behold a motley crowd,

* In the received text, σῶγε, ὦ Κλωθοῖ, γεννικῶς καὶ αὐτοὺς, ὦ βελτίστη, καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀπότεμνε, καὶ ἀνασκολόπιζε. The ordinary construction of καὶ αὐτοὺς καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀποτέμνε — cut off themselves and their heads — is not tolerable in any language, much less in Greek. Read, by a slight change, καίε αὐτοὺς — *burn* them — cut off their heads. Of the three examples of the mutability of fortune here shown to Charon, one, Crœsus, was destined to the pile — Charon, not being in the secrets of Clotho, did not know that he was saved there, and therefore must have concluded that he was burnt, as Mercury said nothing to the contrary; Cyrus was beheaded, and Polycrates crucified. Our version is made after the conjectural reading.—W. M.

And life replete with discord. And their towns
Like hives, where each with his own sting is armed
To sting his neighbor; while the few, like wasps,
Harass and rob the weaker. But explain;
What is yon shadowy host that hovers round them?
Mer. Hope, Fear, and Folly; Pleasure, Avarice,
Anger and Hatred, and the other Passions.
Of these commingling with the crowd below,
See Ignorance; and linked as brother-burghers,
Dwell with them Hate, Rage, Avarice, and Envy;
Ay, and Perplexity and Want-of-knowledge.
But Fear and Hopes still keep their flight above;
The one down-dropping sometimes fills the heart
With terror or amazement, and the others
Hovering o'er head, where many attempts to catch them
Soaring aloft escape, and leave him gaping.
Just what you see in the infernal world
By Tantalus is suffered. If thou lookest
With more attentive gaze, thine eye will see
The Fates themselves from off their distaff spinning
Some slender threads on which it is the doom
That all mankind must hang. Dost thou not mark
Something like spiders' webs spun from the distaff
Attached to every man?
Cha. I see some thin
And tangled skeins, to each his several thread.
Mer. Right, Charon, for it is decreed that this man
Is to be slain by that; that one should be
Heir of the other with a shorter thread,
And so forth; for so means the intertwisting.
Seest thou not then upon what slender strings
All are suspended? One man lifted up
Appears sublime; but, a short moment after,

On breaking of his thread, no longer able
To bear against the weight, he, tumbling down,
Will make a mighty clatter; while another,
Raised but a petty distance from the earth,
Will, when he falls, lie noiseless, even his neighbors
Scarce hearing of his drop.

Cha. For endless laughing,
All this is matter, Mercury.

Mer. Nay, Charon,
Thou scarce canst tell how worthy of derision
Are all their over-anxious cares and hopes,
'Mid which it is their doom to part the world,
Hurried away by that good fellow, Death.*
Many thou seest, his messengers and servants;†
Hot and cold fever, peripneumony,
Consumption, and the sword, and poison-cup;
Banditti, judges, tyrants. None of these
Enter their minds while they are doing well;
But when they make a slip, then loud the cry
Of "*Out, alas!*" "*oh, oh!*" and "*wo is me!*"
But if from the first moment of their starting,
They had reflected they were doomed to die;
And after a brief sojourning in life,
Should their departure take as from a dream,
Leaving all earthly things behind, they would
Have lived much happier, and been less afflicted
When death arrived at last. But now they hope
For ever to enjoy their present life;
And, therefore, when Death's minister arrives

* Ὑπὸ τοῦ βελτίστου θανάτου.

† The reader of *Paradise Lost* will be reminded of the "many shapes of death, all dismal," exhibited by Michael to Adam, in the eleventh book. Milton does not forget "all feverous kinds." Here ἡπίαλοι καὶ πυρετοὶ — febres, tum fervidæ, tum frigidæ (Latinis veteribus quercersæ dictæ).—*Mosellanus.*

To lead them off as prisoners, fettering them
With fever or consumption, they are worth
At the abduction, never having looked
To being thus dragged away from things around them.
What would he do who now with eager haste
Builds up a mansion, urging on his workmen,
Were he to learn his house indeed shall be
Brought to completion; but that, for himself,
He shall survive but to place on the roof,
And then depart, leaving it for his heir's
Enjoyment; he, its luckless master, never
Even having supped within its walls? See him,
Rejoicing that his wife hath borne a son,
Calling his friends to feast; and to the child
Giving its father's name. If he should know
That at seven years of age the boy would die,
Would he delight so keenly at the birth?
But he rejoices, for he sees a father
Proud of his son, the wrestler who has conquered
At the Olympic games. He sees not him
Who to the funeral pile bears forth his child,
And knows not with what thread the new-born boy
May be suspended. See how many wrangle
About their landmarks, or keep gathering riches,
Till called off by those messengers and agents,
Of whom I spoke, before they can enjoy them.

Cha. I see all this, and ponder with myself
What pleasure is in life, or why they grieve
On parting with it.

Mer. Nay, behold their kings
Who seem the happiest of the race, beyond
The uncertainty, and as it were the doubt
Of fortune; even with them it will be found

The bitter far preponderates o'er the sweet.
Around them spread fears, discord, hatred, plots,
Anger, and flattery. To all of these
Are kings exposed. I pass disease, and passions
Which by the common lot of man are theirs.
And when we know such ills attend the great,
We may conjecture what are the afflictions
Of those in humble station.

Cha. Mercury,
Fain would I tell thee what to me appears
These mortals and their lives all to resemble.
Hast thou not sometimes seen upon the water*
The bubbles raised by some down-dashing stream; —
I mean those air-blown things that make up froth?
Now, some of them are small, and burst at once;
But some last longer, and, collecting others
Around them, swell to larger size, and boast
A bulkier volume; but at last they, too,
Are doomed to burst: it can't be otherwise.
Such is the life of mankind — all swoln up
With like inflation — greater some, some smaller;
Of short continuance some, and speedy fate;

* Cognatus waxes poetic on this comparison. "Vitas hominum bullis similes facit: quorum aliæ simulatque natæ sunt protinus evanescunt; aliæ paulo diutius durant: omnes brevissimis quibusdam intervallis, aliæ succedunt aliis. Neque quicquam profecto potuit excogitari quod melius representaret quam nihil sit hæc vita nostra qua nihil fragilius nihil fugacius nihil inanius. Unde homines Homero μιννυθάδιοι sunt, cito perituri, sicut *Iliad σ.* Iidemque cum foliis conferuntur quorum alia ventus humi prosternit alia virescunt tempore verno. Et hoc sibi vult proverbium ab Erasmo nostro copiosissime explanatum, huic loco plurimum inserviens, Homo bulla. Est enim bulla tmor ille inanis, qui visitur in aquis, momenti temporis enascens simul, et evanescens." This last sentence has a strange resemblance to Burns:—

"'Tis like a snow-flake in the river —
A moment bright, then gone for ever."—W. M.

Some even expire the moment they exist;
But all must burst—so wills Necessity.

Mer. Thy simile, Charon, is not worse than Homer's,
Who likens men unto the race of leaves.*

Cha. Then, being such thou seest what they are doing;
How they dispute, as rivals with each other;
For empires, honors, riches, still contending—
All which they must abandon, and come down
To us of the nether world with but one penny.
Should I not, then, being here thus perched on high,
Exhort them, crying out with mighty voice,
To cease their idle labors, and to live
With death for ever set before their eyes?
Should not I say, "O fools! why take such thought
About these matters? Lay aside your toils;
You will not live for ever; nothing here
Esteemed illustrious is of endless date;
Not one of you will at his death-day bear
Such things along with him. Inevitably
He must depart in nakedness; his house,
And lands, and gold, transferred away to others—
Shifting their masters." If I were to speak
These words, and others of a similar strain,
From such a place as they might well be heard,
Should I not, think'st thou, much advantage life,
And make men far the wiser?

Mer. My good friend,
Thou know'st not how deceit and ignorance
Have so possessed them, that not even a borer
Can pierce their ears, as thickly stuffed with wax
By them, as by Ulysses were the ears
Stuffed of his sailors, when he feared the Sirens.

* *Il.* ζ. 146. οἵη περ φύλλων, κ. τ. λ.—W. M.

They could not hear thee wert thou even to burst
Thy lungs with shouting. What the stream of Lethe
Effects with you below is here by ignorance
Effected. There are some, indeed—a few—
Who have not with this wax so crammed the ear;
They bend toward truth, and with a keen, sharp eye,
Scanning the matters of this world, discern
What 't is they truly are.
Cha. Why cry we not
Our warning, then, to them?
Mer. Superfluous task
To tell them what they know. Dost thou not see
How, standing from the many all aloof,
They laugh at things of life, and by no means—
By no means whatsoe'er—are pleased with them,
But without question meditate escape
From life to you, which makes the others hate them,
And censure them for folly?
Cha. Noble fellows!
Bravo! I say. But they are very few.
Mer. They are quite sufficient. Let's now descend.
Cha. Nay, Mercury, one thing more; and that being shown,
Thou wilt have then completed our review:
I wish to see those last receptacles
Where they inhume their bodies.
Mer. These they call
Tombs, sepulchres, and monuments, good Charon.
Thou seest outside the towns those heaps of earth,
Pillars and pyramids? These are cemeteries,
And storehouses of bodies.
Cha. Why, then, crown they
These stones, and why with unguent rich anoint them?
And why do some, heaping a funeral pile

Before the mounds, and digging out a trench,
Burn sumptuous viands there, and in the ditches
Pour, if I right conjecture, mead and wine?
Mer. I know not, ferryman, what use it can be
To those in Hades; but it is believed
That souls returning from the world below
Will come to supper—very probable!
Hovering about the savor and the smoke,
And from the trench will drink up the metheglin.
Cha. They eat or drink whose skulls are dry in dust!
But 'tis ridiculous to tell thee this,
Whose daily task it is to bring them down.
Well dost thou know if they can back return,
Once having lain in earth! And I too, Mercury,
Would be but drolly used, who as it is
Have quite enough to do, if I were bound
Not only to act ferryman, and take
The dead across, but row them back again
On drinking expedition. Foolish men!
What madness not to know how wide the bounds
Which parts the business of the quick and dead,
And how *we* manage matters.
"*The tombless man, and he who owns a tomb,*
Alike are dead. Irus, the beggar, lies
With regal Agamemnon in like doom;
With bright-haired Thetis' son Thersites vies.
For all are shadowy tribes of dead who dwell
Pithless and bare in meads of asphodel."*
Mer. By Hercules! how great a gush of Homer
Hast thou pumped up! But now, as thou remindest me,
I wish to point thee out Achilles' tomb.

* The preceding verses are collected from different parts of Homer, very prettily translated into Latin by Mosellanus.—W. M.

See, there 'tis, by the seaside, at Sigæum;
And at Rhætæum, opposite, lies Ajax.
Cha. No mighty tombs. Show me those famous cities
So spoken of below—as Nineveh,
Sardanapalus' city, Babylon,
Mycenæ, and Cleone—Troy itself.
Well I remember ferrying thence across,
For ten whole years, so great a multitude,
That I could find no time either to land
Or dry my boat.
Mer. For Nineveh, 'tis gone,
And not a single trace remains of it—
We scarce can tell where once it stood; and Babylon,
There 'tis before thee, with its well-built towers
And wide circumference—in no long time,
Hard to be found as Nineveh. Mycenæ
I should be shamed to show thee, or Cleone,
And still more Ilion; for I know full well,
That on returning thou wouldst strangle Homer
For his high-sounding verses. But they once
Were famous, though they now are dead; for cities
Die, ferryman, as men: and, what is stranger,
Rivers die too. The stream of Inachus*
Exists no more in Argos.
Cha. Wo upon
The epithets of Homer, and his praises!
"Wide-streeted, consecrated Ilion," and
"Cleone, nobly built!" But, while we speak,
What men are these engaged in fight, and why
Slaughter they one another?
Mer. Thou beholdest

* We translate after the reading Ινάχου—τάφρος, not Ιναχου τάφος of the ordinary text.—W. M.

The Argives, and the men of Lacedæmon,
Under Othryades, their half-dead general,
With his own blood inscribing there a trophy.
Cha. What, Mercury, the cause of war?
Mer. That field
On which they now are fighting.
Cha. Oh, what madness!
They know not how, if each of them possessed
Peleponnesus all entire, that scarce
A foot of ground would Æacus allot them.
In other times shall others till this field,
With ploughshare oft upturning from the furrow
This very trophy.
Mer. So these things shall be.
Now we descend; and placing back the mountains,
Let us depart, I to perform my mission,
Thou to thy ferry-boat. I soon shall come
To see thee, with my convoy of the dead. [*Exit* MERCURY.
Cha. (alone). Kindly done, Mercury; thou shalt ever be
Marked as a benefactor. Thou hast given me
A knowledge of the affairs of wretched mankind.
Kings, golden ingots, hecatombs, and battles!
No thought of Charon! [*Exit.*

III.

Menippus, or the Necyomantia.*

[MENIPPUS, Lucian's favorite buffoon character, is sent, in parody of Ulysses's famous descent, to consult Tiresias, in the infernal regions. On returning, bedecked in the guise of the heroes who had formerly visited those realms, he is met by a friend, who interrogates him as to the particulars of his journey. The opening speeches of Menippus are from Euripides or Homer, sometimes slightly parodied. The authenticity of this dialogue has been questioned, but I think on no just ground. It has all the characteristics of Lucian—for the easy style, the perpetual references to Homer and the tragedians, the small range of satire directed against the philosophers and the rich, the jesting with the pagan mythology, and its machinery of the infernal world, the feeling of doubt and perplexity as to the great question of life and death, with many minuter touches—such as the absence of any notice of contemporary events, the constant recurrence to Cyrus, Crœsus, Midas, and other commonplace objects of Greek wit or spite, the scoffs at Philip, Xerxes, Darius, &c., —all mark his hand. It is a pity that he, an Asiatic of Samosata, did not take this or some other opportunity of giving us sketches of Oriental life and manners in his time. Mithrobarzanes and his incantations are graphic enough in their way; but we should have willingly resigned Charon,

* From *Fraser's Magazine*, for September, 1839.

and Pluto, and the other inmates of the Grecian hell, for a description of what were really the rites, superstitions, magic arts, or demons, of a disciple of Zoroaster — a fireworshipper-priest in the second century. We should consider even the barbarous and polysyllabic names, which Lucian disdains to repeat, an acceptable exchange for parodies on the *Odyssey*. But that would have been contrary to what at Athens was voted *taste*.]

Menippus, or the Necyomantia.

MENIPPUS, *returning home, is met by* PHILONIDES.

Menippus. "*All hail, my hall! all hail, my household door!*
Joyful I see ye now in light once more."

Philonides. Is this not Menippus, the cynic dog?
No other, if I don't mistake the tribe:—
The very Menippus. But what can mean
This garb unwonted, lion's skin, and cap,
And lyre? I must approach him. Menippus,
I greet thee! Whence hast come to visit here?
'Tis now some time since thou hast in the city
Made thine appearance.

Men. "*Hither have I come,*
Leaving the haunts of death, and the gates of gloom,
Where Hades far from heaven has fixed its home."*

Phil. O Hercules! has Menippus been dead,
Unknown to us, and now again revived?

Men. "*No; Hades me received while yet alive.*"

Phil. What caused this wonderful and novel visit?

Men. "*Youth urged me on, and boldness more than youth.*"†

Phil. Leave off, my friend, this strain of tragedy,
And, stepping down from thine iambics, tell me,
What means this garb? what urged thee to a journey
Not mostly deemed desirable or pleasant?

* For a singular note on those lines in the original, see a very singular book, *Palæoromaica*.—W. M.

† Translated after the ordinary reading. If for νέου, we read νοῦ, the verse should run:

Youth urged me on, and boldness more than reason.—W. M.

Men. " *Need my good friend, my steps to Hades led,*
To meet the spirit of Tiresias dead."

Phil. Why, thou'rt stark mad, thus beyond measure venting
These rhapsodies on a friend!

Men. Not so; but fresh
From meeting Homer and Euripides,
I'm filled, I know not how, with verse; and numbers
Visit my lips spontaneous. But inform me,
How go on things on earth, and what in town
Are people doing?

Phil. Just the same as ever.
There's nothing new; they still are plundering, perjuring,
Lending on hire, and weighing the very farthings.*

Men. Unhappy men, born under evil demon,
They do not know what late has been ordained
I' th' nether world, and how by show of hands
Have such decrees against the wealthy passed,
That they've no chance, by Cerberus, of escape.

Phil. What! have the powers below been making laws
Of late about the matters of this world?

Men. They have, by Jove! and many; but I dare not
Utter what passed there, nor reveal their secrets,
Lest some informer should 'fore Rhadamanthus
Indict me for impiety.

Phil. Nay, for Jove's sake,
Grudge not this knowledge to a friend — to one
Who knows to hold his tongue, and who, besides,
Has been initiate.

Men. 'Tis a hard request,

* 'Οβολοστατοῦσιν. Translated *usuras colligunt* by Sir Thomas More. Our version, which is at least more verbally literal, is supplied by an Irish editor, Murphy. In the next line, "born under evil demon," is the literal translation of κακοδαίμονες; as in l. 36, 37, "by show of hands," &c., is of κεχειροτόνηται.—W M.

By no means safe withal; but for thy sake
I venture. It is then decreed that rich
And wealth-abounding men, who keep their gold
Shut up like Danae——
Phil. Nay, my friend, before
Thou tellest me this decree, explain me all
I wish so much to know. What was the cause
Of thy descent to hell, and who thy guide?
And all in regular order, what thou there
Hast seen and heard; for 'tis not probable
That such a virtuoso traveller*
Neglected aught worthy of sight or hearing.
Men. In this, too, I must gratify thee; for
What can one do when pressed so by a friend?
First I shall tell thee of my state of mind,
And what impelled me to go down. At school,
In boyhood, when I heard how Homer told,
And Hesiod, of the tumults and wars,
Not of mere demigods, but even among
The gods themselves; ay, and adulteries,
Rapines, and violence, and suits, and trials,
And beating out of sires, and marriages
Of sisters unto brothers; why, by Hercules!
I thought these things most fine and excellent,
And felt, I own, no trifling fancy toward them.
But when my days of manhood came, I found
Laws laying down the very contrary
Of what the poets sang—adultery,
And violence, and tumult—all forbidden:

* Φιλόκαλον ὄντα. See Akenside's definition of a virtuoso:
"He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each various guise," &c.
It is quoted in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i.—W. M.

So that I stood in much perplexity,
Not knowing how my conduct I should shape.
I could not think adultery or sedition
Intestine 'mong themselves the gods would practise,
Unless they judged such things were virtuous;
Nor yet that legislators should enact
Laws to forbid such doings, had not they
Thought such a course conduced to general good.
Being in this doubt, it came into my head
To follow those so-called philosophers,
Into their hands to place myself, and beg them
To use me as they pleased, and point me out
Some steady and consistent path of life.
So thinking, I approached their schools, not knowing
I leaped but from the frying-pan to the fire;*
For soon, on observation, I discovered
Especial ignorance, and greater puzzling
Among these teachers, quite enough to show me
That when compared with them, the lives of plain,
Unlettered† men was golden. For example:
One taught that pleasure was the primal object—
The one thing to be sought in every case,
It being the *summum bonum*;‡ while another
Preached up the praise of toil, laborious life;
Keeping the body squalid, and in rags;
Of being morose to all, and ever scolding;
Chanting forth still the far-famed lines of Hesiod,
Of "virtue," and of "sweat," and "climbing up
The summit of the mountain." One would teach
Contempt of riches, holding their possession

* Literally from the smoke to the fire. Τὸ πῦρ ἐκ τοῦ καπνοῦ. We have taken the analogous English proverb. —W. M.

† Χρυσοῦν—τὸν τῶν ἰδιωτῶν βιον.—W. M.

‡ Τὸ εὐδαιμον. "Happiness, our being's end and aim."—W. M.

A matter of indifference. On the contrary,
A fourth would prove that riches was a good.
What shall I say upon the theories
They held about the world; I, who have heard
Ideas, incorporeals, atoms, voids,
And a like rabble of words, day after day,
Bandied in controversy? And among all
These gross absurdities, the most absurd
It was to find that each of them, disputing
On opposite opinions, could adduce
Triumphant reasons to support his side;
So that I dared not contradict the sage
Who said the thing was hot, nor him who held
That it was cold, though I could clearly feel
The same thing could not at the same time be
Both cold and hot. So I became at last
Like a man dozing, nodding with my head,
Now backward and now forward. But still worse,
And, above all, ridiculous, I found,
On close inspection, that their course of life
Was in strict contradiction to their precepts.
Them, who advised contempt of wealth, I saw
Holding their money close, disputing rates
Of *usuance*, for their lessons taking hire,
Enduring any thing for sake of gain.
I saw the men who bade us spurn at glory,
Directing all their efforts to obtain it;
And almost all inveighing against pleasure,
But in their private lives pursuing it;
Though publicly abused. In this hope baffled,
I felt the more chagrined, but with this comfort,
That in the company of many, and sage,
Men much cried up for wisdom, I was wandering

Devoid of sense, and ignorant of the truth.
As I lay sleepless with these cares, methought
I best should go to Babylon to beseech
Some of the Magi, Zoroaster's pupils,
And in his schools successors; for I heard
That they, by charms and incantations, could
Open the gates of Hades, and lead safely
Whom they pleased thither, and bring back again.
I thought it, therefore, best if I could strike
With some of them a bargain, and descend
To counsel with Tiresias, the Bœotian,
To learn from him (being both a sage and prophet)
What life was best, such as a man right thinking
Would for himself select. So starting up
I made for Babylon with all my speed;
And there I with a wise Chaldæan met,
Skilled in divining arts. His head was hoary,
And from his chin hung down a reverend beard,
His name Mithrobarzanes. Earnest prayer
With difficulty won him to consent,
That for whatever price he chose to ask,
He would conduct me down. Taking me then
In charge, he first, for nine-and-twenty days,
Commencing with the moon, in the Euphrates
Bathed me at dawn, turned towards the rising sun,
He muttering all the while a lengthened charm,
Which I could scarcely hear; for like a herald*
Who mumbles at the games, with indistinct
And rapid speech he spoke, but I conjectured
He was invoking demons. After that,
The incantation over, in my face
Three times he spat, and led me back again,

* For οἱ φαῦλοι τῶν κήρυκων, read τραυλοι, lisping, inarticulate.—W. M.

Not looking upon any one we met.
Acorns our food; our drink was only milk,
Or mead, or water from Choaspes' stream;*
We couched upon the grass, beneath the sky.
These previous ceremonies duly done,
At midnight to the Tigris was I taken,
For fit purgation, and due lustral rites;
There I was sanctified with torch and squill,
And many a thing besides—he, in meanwhile,
Murmuring his charm, and then with magic art
Bewizarding me wholly† and around
Walking in circuit to protect me safe
From spectres, homeward we returned, on foot
Journeying as I was. The time remaining
Was spent in preparations for our voyage.
A magic garment he put on, in fashion
The Median garb resembling. As for me,
He decked me as thou seest, in lion's skin
And cap, and with this lyre besides desiring
That, if my name were asked, I should by no means
Say Menippus, but answer Hercules,‡
Or Orpheus, or Ulysses.

Phil. Why is this?

I can't divine the reason of the dress,
Or of these names.

Men. The reason's evident,

And no forbidden mystery. As those heroes
Had gone, before us, living men to Hades,
He thought, if he could pass me in their likeness,
I could more easily deceive the watch

* The only water drank by the kings of Persia.—W. M.

† Ὅλον με καταμαγεύσας.

‡ This joke is borrowed from Aristophanes, who makes Bacchus endeavor to pass the Styx in the character of Hercules.—W. M.

Of Æacus, and back return without
Hind'rance or molestation, as appearing
In old-accustomed fashion, by my dress
Suffered to pass through in right tragic mode.
Now dawned the day, and, for the river-side
Departing, we prepared to sail. A skiff,
Victims, and mead, and all things necessary
For the mysterious voyage, were ready there.
When all was placed on board, we too embarked,
"*In sorrowing wise, pouring the copious tear.*" *
For some time we were wafted on the stream;
And when we reached the marsh and lake in which
Euphrates disembogues, this too we crossed,
And gained a desert, woody, sunless land.
There disembarking (old Mithrobarzanes
Leading the way), we dug the pit, and slew
The sheep, and sprinkled with their blood the trench.
Meanwhile the Magus, with a lighted torch,
No longer now in bated breath, but loud
As he could stretch his voice, at once proceeded
Dæmons, and Pains, and Furies, to invoke,
"*And mighty Hecate, and Prosérpine dread;*" †
With other names obscure and barbarous,
Of many a syllable. Then, in a trice,
All round began to shake, and by the charm
The earth was burst asunder, and the howl
Of Cerberus baying from afar was heard:—

* From the *Odyssey*, which is here parodied throughout.—W. M.

† Translated after the reading ἐναίνην, not αἰπείνην. The line is evidently patched together for a hexametre, and αἰπείνην is therefore inadmissible. Ἐναίνη is a common epithet of Proserpine. Prosérpine is accented on the second syllable, as in Milton:

"Not that fair field
Of Enna where *Prospérine*, gathering flowers," &c.

—and in other elder English poets.—W.M.

It was a grim and terrible affair.
"*Aidoneus, king of Ghosts, trembled below,*" ‡
And most of hell was visible—the lake,
And Pyriphlegethon, and Pluto's palace.
Descending through the yawning chasm, we there
Found Rhadamanthus almost dead with terror.
Cerberus barked at first, and shook his tail;
But, on the instant, as I struck my lyre,
Lulled by the melody he fell asleep.
But, when we reached the lake, we could not cross;
The boat was full, and crowded all with wailing.
In it sailed wounded men—one in the thigh,
Another in the head, a third elsewhere
Crushed by a blow: it seemed to me they all
Had been engaged in battle. But when Charon—
Excellent fellow!—saw the lion's skin,
Thinking me Hercules, he took me aboard,
Willingly ferried us across, and pointed
Our road on landing. Then Mithrobarzanes
Went first: I followed, holding him from behind,
Until we came into a spreading meadow,
Thick set with asphodel, while all around us
Hovered the shrieking shades.* A little further
Making our progress, at the judgment-seat
Of Minos we arrived. And there he sate
Upon a lofty throne; close by him standing
Were Tortures, Pains, and Furies. Opposite
Came, led in rank, bound in a lengthened chain,
A host of culprits; they were said to be
Adulterers, bawds, publicans, parasites,
Common informers, and that sort of folk

* *Il. v.* 61.
† Τετριγυῖαι τῶν νεκρῶν σκιαί.

Who breed disturbance in affairs of life.
Apart from them, the rich were led to judgment—
The pale, pot-bellied, gouty usurers—
Each bowed beneath a neck-yoke, and a crow*
Weighing two talents. We stood by, and saw
And heard their pleadings. Their accusers were
Of strange and marvellous nature.
Phil. In the name
Of Jove, who were they? Do not grudge to tell me.
Men. Know'st thou the shadows which our bodies cast
When opposite the sun?
Phil. Of course I do.
Men. Well, when we die, these shadows come to charge us,
To testify against us, and bear witness
Of all our deeds in life. Worthy of faith
They needs must be, as holding always by,
And never parting from ourselves. Then Minos,
Carefully judging in each several case,
Sent the condemned to the appointed mansion
For impious shades, to suffer there the fate
Due to their daring crimes. With special harshness
He leant on men puffed up with wealth and honors,
Who almost claimed a right of adoration,
Scorning their short-lived pride and arrogance,
And their forgetfulness that they were mortal,
And with but mortal gifts endowed. And now
Their splendid trappings doffed, their wealth, their lineage,
And power, they stood, with downcast eyes, all naked,
Awaiting judgment, in their minds revolving
If all their former joys were but a dream.

* Κέφαλα διταλάντου. *Tormenti genus videtur*, says Guyetus; and nobody since his time appears to have been better informed. Διταλαντον is in all probability a corruption.—W. M.

This seeing, in my heart I felt delight
Beyond all measure. If I chanced to see
Among them any whom I recognised,
Near him I quietly drew me, to remind him
How great a man he was in life—to what
A size he puffed himself, when, in the morning,
A crowd stood by his gates, for his appearance
Attending, thrust about, or by his lackeys
Wholly excluded; until he at last
Arising on them, clad in gold and purple,
Or particolored robe, rendered them happy
By stretching forth his breast or hand to kiss;—
It galled them when they heard me. But one case
Was judged with partiality by Minos;
'Twas that of Dionysius the Sicilian.
By Dion he with many unholy crimes
Was charged, which by the Stoa's testimony
Were witnessed to; but up came Aristippus,
He of Cyrene (whom they hold in honor,
And with much influence favor down below),
And set him free from punishment, albeit
He was upon the point of being tied
To the Chimæra, on the plea that he
Had been of no small use to the literati
In money matters. Leaving the tribunal,
We reached the place of punishment, and there
We saw and heard many most piteous things;
We heard the sound of stripes, and the sad groans
Of wretches burning in the flames; we saw
Wheels, torturing instruments, and chains. Chimæra
Tore them in the pieces, Cerberus devoured them;
All in like mode were punished, king and slaves,
Satraps and paupers, men of wealth and beggars,

And all repented of their desperate crimes.
And some we recognised who late had died,
They hid themselves for shame, and skulked away;
Or if they dared to look, 'twas with a glance
Servile and fawning; they who in this life
Had been so haughty and so insolent.
As for the poor, half of their penalties
Were pardoned, and an intermission given
Between the times of punishment. I saw
Names long renowned in fable — Sisyphus,
Ixion there, and Tantalus the Phrygian,
In evil plight — and Tityus, son of Earth,
O Hercules! what a size! and what a space
Of ground his body covered as he lay!
These passed, we reached the Acherusian plain,
And there we found the demigods and heroines,
And all the crowd of death, in wards and tribes
Dwelling together — ancient some, and mouldy,
And "vanishing away," as Homer calls* them.
But some again were fresh, of good consistence —
Those specially of Egypt, from their pickling.
It was not easy to distinguish each
From other, all alike being naked bones —
Requiring looking sharp to recognise;
There they all lay together, low and lofty,
Retaining naught that decked them here above.
Gazing upon this crowd of skeletons,
All like in aspect with their hollow looks
And dread appearance, in my mind I felt
No little doubt how to discriminate
Between Thersites and the handsome Nireus,
The beggar Irus and Alcinous,

* Ἀμενήνους.

Or the cook Pyrrhias from King Agamemnon:
None of their former marks of recognition
Remained to trace them; all alike were bones,
Obscure and undistinguished, nothing left
By which we could distinguish them asunder.
Seeing all this, I could not help comparing
The life of mankind to a long procession,
Managed and led by Fortune, who assigns
Various and particolored garbs to each
Who joins the train. One in a kingly style
She decks, and dresses in a proud tiara—
Surrounds with body-guards, and on his head
She plants a diadem; while on another
She sets the raiment of a slave; to this one
She gives the mask of beauty, and to that
Of ugliness and ridicule the form.
The spectacle, of course, requires variety;
And oft-times, in the middle of the play,
She changes dresses, not permitting some
To play it out to the end as they began.
For instance: stripping Crœsus, she compelled him
To take the garment of a slave and captive;
And with Polycrate's tyrant-robe
Dressed up Mæandrius, erst among the servants
Playing his part; and, for a little while,
Allowed him that attire. But when the time
For ending of the drama is arrived,
Each must give up his part, and with his body
Resign his dress, and be as at the first,
No different from his neighbor. There are some
Who, when the manager, Fortune, standing by,
Demands the properties, are grieved or angry,
As if they were deprived of their own goods,

And not of garments lent them but for use.
Thou mayst have seen tragedians on the stage*
According as the drama needs their service—
Now Creons, Priams, Agamemnons; now,
After in grave and noble style, portraying
The part of Cecrops or Erectheus, sinking,
If so the poet bids, to act a slave;
And when the play is over, every one
Laying off his gold-bedizened robe, and doffing
His mask, and stepping from his tragic buskins,
A poor and humble actor issues forth,
No longer Agamemnon, son of Atreus,
Or Creon of Menœcius, but by name
Polus,† the son of Charicles of Sunium;
Or Satyrus of Marathon, the son
Of Theogiton. Such as I looked on,
Seemed to me human life.

Phil. But, Menippus,
Have those who lie on earth 'neath lofty tombs,
With costly columns, statues, and inscriptions,
No greater honor than the vulgar dead?

Men. Nonsense, my friend: if thou hadst seen Mausolus—
I mean the Carian, him so much renowned
For his proud sepulchre—thou wouldst have laughed
With ceaseless laughter; humbly thrust aside
Into a corner, lost amid the crowd
Of the plebeian dead; no otherwise
Profiting from his tomb, except in being
Weighed down beneath so ponderous a load;
For, sir, when Æacus assigns to each

* There were but three actors allowed in a Greek play, and, consequently, they often *doubled*.—W. M.

† Polus and Satyrus were famous players.—W. M.

His spot of ground—and he will at the most
Measure out but a foot—there must ye lie
Content, and cramped to fit the space allotted.
Still louder were thy laughter hadst thou seen
Satraps and kings turned beggarmen,* perhaps
Selling salt fish for sustenance, or teaching
The rudiments of letters, spurned and scorned
By passers-by, and smitten on the cheek
Like vilest slaves. I scarce could hold myself
When I saw Philip, king of Macedon.
There he was pointed out to me in a corner,
Patching old shoes for hire; and many more—
Your Xerxeses, Polycrates', Darii,
Alms-asking in the streets.

Phil. Strange stories these
About earth's monarchs, and scarce credible;
But what do Socrates, Diogenes,
And others of the wise?

Men. For Socrates,
He rambles up and down arguing with all.
He chiefly chats with Palamedes, Nestor,
Ulysses, or some other prating ghost.
His legs are still puffed up and swollen out
After the poison. Good Diogenes
Dwells next to Midas and Sardanapalus,
The Phrygian and Assyrian, and some other
Luxurious princes. When he hears them groaning
Over their former fortunes, then he laughs

* This is imitated, but with infinitely more humor, by Rabelais, book ii. chap. xxx.: "Comment Epistemon qui avoyt la couppe testée feut guary habillement par Panurge; et des nouelles des dyables, et des damnez." It is Alexander, however, not Philip, whom Epistomon saw mending old shoes. "Car je veidz Alexandre le Grande, que repetassoyt des vielles chausses, et ainsi guaignoyt sa paourue vie."—W. M.

In great delight; and, mostly on his back
Supinely stretched, he sings out in a harsh
And tuneless voice, that drowns their sorry groans.
He so annoys them, that they talk of changing
Their quarters, quite unable to endure
The scoffings of Diogenes.
Phil. Enough.
Now tell me the decree which thou at first
Didst mention was ordained against the rich.
Men. 'Tis well remembered, for I know not how,
Though I intended to have spoken of this,
It slipped from my discourse. The officers
Called an assembly to deliberate
On things pertaining to the common weal;
So seeing many running to the place,
I mixed myself among the crowd of dead,
And joined the meeting as a member. There
Some matters were debated, and at last
This business of the wealthy. They were charged
With dreadful crimes and manifold offences,
Oppression, pride, injustice, arrogance;
And then a leader of the people rising,
Proposed the following decree:—

DECREE.

Whereas,
The rich commit many and lawless deeds,
Injuring the poor by violence and outrage,
And in all manners treating them with scorn;
Be it decreed, by senators and people,
That when they die, their bodies must be punished
Like those of other criminals; but their souls
Must be sent back again to life, and there

Transmigrate into asses, in that form
So to remain twenty-five myriad years,
Passing from ass to ass, and bearing burdens
Driven by the poor; that period o'er, they may
Have liberty to die. The motion's made
By Skull the son of Skeleton, a native
Of Ghostland, member of the tribe of Sapless.*
When the decree was read, the magistrates
Gave it their votes, the mob held up their hands,
And Brimo bellowed forth, and Cerberus howled:
So are decrees there made and ratified.
This passed in the assembly; then I went
Upon my errand, and approached Tiresias;
I told him all my story, and I begged
He would pronounce what mode of life was best.
He laughed, and said (he is a blind old fellow,
Little, and pale, and shrill-voiced), "Oh, my son,
I know the cause of thy perplexity;
All owing to philosophers, who teach
Discordant doctrines; but I must not tell thee,
It is forbidden here by Rhadamanthus."
"Nay, father," said I, "speak, and don't despise me,
Wandering still blinder than thyself through life."
He took me then away from all the rest;
And, stooping to my ear, "The life," he said,
"Of plain, unlearned men is best and wisest;
Lay, then, aside the foolish vanity
Of musing upon things beyond thy reach;
And asking after ends and principles;
Spit upon silly syllogisms, and think

* Κρανίων Σκελετίωνος Νεκυσιτεὺς, φυλῆς Ἀλιβαντιάδος. In More, "Calvarius patre Aridello patriâ Manicensis, tribu Stygiana." Our version is again borrowed mostly from Murphy.—W. M.

Such stuff mere nonsense, and confine thy search
To this one object—how of the present time
Disposing well, thou mayst run on through life,
Laughing at most things, caring about nothing."
" *This having said, he turned again to dwell*
Within the meadow set with asphodel."
Evening had now come on, and I addressed
Mithrobarzanes. " Why should we delay?
We must return to life." " Courage," said he,
" I'll point thee out a short and easy path."
He took me to a place of deeper gloom,
And pointed with his hand to where a light,
Dim and obscure, shone in as through a chink.
" That," said he, " is Trophonius' cave, through which
They come down from Bœotia: go through that,
And in a moment thou wilt be in Greece."
I gladly heard these words—embraced the Magus,
And, with no little difficulty creeping
Up through the narrow pass, I know not how,
I found myself at once in Lebadía.

IV.

Menippus and Chiron.

[ηκουσα ω Χειρων, κ. τ. λ. Ed. Bas. tom. ii. p. 69.]

THIS is a version in Spenserian stanzas of one of the old Samosatan's dialogues, in which Menippus ridicules the Centaur Chiron's desire for death. Is not this little dialogue the prototype of the Childe Harold school—and all the miseries of its members so deplorably bewailed by themselves, and so delightfully parodied by the Smiths in the *Rejected Addresses*:

"Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
The weary soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet naught admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home."

Menippus and Chiron.

I.

Menippus. Chiron! they tell me, thou, a being immortal,
Hast prayed for death?
Chiron. What thou hast heard is true;
I, with the rest, within the infernal portal
Deathless albeit I was, confront thy view.
Men. What love of death, an object to the crew
Of mankind dire, this wish within thee cast?
Chi. Thee I may tell, whose thoughts are of the few—
Not of the vulgar crowd—the time was past,
Since in immortal life I found it joy to last.

II.

Men. To live was joyless, then, and see the day?
Chi. Not so; but pleasure seemed a various thing—
Of differing color, not of a single ray—
But still to live—still that each hour should bring
Same sun, same food, same hours upon the wing—
The endless following of the one routine—
It filled my soul to very sickening.
And then I felt that happiness had been
Not in monotonous rest, but constant changing scene.

III.

Men. Well said! But since thou hitherward hast come,
How dost thou feel the change?
Chi. Indifferent well:
The light I think not better than the gloom,
And like this all—equality of hell.
No wants we feel of those on earth who dwell.
Hunger and thirst—all such desires are gone.
Men. Take care, good Chiron, lest thy words rebel
Against this eloquence of thy reasoning tone.
Chi. What, cynic, dost thou mean?
Men. Why, if thy life had grown

IV.

Tasteless to thee, from being still the same,
And its no-variance made thee sick of soul,
What in *this* changeless land can be thine aim?
Must thou not wish in other lives to roll,
And restless thence, to seek a different goal?
Chi. What can I do? Let me thy counsel share!
Men. Do this. Whatever is the wise man's dole,
With that be satisfied; let whatsoe'er
Happens content him: naught seems hard to bear.

THE END.

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